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THE SHIPPING "COMBINE" AND THE BRITISH FLAG.

Bewilderment, alarm, indignation—such has been the prevailing mood of the public mind since the news of the great Shipping Combination burst upon it a few weeks ago. That something was wrong somewhere—that somebody had stolen a march upon us—that something ought to be done—such was the common sentiment of the men in the streets and in the newspapers. Through the chaos of conflicting rumors and resolves there has perhaps emerged a fairly clear conception of what has happened and of its bearing on our two great national interests—the mercantile marine and the navy.

Now what has happened? The one thing certain is the provisional agreement dated the 4th of February last between Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., called the "bankers," on the one hand, and Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co., called the "White Star Vendors," and certain other persons known as the "Dominion Vendors" and the "Atlantic Vendors" respectively, on the other. For various reasons public attention has centred on the "White Star" part in the transaction. The White Star Line is the largest and best known of the combining fleets, and its relations with the Royal Naval Reserve of Merchant Cruisers are particularly important.

Confining ourselves to the White Star Line, and neglecting the details of price, method of payment, and so forth, we find that the agreement contains the following provisions:

(1) The whole object and purpose is the acquisition of the properties and businesses by a corporation—that is to say, a company to be organized under the laws of the State of New York or some other American State.

(2) The "properties and businesses" so to be acquired consist in the first place of 750 shares of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, "including the new vessels building for the said company, and all its rights—in the name of the White Star Line and in the flag of such line," and in the second place of the assets of the firm of Ismay, Imrie & Co., including the position of managers of the Oceanic Company so far as they can sell the same. Now the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company is the owner of the White Star Line, and the total number of shares in the company is 750. The main object of the agreement, therefore, is that before the end of the present year the whole of the shares of this company, carrying with them of course all the property of the company new and old, are to pass into the hands of a foreign company, or

ganized under laws as yet undetermined, with a "charter," so to speak, as yet unknown.

This, it will be seen, is not an agreement between the new foreign corporation and the old Oceanic Company. It is an agreement between a private English firm and the American "bankers," who may not incorrectly be described as the promoters of the foreign company about to be formed. The English firm undertake to procure the transfer to the new foreign corporation of all the shares in the old Oceanic Company. The Oceanic Company, as such, does not appear to be a party to the agreement. Its corporate existence remains unaffected, and it will remain as before the legal owner of the White Star Line and all its assets, sentimental and material. The only change will be that all its existing shareholders will go out and in their place will be substituted the new corporation to be called into existence during the current year under the laws of an unnamed State of the American Union. What compensation the outgoing shareholders will receive is a question which does not greatly concern the public. It will, in the first instance, be as to part cash and as to part stock in the new foreign corporation, which of course may be turned present shareholders of the Oceanic into cash. The essence of the transaction may be fairly taken to be that the Company—all presumably British subjects—will sell out, that one new shareholder, viz., the new foreign corporation, will become the registered holder of all the shares, that this new foreign corporation will have a body of shareholders of various nationalities, and that until the new corporation otherwise determines the old Oceanic Company will remain a British corporation, though under foreign control, and all its vessels will continue to be nominally British vessels and to fly the British flag.

The condensed summary of the agreement which appeared in the *Times* of the 9th of May leaves it uncertain whether it is an essential part of the agreement that *all* of the shares in the Oceanic Company shall be transferred. The American manipulator in such circumstances is generally satisfied with a controlling interest, which need not amount to more than a moiety of the shares *plus* one. Nor is it quite clear how far the execution of all the agreements is necessary to the binding effect of any one. We may assume both in the case of the White Star and of the other lines that the necessary conditions will be fulfilled, and that the general situation will be such as I have described—one great foreign corporation owning all the shares in the British companies, which, however, will continue to exist as corporations under British law.

What has happened beyond the signing of the provisional agreement it is, at the time of writing, impossible to say. Meetings of the Oceanic Steamship Company are said to have been held and to have passed or refused to pass the necessary resolutions—although it is difficult to see what resolutions the company is concerned to pass, inasmuch as it is no party to the provisional agreement, which, as we have said, appears to contemplate a simultaneous sale of their shares by all the shareholders, leaving the company as such intact and unconcerned. The last statement in the press announces that the White Star meeting was unanimous, and that the vessels of the famous line will continue to fly the British flag. Why should they not? The Oceanic Steamship Company still exists and has not parted with a particle of its property, and nothing in the agreement requires that it should.

I do not propose to discuss the right of a shareholder in a British company, alone or in combination with all his

colleagues, to sell his shares at a profit. That his or their motives are neither patriotic nor the reverse, but purely businesslike, is the safest assumption to make. Nor can I see much ground as yet for the suggestion that quite a different bargain has been made by the German participants in the combination. We do not know what the German arrangement is or what powers the German Government may possess to prevent a group of shareholders in a shipping company from selling their shares to the highest bidder.¹ Indeed, the attempt has been made by one of the few apologists of the combination in the English press to prove that the German shipowners would only have been too glad to come in on the English terms, and that their exclusion is in some sort a blow to German pride. It is insinuated, indeed asserted, by the *Times* that criticism of the combination is in some way inspired by anti-British feeling on the Continent and is little better than a pro-Boer slander, prompted by "official Germany." If there has been exaggeration in the criticism generally passed upon the combination, it has at all events been free from the reckless insolence of this almost solitary champion.

But there is something to be said from the British national point of view. The status of these ships as part of our mercantile marine is a public question of some importance, and their connection with the Navy is another.

It may be assumed, then, that what has happened is the purchase by a foreign syndicate of the controlling inter-

est in certain companies owning British ships. Many of these ships are on the list of the Royal Reserve of Merchant Cruisers, and carry men of the Royal Naval Reserve. In the case of the White Star Line it is apparently certain that the arrangement includes the transfer of the entire number of shares in the Oceanic Steamship Company—the owner of the White Star Line. Two sets of questions arise for our consideration. The first deals with the bearing of the new combination upon some of the fundamental laws governing British shipping. The other concerns the relation of these vessels to the Naval Reserves of Merchant Cruisers and of officers and men.

I. The Merchant Shipping Act of 1894 contains no definition of a "British ship." But certain conditions are laid down in the first section of the Act which have the effect of making the ownership of the vessel the vital point. A ship shall not be deemed to be British unless owned wholly by persons of the described character. Neither the place where she is built nor the trade in which she is employed is material. The master and the crew are not required to be British subjects. The ship must be registered and her owners must be wholly British in the sense set forth in detail in the first section of the Act. Ownership is thus all important, and the utmost care has been taken to exclude by definition unqualified persons.

Who, then, are the qualified persons? They are:

(1) Natural born British subjects;

carried in two distinct general meetings, and by a majority of four-fifths of the shareholders. Resolutions to this effect were to be submitted to a shareholders' meeting of the Hamburg-American line on the 28th of May. See Berlin telegram in the "Times" of the 24th of May. (The precautions appear to include provision against foreign purchases of shares.) The motive power behind these remarkable new developments has not been revealed.

¹ It appears from statements in the "Berliner Neueste Nachrichten" of the 23rd of May that the two leading German lines, the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American, are to be made secure against the most obnoxious characteristic of the White Star agreement by a revision of the constitution of the Companies. The managing board in each case must in future be composed of Germans resident in Germany. Any future decision to sell the property of the companies, or "to subject it to foreign control," must be

- (2) Naturalized persons;
- (3) Persons made denizens by letters of denization; and
- (4) Bodies corporate established under and subject to the laws of some part of the King's dominions, and having their principal place of business in those dominions.

When a natural born British subject has become a subject of a foreign State, or when an alien has become naturalized or made denizen, he shall not be qualified to own a British ship until he has taken the oath of allegiance to His Majesty, and is during the time he is owner of the ship resident in His Majesty's dominions or partner in a firm actually carrying on business in His Majesty's dominions. And the Naturalization Act of 1870, which lays down the conditions on which naturalization can be obtained, declares that nothing in this Act shall "qualify an alien to be the owner of a British ship." By section 25 of the Merchant Shipping Act, when a registered ship or share therein is transferred, the transferee shall not be entitled to be registered as owner thereof until he, or, in the case of a corporation, the person authorized, has signed a declaration stating the qualification of the transferee to own a British ship, or, if the transferee is a corporation, of "such circumstances of the constitution and business thereof as prove it to be qualified to own a British ship." Finally, "if an unqualified person acquires as owner otherwise than by such transmission as hereinbefore provided for, an interest, either legal or beneficial, in a ship using a British flag and assuming the British character, that interest shall be subject to forfeiture under this Act" (Section 71).

There is no express provision in the Act as to the sale of a British ship to an "unqualified person," where there

is no intention to retain the British character. We may assume that on such a sale the ship will lose her registry.² If an attempt were made to continue the British character after such a sale the provisions as to forfeiture would apply. And a British ship must be wholly owned by qualified persons. A share cannot be held by an unqualified person.

If these restrictions on the rights of individuals to own British ships or shares therein are just and necessary, it must be for the reason that ownership is assumed to carry with it certain obligations and to supply certain safeguards. Nothing can be more clear than the "public policy" of the Merchant Shipping Act on this point. The Act of 1894 merely repeats with rather more detail and precision the terms of the old Act of 1854. In both cases elaborate care is used to rule out natural persons who are not British subjects. But in both Acts the whole effect of these careful provisions is nullified by the words which permit ownership to be acquired by "corporate bodies established under and subject to the laws of some part of His Majesty's dominions."

For what is a corporate body? So far as Great Britain is concerned, it may be taken to be a company incorporated by Royal Charter or by special Act of Parliament, or under the general provisions of the statutes known as the Companies Acts. The vast majority of British companies belong to the last category. There is the utmost liberty of action permitted in the incorporation of such a company. Any seven or more persons associated for any lawful purpose may by subscribing their names to a memorandum of association and complying with the requisitions of the Act of 1862 as to registration form an incorporated company.

² Section 21 refers to a registered ship ceasing to be a British ship "by reason of transfer

to persons not qualified to be owners of British ships."

The memorandum specifies the objects of the company, and constitutes its charter and the measure of its powers. "There is nothing," says Lord Justice Lindley, "to prevent an alien not an enemy from holding shares in a company. The effect of a person who is a member of a company becoming an alien enemy by a declaration of war has never been decided, but *Ex parte* Boussmaker tends to show that such a person would not *ipso facto* cease to be a member, but rather that his rights and liabilities would be suspended during the war and might be enforced upon the restoration of peace." That a foreign corporation would be in the same position as an individual alien may be assumed. It has been actually decided under an old Merchant Shipping Act that a ship may be registered in the name of a company although some of its members are aliens, and this decision has been treated as applying to the new Merchant Shipping Act and to companies under the Companies Acts. That a ship may be so registered although all of the members are foreigners or all of the shares held by a single foreigner or foreign company may also, I suppose, be taken for certain.

I cannot reconcile the liberty thus conceded to aliens through the medium of the machinery of incorporation with the avowed policy of excluding aliens from the ownership of British ships. The contradiction becomes obvious when we compare the ordinary method of shipowning, as set forth in the Merchant Shipping Act, with the possible results of incorporation. Every British ship is made by law a kind of material corporation by itself. That is to say, the Act provides that on the register the property in a ship "shall be divided into sixty-four shares," and that, subject to the provisions of the Act, "not more than sixty-four individuals shall be entitled to be registered at the same

time as owners of any one ship; but this rule shall not affect the beneficial title of any number of persons or of any company represented by or claiming under or through any registered owner or joint owner." In the case of single-ship companies, or companies owning several ships, the company, I understand, appears on the register as owning the entire ship. If a ship, then, is not owned by a company, every one of its sixty-four shares must be in the ownership of a British subject, natural born or naturalized. But if the ship is owned by a company with a capital divided into sixty-four or any other number of shares, any one or more, or apparently all, of those shares may be owned by foreigners or by a foreign corporation.

I am inclined to think that this anomaly must be the result of inadvertence in the application, in quite modern times, of the machinery of corporation laws to the purposes of trading. In this country the very name "corporation," which in the United States is constantly used, is with us rarely used, by business men to mean a trading company. Our trading corporations have been a development of the laws of partnership rather than the common law of corporations, and when the final stamp of incorporation was placed on companies we perhaps scarcely realized the full effect of what we were doing. The difficulty which arose some years ago in connection with "one-man companies" is another example in point, and there are doubtless many more.

If there is any virtue, then, in the ownership of British ships by British subjects ought not the Merchant Shipping Act to be amended in this particular? Can anybody doubt that if the Transatlantic agreement is carried into effect the ships of the White Star Line, though registered as British ships and flying the British flag, will

have ceased to be British in any effective sense quite as much as if they and not the shares representing them had been sold outright to Mr. Pierpont Morgan or the foreign company about to be called into being? From my point of view, I cannot understand the satisfaction some people pretend to find in the fact that the Oceanic Company has undertaken not to transfer its ships to a foreign flag. It is the company itself that has passed under foreign control, and if the ships are really foreign-owned I fail to see how the situation is saved by the technical survival of the flag.

On general principles, then, I consider that the power given by the Merchant Shipping Act to all corporations under British law to own British shipping, no matter who may be the constituent members of such corporations, is in contradiction to the general principle of the Act and ought to be restricted. I am quite aware that difficulties of many kinds will suggest themselves to the draftsman who takes such a piece of work on hand. The governing idea should be that the ownership in vessels which the law disallows to individual foreigners seeking it directly should not be made possible to them through the medium of shareholding. Would it be sufficient or possible to require that the majority of shares in shipowning companies should be held by individuals qualified under the Merchant Shipping Act to be owners of British ships? Or should the disability of alienage attaching to the individual ownership of ships or shares therein attach also to the ownership of shares in shipowning companies? The effect of such an alteration would no doubt be to render impossible in the future such an arrangement as appears to be contemplated at present by the Transatlantic agreement. It would not render impossible the out-and-out transfer of British ships to foreigners,

individual or corporate. I do not know whether any responsible person has suggested such a tremendous restriction on the power of alienating property. Nor need I discuss the other suggestions which have been thrown out in the course of recent discussion. One of these may before this article appears have been discussed in the House of Commons. There is a motion on the paper, fixed for the 28th of May, declaring *inter alia* that "the policy of the law with respect to the British Mercantile Marine demands reconsideration, seeing that the shipping trade of the United Kingdom is subject to burdens and restrictions from which foreign ships are exempt even in British waters."

II. Apart from the intimate connection between the Mercantile Marine and our general naval position, the Navy is interested in the present controversy at two points. We have a Naval Reserve of Merchant Cruisers and we have a Naval Reserve of men and officers. Some of the vessels in the Cruiser service belong to the fleets embraced in the North Atlantic combination, and others may be involved in the same or some similar combination. And the ships carrying the members of the Reserve of men and officers may at any moment be similarly affected.

The present system of Merchant Cruisers has subsisted, I understand, on practically the same footing since 1887. The essential features are, first, the payment of a subvention to the owners of selected ships held at the disposal of the Admiralty in time of war and so constructed as to be easily adaptable to the work of cruisers. Secondly, the amount of the subvention depends on the speed of the ships, on the amount of mail subsidies to which the owner may be entitled, and the complement of the Royal Naval Reserve men they may carry for the time

being. In the third place, the companies owning the subventional ships place at the disposal of the Admiralty for pre-emption or hire a considerable number of other vessels without further subsidy. In the present year, as for many years past, the total amount payable in subventions is 63,000*l.*—distributed among seven companies. There are eighteen subventioned ships, and thirty are held without further subsidy. The *Oceanic*, *Majestic*, and *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, are subsidized at the rate of 14,000*l.* a year, and five others are in the second class. The Cunard, the P. and O., the Orient, the Royal Mail, the Pacific, and the Canadian Pacific Railway are the other subsidized companies.

I have before me a copy of the form of contract of subsidy usually entered into with variations in the case of the different companies. The general character of the engagements on either side may be gathered from the correspondence published as a Parliamentary Paper in 1887.³ The original offer of the White Star Line contained the following provisions. Certain named vessels were to be held for purchase or hire at named prices. The company was to build several vessels of such type and speed as should render them specially suitable for service as armed cruisers, and in accordance with plans and specifications already submitted to and approved by the Admiralty. The Admiralty was to pay an annual subvention of 15*s.* per gross registered ton, to be increased to 20*s.* in certain eventualities. The company was to be precluded from entertaining any offer of sale or charter for over four weeks without giving the Admiralty the option of exercising the pre-emption. The "crews of the vessels employed under this agreement shall consist as nearly

as possible of one-half the men belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve. Should any of the foregoing ships be sold to a British shipowner approved by the Admiralty, the privileges of the agreement are to remain attached to the ship or ships under the new agreement." These provisions are embodied in a more formal manner in the clauses of the actual contract.

The essential points in all cases appear to be these: no sale to be entertained by the contracting company without notice to the Admiralty; sale to a British subject approved by the Admiralty to carry with it the privileges and obligations of the contract; and provisions for the carrying of Naval Reserve men.

Nothing is said about the sale of the ships, whether subventioned or not, to foreign persons, but since this question arose a new clause has been agreed to forbidding such a sale without the sanction of the Admiralty, and a new contract including this clause has been made with the White Star Line for a new period of three years. My own conviction is, however, that it ought to be taken to be a fundamental and governing condition of a contract like this that the ships shall be and shall remain British ships. The new condition, therefore, adds nothing to the strength of the naval position. It is quite true also that the terms of the agreement of the 4th of February do not technically violate any of the terms of the current Admiralty contract. No vessel subject to that contract has been sold to anybody, foreign or other.

But that scarcely disposes of the naval question. Surely the object of the Merchant Cruiser policy was the retention of British ships in the sense of ships owned by British subjects. Can the White Star Line, under the Morgan agreement, any longer be said to be a British line? The same question arises here that we have already

discussed in connection with the Merchant Shipping Act. Nobody would tolerate a system of subventions to foreign companies, although they might fly the British flag and bind themselves to carry a full complement of men of the Royal Naval Reserve. If, for example, the Hamburg-American Steamship Company had been the purchaser of all the shares of the Oceanic Company, should we willingly allow it to earn the White Star subvention? And in what better case is the unnamed American company to be formed by Mr. Pierpont Morgan? No doubt the Oceanic Steamship Company has given pledges not to transfer its vessels to a foreign flag, but what of that if the company itself has passed into foreign control? I do not wish to be understood as expressing any opinion about the value of the Merchant Cruiser to our naval system. Since its introduction it has, at least such is my impression, been acquiesced in rather than strongly defended by successive Boards of Admiralty. One result of the Shipping "Combine" will be to force on a renewed discussion of the system in the near future. All I contend for now is that it is of the essence of the system that the subsidized lines should be really and substantially under the control of British subjects, and that

condition I consider is not fulfilled by a company which, though incorporated under British laws, has not a single fraction of its capital owned by a British subject. My strong conviction is that the subsidy to the White Star Line ought not to be continued after this essential change in the character of the Oceanic Company has taken effect.

The fact that Royal Naval Reserve men are carried by the subventioned lines, even in vessels other than those earning the subventions, strengthens the general argument. There is no doubt about the importance of this Reserve. In the present year the Royal Naval Reserve of officers and men serving in merchant or trading vessels calls for an expenditure of 240,000*l.* There are 1,900 officers provided for, and of the 25,880 men 11,000 belong to the first class. I am informed nearly 4,000 men are at this moment serving on foreign-going ships and over 20,000 in home waters. The subvention is not the only inducement offered by the Admiralty for the employment of these men. But I think it will be generally agreed that the men retained for this important reserve should be found on ships which, whether they are subsidized or not, are really, and not merely in legal technicality, British ships.⁴

Edmund Robertson.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

ROMAN REMINISCENCES OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Forty-four years ago! Those were the days when "Rome was Rome," as Gregorovius used to say. At that time there were no railways, consequently no railway stations; no trams, no omnibus,

nibuses, not even cab-stands, and certainly no tariff for anything. Everything had to be bargained for; and a tedious, disagreeable process it was. Eighteen francs was not an uncommon

⁴ The existing Rules of the Royal Naval Reserve state that there is no objection to Royal Naval Reserve men sailing on ships

under a foreign flag for short voyages, but special leave of absence will not be granted for service on such vessels.

price to be asked for a drive from Piazza di Spagna to St. Peter's. Of course nobody paid that; after much haggling, and offering a franc and a half, one paid three francs, and arrived at St. Peter's a good deal too late. The dirt of the streets was something appalling. The Corso and principal thoroughfares were occasionally swept, generally at the most inconvenient moment, when full of passengers, at the fashionable hour. I once suggested that it would be better to sweep in the morning, when the streets were empty. "What would be the use of that?" was the reply; "nobody would see we had done it."

The state of the narrow side-streets was fearful; all the dirt was swept into them: in the evening everything was brought out of the houses, and thrown on the huge dust-heaps, to the great delight and enjoyment of the cats and the homeless dogs, which, like those in Constantinople, wandered wild about the city. I once counted eleven cats on one dust-heap—which dust-heaps were really, to use a stronger expression, dunghills. As to the dogs, they were never interfered with, except by the cats; and, strange to say, hydrophobia was then unknown in Rome, as is also the case at the present day in Constantinople. There were a few gas lamps in the Corso; in the side-streets none. Society was simple in those days, and kept early hours; it was quite customary to go to even gay parties on foot. One's servant always carried a lantern. The entrance, even to very good houses, was usually filthy; no porter, no light on the dirty stairs. It was not uncommon for Englishmen to be robbed and stabbed in those dark, lonely streets: the Romans, however, never attacked ladies; thus the men were always most obliging in offering to escort ladies home.

With all this, Rome was a far pleas-

anter place then than now. There were only six hotels, I think, and not one pension! One of the hotels, very small and humble, was the old Albergo dell' Orso, where it is supposed Dante lodged when he came to Rome for the Jubilee of 1300. The little inn still exists, almost unchanged in outward appearance.

There were no Cook's tourists then. In fact, there were very few tourists of any kind. Nobody thought of taking such a long expensive journey in order to spend a few weeks or days in Rome. About a fortnight's quick travelling was necessary between England and Italy: six days in a vetturino carriage from Florence to Rome; three days, or three and a half, from Rome to Naples. Of course it was shorter to take the diligence and travel night and day; but there was almost a certainty of being stopped by brigands. Also, one could come by sea; even then it was a whole day's journey in a carriage from Civita Vecchia, and there were more brigands on that road than on any other. Therefore, when people came, they stayed; frequently two winters in Rome, spring in Florence, autumn in Naples, summer in the cool Tuscan valleys. Professional people and business men could not undertake so long an absence; consequently the mere fact of being in Rome was a kind of passport to people's good opinion, as proving that one had nothing to do. It was supposed that you had education, some knowledge of foreign languages and literature, and the classics; and, above all, that you had a more or less clear idea of what you had come to see. I do not think one could have been asked then, as I more recently was by a lady in the railway-train, "What is the Apollo Belvedere?"

The cardinals were constantly met in society, and to be seen also walking outside the gates, with a heavy carriage and fat horses lumbering after.

The Pope even occasionally came to the Pincian at the fashionable hour; and then the band stopped playing the Drinking-Song from the "Traviata," and all went down on their knees. Among the most curious features of Roman life were the cardinals' receptions. When a new cardinal was made, on the evening of the day when his hat was sent to him, he held a splendid reception in one of the great old Roman palaces, where some Roman princess received for him. No invitations were issued; all who presented themselves were admitted. There were one or two rules, and I do not remember that they were ever infringed. It was not wished that professional people, medical men and the like, practising in Rome, should go. Artists, also, both painters and sculptors, were not expected. This last regulation seems illiberal, as excluding many men well worth knowing. In practice, however, it was not so, for everybody whatsoever who, as the phrase is, had a "decoration," was welcomed; and as all the great painters and sculptors had something of the kind, it ended in their being received with distinction. Gibson, as well as most of the great French artists, had the Legion of Honor; Benzoni and Tenerani the Order of Pius, and so on.

Those receptions were very curious, from the strange mixture of people and costumes. The first time I went to one a magnificent ecclesiastic went upstairs before us, "Monsignor the Archbishop of Babylon" being announced by the servants on every landing. Next came the Duchess del Drago, daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain by her second marriage; she was dazzling in diamonds; which diamonds, some people were ill-natured enough to say, belonged of right to the Spanish crown-jewels. Following this brilliant apparition came a bevy of barefooted friars, in their brown robes, with the cord of St. Francis knotted round the

waist. All the religious orders were represented on those occasions. Besides the Franciscans there were Dominicans, Benedictines, and many others, each in their distinctive dress. The whole College of Cardinals (those, at least, who were living in Rome) were obliged to go, in fullest gala dress, a blaze of scarlet. All the ambassadors, in diplomatic uniform, and covered with orders, were to be seen. The old Duke de Saldanha, Portuguese Ambassador, had so many orders that there was scarcely room for all, even on his broad chest. He had everything that anybody could possibly have, beginning with the Golden Fleece; every distinction for military prowess, for literary fame, and for civil merit. All the ambassadressess, all the Roman princesses went, in their most gorgeous array, and their historic jewels. Princess Corsini's diamond tiara was so high that it quite dwarfed her, she being a little thin woman. It really seemed to be a third of her height; but though, of course, of immense value, I did not admire it. It was more like a cut-steel fender than anything else. She wore also her celebrated pearls, the string of which broke one evening when I was standing beside her: the pearls flew in every direction, but I think they were all rescued. They were the largest I have ever seen, some being nearly as big as hazel-nuts; but they were not all quite perfect in shape, nor was the color so pure as in some of smaller size. Besides, in Rome one does not perhaps appreciate pearls as they deserve: they can be, and are, so exquisitely imitated.

The evening after the great reception there was always a smaller one of invited guests. On two occasions we had the good fortune to be asked. I don't think they were so interesting as the others; the cardinals were only in half-gala, the princesses wore their second-best diamonds, the religious or-

ders were in much smaller number. At the invited reception we got refreshments; but the ices did not make up for the want of the cardinals' scarlet cloaks. However, everybody liked to be asked to the second reception, chiefly because their friends were for the most part left out.

Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary for State, was the most prominent figure in Rome at that time. He went much into society, and had great charm of manner: he always said pleasant, flattering things, and it did not greatly matter whether they were sincere or not.

He had a very remarkable collection of jewels; fine specimens of every known gem, and also of intaglios, cameos, etc.; and a series of pieces of every kind of marble, ancient and modern. We were invited to his apartment in the Vatican to see all this, and we went, expecting to find a sort of museum, with a functionary to show it. But no! we were received in the cardinal's drawing-room by the cardinal himself. In his pocket he kept the key of those valuable possessions, and probably he did wisely. The jewels were in boxes, and arranged on little rods. These rods were furnished with small nippers, each holding a separate stone. On touching a spring, the rods turned, the nippers sprang up like the keys of a flute, and the gem was seen transparent. There were diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, opals, amethysts, all splendid specimens; and, most beautiful of all, that rarest of stones, the jacinth, besides all kinds of what may be termed second-class jewels—turquoise, aquamarine, topaz, both pink and yellow, cairngorms. These last were differently arranged, being of larger size. Then there were engraved gems of all kinds, intaglios, cameos, both stone and shell: it was indeed a wonderful collection. The marbles, too, were very interesting. The cardinal said

he regretted having chosen so large a size for his squares of marble, as otherwise he could have picked up many small bits of rare kinds. He talked most agreeably, telling us, among other things, how in his earlier days, he sometimes went barefooted, in the depth of winter, dressed in the penitent's garb (which, as is well known, covers the whole face and form), and begged, "just for curiosity, and to know how it felt," and that it was not at all disagreeable! He took the precaution, however, to have always hot water ready to plunge his feet into on his return. In old days it was quite a common thing for people, even of high rank, to go out as penitents. As to the cold, he said it was in a great measure a matter of habit. He frequently went out to see his mother at Sonnino, a village off the Frosinone road. He had been there lately, one very cold snowy day, and met a little boy who had neither shoes nor stockings. The cardinal asked him if he did not feel the cold in his bare feet. "No," said the boy; "is your face cold?"

The cardinal was certainly a very good son. He never neglected his mother, going often to see her, and always speaking of her with respect and affection, though she was but a peasant woman, and, report said, the widow of a brigand. Indeed it was said that all the male inhabitants of Sonnino were brigands, more or less.

One of our party, Mr. C., unfortunately took it into his head to catechize the Cardinal Secretary of State on his political views—to interview him, in short. There was a rebellion of some kind going on in Poland against Russia, and, to everybody's consternation, Mr. C. asked Antonelli what he thought of it. "Of course," said the cardinal, "one must always sympathize to a certain extent with those of one's own religion; but revolution is always revolution!" This was said with a darkening brow,

and such a fiery gleam in his eye, that I hastily interposed with some perfectly inane question about one of the gems. His Eminence looked much relieved.

When we rose to take leave the cardinal shook hands—indeed squeezed our hands emphatically, and begged that we would never forget him. It was so unlikely we should, he being one of the most important personages in European politics at that moment.

Going downstairs our friend Mr. C. said to me reproachfully, "I wish you had not changed the conversation just then. I was going to ask him what he thought of the state of affairs in Ireland." I did not repent of my interruption.

Though much liked in society, Antonelli was hated by the populace. He had a black cat, which used to sit on his shoulder when he was writing despatches and other documents. The common people said this cat was a familiar spirit—an emissary of the devil, if not indeed the devil himself—whispering evil things into the cardinal's ear. But of this I can form no opinion, not having seen the pussy in question.

In the College of Cardinals the most remarkable at that time, next to Cardinal Antonelli, was Cardinal d'Andrea. Nothing could be more opposed than the two men. Antonelli, representing the old system, strong in repression, with a very clear idea of his own plans, and a very decided determination to carry them out. D'Andrea, with the high and noble aim of blending all that was good in the old ways with all that was best in modern ideas of progress. He died at a comparatively early age: I do not think he was much over fifty, and that is young for a cardinal—especially for one who aspires to the Papacy. And had he lived he would probably have been Pope; he was the Liberal candidate. His political view was to make Italy a confederation. The

north, with Lombardy, Venice, Tuscany, to be under the King of Sardinia; the Pope to reign over all his old dominions; the King of Naples over Naples and Sicily. Those three were to be united in a close federation, with, I suppose, the Pope as umpire, in case of difficulties arising. And difficulties were pretty sure to arise,—between Victor Emmanuel and the King of Naples, for instance. It was a grand idea, and, could it have been worked, would have changed the whole future of Italy, and perhaps of some other countries. At least it would have prevented the bitter hatred which now exists in many quarters against the priests, and too often against all religion whatever. But it was not to be: the jealousy of Pio Nono was fiercely roused, and Cardinal d'Andrea was obliged to leave Rome and go to Naples, on pretext of his native air being good for his health. The reverse was the result: he died of consumption little more than a year after. The Vatican rejoiced, but the Roman people grieved. There certainly was no love lost between the cardinal and the Pope. The former said one day, when speaking of Pio Nono, "The Holy Father is as vain as a woman. He would burn me if he could."

The cardinal's religious opinions were moderate. He was no fanatic, and would never have been a persecutor. He often spoke of Protestantism, and asked many questions about it. Frequently he said, "That I approve." Once he said, speaking of the Virgin Mary, "You put her too low; but we put her as much too high."

He was a man of varied culture, and an enthusiastic Dante student. On one occasion he invited us to meet a learned friend of his, Padre Borgogni, who had translated the book of Isaiah into "terza rima," the same metre as the "Divina Commedia," and certainly as poetry it was magnificent.

Another and very different personality was Gibson the sculptor, whom we knew well. The kindest-hearted of men, he was totally without worldliness, and absolutely without envy and malice. In fact he could scarcely have been envious, he was so undoubtedly the king of the artist world. Still, it is not every man who, having attained greatness, is uniformly kind and helpful to those who are struggling up. His influence in Rome was always for good. After his death everything was changed: all the artists instantly went by the ears—so much so that one was afraid to go to a studio lest one should hear something against somebody next door, whereas Gibson never would allow evil-speaking. His quaint humor, too, was delightful. Of course he was very much petted by our Royal Family, and he gave a most amusing account of his visit to Osborne. When he was invited to go there, the (then) Prince of Wales asked him to arrange to go at the time he, the Prince, would be there. So it was settled. "Well," said he, in telling me the story, "I did not know if I was to stay all night, or even to dinner; so I made up my bag in this way. A coat, waistcoat, shirt; but I did not take second trousers. When I arrived I found I was to dine with the equerries, and stay the night. Next day at eleven I was to have an audience of her Majesty." In the morning, when he was dressing, comes a message from the Prince asking him to come down to the garden. Of course he hurried in finishing his toilet. "I did not wish to keep the Prince waiting, and I was just putting on my trousers as fast as I could when a terrible rent came at the back," said he, looking expressively over his shoulder. Alas! he had no other trousers. What was to be done? He rang the bell and asked if there was anybody in the house who could mend them. After considerable delay somebody was

found. In the meantime another message comes up, "The Prince of Wales is waiting in the garden." Presently another message, "The Princess of Wales is waiting!" Driven to desperation, Gibson said to the messenger, "Just you tell his Royal Highness exactly what has happened."

Naturally, when Gibson came down to the garden, he found the royal party struggling with imperfectly suppressed merriment. In fact the Princess of Wales never attempted to suppress it; nor did she recover her gravity all through the visit. Princess Helena was of the party, and Gibson told her that the last time he had seen her she was playing with a very large wax doll, a present from King Louis Philippe. "I have it still," said the Princess. Then she gathered a beautiful rose and gave it to him. Unfortunately the head broke off, whereupon he put it in his pocket. Presently the Princess of Wales gave him a rose. "You've lost the one I gave you," said Princess Helena. "No, ma'am, I have not; it is safe in my pocket."

But now it was almost eleven o'clock, and Gibson rose to go. "Oh! don't go yet; stay a little longer," said the Prince.

"No, I will not; I can't keep her Majesty waiting for any person," answered Gibson.

He was ushered into the Queen's presence, and he described the interview thus: "By Jove! I forgot, and spoke first!" But the Queen was most gracious. She asked him how old he was when he came to Rome, and he told her. Presently, as if quite unconnected with the previous question, she asked him how many years he had been in Rome. He replied, "If I were to tell you that, ma'am, you would know my age, and that I tell to no lady." And then the Queen laughed.

I think he was about seventy-six when he died. He was only a few days

ill. On going down to his studio to inquire for him, it was strangely silent and desolate. How one missed his bright welcome! Sad and lonely stood the wondrous statues around, the gods of Greece, for the most part; only one sacred subject was there, our Lord calling the little children to come to him.

He was buried on a bright January day in our lovely Protestant cemetery, where the birds were singing, and the violets blooming, as if in spring. All the foreigners in Rome were there, in deep mourning. The French troops were out, for he had the cross of the Legion of Honor. They marched with muffled drums, firing into the grave as they passed.

I do not think any one was ever so universally mourned. But it is sad to think that his beautiful works have never had a suitable place made for them in England. How much better the Danes treated Thorwaldsen!

Among the pleasantest recollections of Rome are the days spent at Palazzo Caetani, listening to the old Duke di Sermoneta's brilliant talk. The head of the great baronial House of Caetani, Don Michelangelo, as he was generally called, was one of the most learned and gifted men I have ever known. He was the greatest Dante scholar of the age. He was said to know the whole "Divina Commedia" by heart: if you gave him one word, he would go on from that to the end of the canto. When we first knew him he had not yet become blind, but the sight of one eye was weak. He always read with the book or manuscript held close to his face; and he tried his sight far too much, especially by reading at night. As was the case in all Roman palaces, there was no gas, and electric light was as yet unheard of. I always thought the supply of lamps and candles insufficient in those great dim rooms. The Italians have an idea that much light is bad for the eyes, so they

live in semi-darkness: this perhaps accounts for the great prevalence of blindness in Italy. The duke loved to pore over manuscripts, and the more crabbed and illegible they were, the more he seemed to enjoy it. Drawing was also a great pleasure to him; it was he who drew all those exquisite Etruscan designs carried out in gold-work by Castellani. Even after the duke became quite blind he could still draw the designs.

In fact, but for the duke, Castellani could never have done anything, for he had no money, and a large sum was required to provide all the very pure gold necessary for the work. The duke lent it to him, and thus enabled him to produce those lovely specimens of the goldsmith's art afterwards so famous. Castellani himself was quite a character. He had a supreme contempt for everything modern; and modern times, according to his views, reached very far back. Once, having come from one of the Paris Exhibitions, we told him we had seen some earrings that had belonged to Pharaoh's daughter who adopted Moses. "But Moses was quite a modern man," objected he. We asked if he considered that age of the Egyptian monarchy modern. "But—most modern!" he answered.

In earlier days, when the duke still had his eyesight, he drew plans of Dante's worlds—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; as well as many little illustrations explanatory of some obscure passages. One of the most ingenious showed how the shining spirits forming the letter M. in the 18th canto of the "Paradiso," with slight change, took the shape of a *fleur-de-lis*, and then of an eagle.

It is to be regretted that he never published a large or important work; but he wrote many slight articles, little pamphlets, some concerning Dante, and others about old Latin days; conversations in the Tuscan wood, etc. He

used to read Virgil aloud sometimes,—not as at Oxford and Cambridge, but with the soft Roman pronunciation. It was certainly very beautiful, and exceedingly easy to understand. He did not hesitate to call our English pronunciation barbarous. "Did the Romans not know better than anybody else how their language should be spoken?" And indeed there seemed some truth in that.

About once a-week, in Palazzo Caetani, there were Dante afternoons. After Don Michelangelo became blind, somebody else read; often Marchese Francesco Vitelleschi, who had a beautiful voice, and read extremely well,—pausing with great tact, whenever he thought there was anything to be explained; and those explanations were very delightful and instructive.

The duke was not at all in favor of the temporal power of the Pope. He used to say, "My ancestors owned every bit of ground between the gates of Rome and the gates of Naples before the Pope had a foot of temporal power." That was quite true; his ancestors levied blackmail on everybody who passed that way. Although he was a Liberal in politics, and most simple and unassuming in manner, he was by no means democratic in opinions; and very proud he was of being a Campagna baron; much more so than of being the premier duke in Rome. That last he considered a trivial, commonplace thing, scarcely worth mentioning.

In his house I once heard a discussion as to the relative ranks of the Roman nobility: the first, and much the first, were the Campagna barons, who had ruled despotically in the neighborhood of Rome ever since the breaking up of the Empire. Don Michelangelo himself was born with the right of life and death on his property; but as all that came to an end when he was three years old, he naturally had

never exercised it. The only surviving really baronial families are the Caetani, the Colonna, the Orsini; at that time also the Santa Croces, now extinct in the male line. It is to be feared that those families did not always use their quite irresponsible power in the gentlest manner; for the word *baron* at the present day signifies also a tyrant.

Next to the barons, the feudal fiefs of the holy Roman Empire seemed to be the most considered. All were agreed that the papal nobility, generally having its source in nepotism, was the lowest of all.

It was the Duke di Sermoneta who went to invite Victor Emmanuel to Rome; but I don't think he was quite satisfied after he had got him. Like many other people, he expected too much: he thought everything would be faultless, which is never the case in this world; he expected everybody to be contented, which has certainly never yet been the case in Italy. He supposed that everybody was as purely and disinterestedly patriotic as he was himself; and he saw the evil of the great multitude of hangers-on, always clamoring for a place with little to do. The great ambition of a young Italian is to be an employee, and work half the day. They do not object to begin pretty early in the morning; but they must have their afternoons free, to wear pale kid gloves, and saunter on the Fincian, listening to the band. They say, "Only slaves work after three o'clock." They are, however, content with very little pay. In the great palace of the Ministry of Finance I have been told there is room for a thousand of those clerks; that, I think, must be an exaggeration, but there are certainly too many. The Duke di Sermoneta, instead of the Ministry of Finance, always called it "the Mausoleum of the Finances," And a mausoleum it was, of human beings as well as of finance; in the erection of it, the work,

as is usual in Italy, was let out to contractors, the cheapest contract being accepted. Unseasoned wood was used for the scaffoldings, consequently scarcely a day passed without something breaking and workmen being killed or injured.

At last the duke said, "Between the infamy of the Court and the stupidity of the Vatican I really don't know which to choose."

Though a good man and a good Catholic, he had no great admiration for the monastic orders. Nuns especially did not appeal to his sympathies. He said, "Every insect generally speaking, lives in water or in air; nuns, however, are insects who can live without water and without air. I know it, for my sister is a nun." Also, like most other born Roman Catholics, he extremely objected to converts, usually speaking of them as "those lunatics."

Another Roman house in those days was Palazzo Santa Croce. It stands at the corner of the Via in Publicolis, recalling the tradition that the Santa Croces were descended from Valerius Publicola, "the good house that loved the people well." It was a strange old palace—said to be haunted, and it looked very like it. There was the bust of a Cardinal Santa Croce at the top of the stairs, and one of the young Santa Croce girls told me that at night he got off his pedestal and walked about the house, "because he was a very wicked man." However, there has never been a Pope of that family, on which account, according to the Duke di Sermoneta, they deserved particular consideration, and were always waited for, however late they might be!

There were some good pictures in the palace, especially Guido's Europa. The archives of the family were interesting; they dated from the time of the Empress Helena, when one of the family went with her to the Holy Land

and brought back the piece of the true cross, now venerated in the Basilica of S. Croce in Gerusalemme. But I think they were prouder of their legendary descent from Valerius Publicola. The eldest daughter of the house was singularly like the portrait of Beatrice Cenci; I remarked it to her, and she told me that Beatrice Cenci's mother was a Santa Croce.

Liszt very often came in the evening to Palazzo Santa Croce, and used to go to the piano and play for hours. Sometimes, however, he announced that he could not play. He said he had little talent for music, but he could play whist. And what whist it was! Never have I seen anything so queer. Nobody seemed to have the most rudimentary idea of returning their partner's lead, usually preferring to return their adversary's. Under-trumping was frequent, and revokes not unknown. There were no markers; everybody had a bit of paper and a pencil, and jotted down the progress of the game. The "canonico," a priest who came nearly every evening, was the only person who had the faintest notion of how the game should be played. This, however, was a doubtful advantage, as it caused him to lose his temper violently; and totally forgetting his manners, he spoke to everybody, including the Prince, in the second person plural instead of the polite third person. Liszt meanwhile sat serenely, with his long hair falling back and a sweet smile on his face, as if wrapt in Elysium. Once, in passing through the room, I asked, "What are trumps?" Liszt put his hand on his heart and said, "Les coeurs regnent toujours!"

Frequently, however, he went to the piano. One evening he volunteered to play a duet with Donna Louisa, the eldest daughter, who was to play on the harmonium. She objected that she had only begun to learn that instrument, that she knew but one tune, and

even of it only the first part, which she could play with the right hand only. "That will do quite well; let us begin," said Liszt. They accordingly began, and he improvised the most exquisite variations on the simple little theme. Presently he got completely absorbed in the music, and Donna Louisa stopped. Very soon, however, he perceived this, and broke off abruptly with, "Well, why don't we go on?" and she had to begin again. Another time he was asked to play "Characters." A name of some mutual friend, or somebody known in society, was mentioned, and he improvised something suitable to each person. There were delicate, faint melodies; deep, thrilling chords; merry, rippling trills; and then a wild crash of hurrying notes. At last a name was given which seemed to rouse much merriment. He then turned his back to the piano and played with his fists.

At this time Gregorovius was much in Rome,—often at Palazzo Caetani, and also in German houses. He did not go much among the English, not speaking the language at all. In fact, he was really at home only in German, and, in a lesser degree, in Italian. On being asked if he spoke French, he replied, "Badly and unwillingly." At Casa Caetani this did not matter, for every language was spoken there. Don Michelangelo's gifted daughter, Countess Lovatelli, spoke six fluently.

One of the peculiarities of Gregorovius was that he would not go anywhere where he was asked, though he willingly came when not invited. On one occasion I really wished him to come, on account of friends who were very desirous of meeting him. A few evenings before I met him at a German house, and when I was going away I said to him, "Some friends are coming to spend Wednesday evening with us; but I don't ask you to come, I don't want you: in fact, I had rather

you stayed away." He came, and made himself most agreeable.

Perhaps the poems of Gregorovius are not as well known as his prose. He did not write a great deal of poetry, but what he wrote was very beautiful —his poem of "Icarus" in particular, suggested by a bas-relief in the Villa Albani. Some of his verses, little miniature poems of four lines, are exquisite—especially one to the almond-tree. He had a peculiar love for almond-blossom, and when he was about to leave Rome he mourned, almost tearfully, that he had to go before the trees were in flower. Whereupon a young Roman, somewhat lacking in sentiment, said in much surprise, "How can it possibly matter to him or to anybody else whether the almonds are in blossom or not?"

There was a very pleasant German society at that time. One very brilliant house was that of Baron Platner, son of the Platner who wrote the "Rombeschreibung" along with Bunsen. All the most noted German authors and artists went there. There was also the German Artist Club, which gave merry parties. The club still exists; but, like many other things in Rome, it has become too large and too ambitious, thereby losing its homelike simplicity. In those days it used to give amateur theatricals, which were often exceedingly amusing. One little comedy was "The Niece and the Nightingale," wherein much confusion was caused by the old uncle thinking a man who had come to buy the nightingale wished to marry the niece. There was no splendor; little lighting up, for electric light did not yet exist; no costly refreshments, only a bun and a glass of lemonade or weak punch. But there was much kindly hospitality.

In my first years in Rome archaeology, among the English at least, was not much cultivated. There was always a German or, as it was then

called, a Prussian Archaeological Institute, and also, of course, an Italian Academy with the same scope. But Germans and Italians were far too busy quarrelling to have much leisure for study. The Forum was still untouched. Instead of showing its present appearance of a town recently ruined by an earthquake, it was then a field with a few trees and some rough grass, where occasionally some cattle were to be seen browsing. Just about that time they began to uncover part of the Basilica Giulia. The Arch of Septimius Severus was prominent and the Arch of Titus; also the Column of Phocas, its name already ascertained, its base being no longer buried. Other ruins were named in a very haphazard manner. The columns now definitely ascertained to belong to the Temple of Castor and Pollux, were then termed remains of the Temple of Minerva Chalcedica; while almost anything was ascribed to Jupiter Stator,—falling him, to Jupiter Tonans. The house of the Vestals, Juturna's Fount, and the house of the Pontifex Maximus, were undreamt of.

Then came the English archaeologist, Mr. Parker. Immediately the Germans and Italians left off disputing among themselves, and unanimously swooped upon Mr. Parker. It must be confessed that his methods of argument were not the mildest imaginable. He constantly told his opponents that they had not a shadow of proof of what they asserted. This naturally was not sooth-ing, and the fighting grew fast and furious. The Italians were not quite so angry as the Germans. Indeed De Rossi was then, as ever, uniformly kind and encouraging to everybody; but his work lay mostly underground in the Catacombs. At length even the Germans acknowledged Mr. Parker's services to archaeology, especially in determining the site of the Porta Capena, and also in tracing the course of the

ruined aqueducts. It must be remembered that at the time in question there was but one aqueduct bringing drinkable water to Rome; the others lay in ruins, and it was not till several years after this that Pio Nono caused the Marclan Aqueduct to be repaired. Now the English, German, and Italian archaeologists get on perfectly well together.

In those old days the Palace of the Cæsars, then called the Farnese Gardens, was still undisturbed; it was a tangle of wild-flowers and blossoming shrubs, inhabited by a good many snakes. Besides the danger from snakes, there was always the risk of tumbling into apparently fathomless holes, concealed by the brambles and briars. Of course there were no parapets, no warning placards; it was all as wild and pathless as the Campagna, and if one chose to wander about, it was nobody's business to prevent one being killed. Now and then one came upon a fragment of masonry, seemingly unaccountable in such a wilderness; and occasionally one found oneself standing on concrete instead of upon earth. It was wonderfully picturesque, and the view of the Coliseum magnificent; but the Hall of Domitian, the Palace of Caligula, the house of Augustus, were all buried deep down.

There was a great sensation when it was announced that the Farnese Gardens were to be excavated; and many a pleasant day we spent there, accompanied by the ever-kind and courteous Signor Rosa. His enthusiasm was delightful to behold. One day he arrived at the German Institute staggering under the weight of a huge lead water-pipe on which he had discovered the name of Livia, thereby determining the topography beyond all doubt.

The Coliseum, like most other things in Rome, was far more beautiful then than now. It was a mass of foliage; good-sized trees, a wealth of wall-flow-

ers, violets everywhere, golden broom, and many rare and curious plants. It was supposed that the trees were pushing out the stones, and an order was given that they were to be rooted up. Possibly the larger trees did mischief; but I think the violets, and even the wall-flowers must have been harmless. Unfortunately, however, the order being given, it happened that Signor Rosa was obliged to go to Florence; and when he came back he was aghast. There was the building, scraped, peeled, utterly naked; and, curiously enough, it seemed reduced to half its normal size. The worst of it was that several plants, peculiar to the Coliseum, were lost forever.

Another of the sorrowful changes in Rome is the destruction of its many lovely villas. First and foremost the exquisite Villa Ludovisi, with its glorious cypress avenues. It was indeed sad to see the palms and cypresses carted away in order to build the uninteresting new quarter, strongly resembling South Kensington. The villa ought to have been bought by the Government, if its noble owner persisted in selling it. Surely there is something repulsive in the idea of the owner, while professing strong attachment to the Vatican and the old order of things, yet condescending to trade with the newcomers, in hopes of making money. It is some small consolation to know that owner, buyers, builders, were all more or less ruined by the speculation.

Many other beautiful villas have been swallowed up in brick and mortar: the Strozzi, Negroni, Wolkonski, the Villa Campana, where the talented sculptor, Mr. Warrington Wood, had his studio for several years; now its charming gardens are all pulled to pieces, and what remains of the house is a low restaurant.

Villa Muti-Savorelli is also sadly altered. Having been a typical old Roman villa, picturesque, quaint, with its

tangled garden, its thickets of roses, where two beautiful white goats wandered at will, browsing on the rose-leaves, it is now thoroughly spoilt and vulgarized by its present wealthy owners. It might be the Lees at Folkestone or a Parade at Southsea. An immense deal of money has been spent upon it, with the above-mentioned melancholy result. I believe it is now called Villa Aurelia. The only thing that cannot be spoilt is the view, extending over the whole of Rome, away, away to the Sabine Mountains, the peak of Mons Lucritillis, the snows of the Leonessa. In very clear weather even the Gran Sasso d' Italia is visible.

This villa originally belonged to the Muti-Savorelli family, who owned a beautiful villa at Frascati, where Cardinal York died; and also the palace in the Piazza Santa Apostoli, so long inhabited by Prince Charles Edward. In his lifetime it was high treason for any British subject to enter that palace. The Muti-Savorellis are now extinct, and I do not know who succeeded to the property; all was sold.

Vittoria Savorelli was the heroine of Edmond About's novel of "Tolla." One of the Dorias, brother of the then prince, fell in love with her and wished to marry her. As the Villa Savorelli is almost at the entrance of the Villa Doria, the young people naturally saw each other often. But the Doria family would not hear of the marriage. And, in truth, though one's sympathies had always gone with Tolla in reading the novel, yet on becoming acquainted with the family, one could not but feel the absolute impossibility of the alliance, in spite of the Mutis' boasted descent from Mutius Scævola.

Poor Tolla died of consumption, quite young. She was an only daughter, but had three brothers, all of whom we knew, as well as the old mother, a worthy elderly lady, who possibly might have proved a trying mother-in-

law to a Doria. The brothers were, first, the Marchese; then the Monsignore, a dignified ecclesiastic, who looked very well in a Roman drawing-room, but in the country paid small attention to appearance. That class of Italians thought it quite absurd to dress even tidily in the country, and anything clean was out of the question.

The youngest brother, the Toto of About's story, was the most interesting. He had been a Garibaldian, and lost some of his fingers in the fighting. Before that, he had studied sculpture under Thorwaldsen, and told us much about his way of life and manner of working. It seems Thorwaldsen had no servant. An old woman came in every morning for an hour or two. She came very early, bringing him a loaf and a jug of milk; this was his breakfast, and he took nothing more till sunset. Then he left his work and dined at a restaurant, generally going to the Artist's Café afterwards. He dined well, and drank an ample supply of wine—so much that, in spite of his strong northern head, when he went home the room sometimes span round with him. Young Savorelli, a temperate Italian, remonstrated with him about this. Thorwaldsen grunted and said, "H'm! perhaps you consider me a beast!" "Yes," answered Savorelli, "a beast in this, but in nothing else."

Pleasant evenings were often spent in the Palazzo Spada, then inhabited by an Englishwoman who had lived so long in Italy as to be quite Roman. Her political opinions were known to be Liberal, so the Papal Government looked upon her with suspicion. When

we went up the dimly lighted stair, and through the great half-dark hall, past the statue of Pompey, two papal gendarmes were to be seen, posted there to watch who went out and in. After all, there were no conspirators in the case; the time was passed in the very innocent occupation of reading Goldoni's plays, everybody taking part. People were quite accustomed at that time to the gendarmes appearing at festal gatherings. There was a law which probably, and very properly, still exists, forbidding dancing except on a first floor. This, as Roman houses are constructed, was certainly prudent, as there might have been considerable risk of bringing down the whole building. But young people sometimes tried to infringe it, and then the solemn gendarmes made their appearance and stayed all evening. Nobody was surprised or in the least annoyed.

Ah! well, with all the absurdities and inconveniences of those days, one would like to go back to them,—to drive, dusty and tired, into Rome, by the road leading from the Milvian Bridge. No gaswork then; no foundries; no mean, dirty shops: only beautiful villas, with the roses hanging over the walls. The favorite way of going to St. Peter's then, some half-century ago, was to cross the Tiber by the ferry, and walk through the fields of Cincinnatus, between the hawthorn-hedges. Now it is all a hideous suburb of badly built houses, already falling to pieces. But they will not even make good ruins. Alas! there is no such thing as going back. No river runs back to its source.

AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPING.

The clever woman who wrote *American Wives and English Husbands* put her Californian heroine in a position in which the one problem she was not required to solve was English housekeeping. She might break her heart over her English husband, but the author does not add to our pangs by relating how her American bride, having first studied the peculiarities of her Englishman, next varied her soul's trials by "wrestling" with the lower but equally aggravating problems prepared for her by the English tradesmen—under which general term I include all the male and female creatures who, having helped to set up a brand-new household, immediately proceed to hinder it from running.

The problem of English husbands I leave to more gifted pens, but I may perhaps be permitted to tell what the American woman experiences, who, having "pulled up stakes," plants herself on English soil. This era of international marriages is not at all confined to the daughters of American millionaires who can afford the luxury of English dukes; nor, in giving my experiences, do I address the prospective Anglo-American duchess, who would not be likely to spend several sleepless nights, as I did, trying to decide whether she should or should not take her carpets or the "ice chest." I must, however, give one little word of advice to the American girl proposing to turn herself into an Englishwoman; and that is, she must be very sure of her Englishman, because for him she gives up friends and country, and he has to be that and more to her.

To start with, America has an undeserved reputation for being a very expensive place in which to live. The larger earnings are offset, it is said,

by expenses out of proportion to the wages. Both facts are exaggerated, and in contrasting English and American housekeeping, one of the first reasons I have decided why English living flies away with money, is that the currency itself tends to expense.

To start with, the English unit of money value is a penny—the American a cent, but observe that a penny is *two cents* in value. I am asked 8d. for a pound of tomatoes—I think "how cheap" until I make a mental calculation, "16 cents, that's dear." It is the guileless penny which, like the common soldier, does the mighty executions, and swells the bill. I look on the penny as a cent, and that is the keynote of the expense of living in London. To go farther into the coinage, there is the miserable half-crown—it is more than half-a-dollar, and yet it only represents a half-dollar in importance. "What shall I give him?" I ask piteously of my Englishman when a fee is in question. "Oh, half-a-crown," he says carelessly; I obey, but I mourn over 12½ cents thrown away with no credit to myself. Poor English people who have no dollar! Don't talk of four shillings! Four shillings are a shabby excuse for two self-righteous half-crowns. Oh, for a good simple dollar! Five dollars make a sovereign, roughly speaking—that wretched and delusive coin which is no sooner changed into shillings and half crowns than it disappears like chaff before the wind, while the good dollars repose in one's purse, either in silver or greenbacks (very dirty, but never mind!), and demand reflection before spending. Think of the importance of a man's salary multiplied by dollars! I believe the wealth of France is due to her coinage—francs are the money of a thrifty middle-class—the

English coinage is intended for peers of the realm and paupers. A hundred pounds a year is not a vast income, but how much better it sounds in dollars—\$500.00; if, however, you multiply it by francs, 2,500 francs, why it sounds noble! Count an Englishman's income by hundreds, and it does seem shabby! Dollars, when you have 4,000 to spend, represent a value quite out of proportion to the £800 they really are. Change your English coinage—don't have half-crowns or sovereigns, but nice simple dollars (call them by any other name if you are too proud to adopt dollars), and see the new prosperity that will dawn on the middle-classes. I venture to say that a little tradesman struggling along on £150 a year, will feel like a capitalist on \$750.00. I am not straying from my subject for it was my first observation in English economics.

On the other hand, the days have passed in America for the making of sudden and great fortunes, nor are the streets paved with gold. The lady from County Cork does not step straight from the steerage into a Fifth Avenue drawing-room (unless by way of the kitchen), but there's work, and there are good wages, and if the lady from County Cork and her brothers and cousins would work as hard in Ireland as they do in the United States, that perplexing island would bloom like a rose; that their fences are always tumbling down, even over there, and their broken windows stuffed with rags, is only an amiable national trait to which the Irish are loyal even in America, just to remind them of home.

"Everything is cheaper in England," everybody said when the decisive step had to be taken whether to take or leave the contents of our large house. "It won't be worth packing, taking, and storing. Send everything to auction." That was the advice. I compromised, and one day half of the dear familiar household gods were trundled

off to be sold—alas! and the elect were left to be packed. Three decent men invaded the house with great pine boards, which they piled in our back-yard (every American house has a grass-grown, fenced-in space at the back of the house called a yard, for the drying and bleaching of the laundry), and the making of cases and the packing began. The packing was contracted for. The chief of the firm came, looked through each room, estimated, and gave us the price of the whole work completed and placed on the freight steamer. I am told that the English are the best packers in the world, but I have had more damage done in two cases sent from Bristol to London than in eighty cases sent from Boston to Liverpool. The three men worked three weeks, and then took all the cases out of the house and put them on the freight steamer, and the price of all this wonderful packing was about £40. What will surprise an English person is that not one of these men expected a fee. My one ceaseless regret is that I did not take everything, from the kitchen poker to the mouse-trap. On the arrival of our eighty cases in London, they were received by the warehouse people, who sheltered them until the brand-new English house was ready, which was not for a year. The packing, sending, and storing of all this furniture was under £100, which, with my English experience, I knew could have bought nothing. I did question the wisdom of bringing carpets, and I do not think it pays unless they are very good and large—the re-making and cleaning are too dear to waste on anything not very good. Having my furniture safely landed, the next step was to get a house.

I find that the cheapness of English rents is misleading, for besides the rent the tenant is expected to pay the rates and taxes, which add to the original rent one-third more, only somehow it is

ignored. Get a house for £150, and you can add £50 to that by way of rates and taxes. Nor does that enable you to get anything very gorgeous in the shape of a house, but one obtainable for about the same price in New York or Boston, minus those comforts which Americans have come to consider as a matter of course, until they learn better in England. Only in flats are the rates and taxes included in the rent, and when flats are desirable they are expensive. Now, living in flats is undoubtedly the result of worrying servants, and it is obtaining here as rapidly as the English ever accept a new idea—but being impelled by despair they are becoming popular. Small flats for “bachelor-maids” and childless couples are abundant and well enough, but for families who decline to be trodden on by their nearest and dearest these are impossible, and when possible very dear. The “flat” contrived for the “upper middle classes” is a terror, and is devoid of the comforts invented by American ingenuity and skill, and the good taste which makes American domestic architecture and decoration so infinitely superior to all. I do not wish to be misunderstood—if money is no object one can be as comfortable in London as in New York, but I am only addressing the “comfortably off.”

In New York I was in a flat occupied by a clerk in my husband’s employ, which proves that the average man can make himself very comfortable. It was in an “apartment house” near Central Park. The street was broad and airy. To be sure the flat was up three flights, and there was no lift—but that is nothing. It consisted of six rooms, besides a kitchen and bath-room, and a servant’s room. It was entirely finished in oak, and the plumbing was all nickel-plated and open, and it was furnished with speaking tubes. In the nice kitchen was an ice-box, and the

kitchen range was of the best. This model flat cost £6 a month, including heating, and could be given up at a month’s notice.

No model flat turning up here, we were reduced to take a house, for which we were willing to give from £150 to £200. The agony of that search, and the horror of the various mansions offered! For the first time I recognized the wisdom that puts no clothes-closets in London houses, when I think of the repositories of dirt they would inevitably become. At that time I was not on such intimate terms with the climate as I have since become, and I did not understand that it is humanly impossible to rise triumphant over fogs, smuts, and beetles. For my benefit, grim and dingy caretakers rose out of the bowels of the earth as out of a temporary tomb (always in bonnets), and showed us over awful houses in which every blessed thing had been carried away, even to the door knobs and the key-holes—I mean of course the metal around the holes. Awful, closetless houses, guiltless of comfort, with dreary grates promising a six months’ shiver, and great gaunt windows rattling forebodingly. As for the plumbing—but it is well to drop a curtain over the indescribable. I do protest, however, against the people who live in these houses—houses whose discomfort an American artisan would not tolerate—looking with ineffable self-complacency on their methods, and sniffing at our American ingenuity, and our determination to make life comfortable. Of course, we got a house, thanks to no estate agent, but as we could not rent it we had to buy it—or rather the thirty-eight years’ remnant of a lease—a mysterious arrangement to an American. It was rather hard to feel that the house and all our little improvements would, after thirty-eight years, revert to the Bishop of London, to whom the estate belongs, but we

thought that after thirty-eight years we might not be so very keen about it, so we disturbed an aged woman in a dusty crape bonnet and some friendly beetles, and they left the premises simultaneously. We took an architect on faith, who was to be our shield and protector against the contractor, then we folded our hands, as it were, and retired to an hotel and proceeded to recover from the horrors of house-hunting. This interval was taken by the tradesmen of my new neighborhood to recommend themselves to me, whose address they discovered by some miracle; they grovelled before me, they haunted me with samples—eggs, cream, butter, bread followed me to the ends of England, and I finally succumbed to the most energetic. Gradually, I got accustomed to "patronage" and "patron," rare words in America, where the "I am as good as you" feeling still obtains. I am getting used to them as well as "tradesmen" and "class." I acquiesce in a distinct serving class, conscious that not to be aware of the dividing gulf would mean the profound scorn of those we have agreed to call our inferiors. To return to the house. The architect and I looked it over—everything was wanting. The plumbing was new, but clumsy and inadequate. In an American house much less costly there would be a hanging cupboard in each room, thus dispensing with the clumsy and expensive wardrobes. The plumbing would be pretty and nickel-plated, resisting the action of the air, and easily kept clean. Here it is always brass or copper, clumsy and always tarnished. The architect suggested only the obvious, and with unwarranted faith I hardly ventured to suggest anything, but when the summer brought an American friend, who looked over the house, then approaching completion, she sat on the solitary chair and shook her head. "He hasn't thought of a single thing," she cried.

"Think of not having a dumb-waiter (English: dinner-lift) in this unheated house. Stone walls and cold blasts—don't invite me to your lukewarm repast." She added, "You must have a hardwood floor" (parquet floor) "in your drawing-room" (being an American she really said *parlour!*). "Think of all the dirty carpets it will save." I was convinced. "My dear, you don't mean to say that you will live in this Bunker Hill Monument of a house" (she comes from Boston) "without speaking tubes?" She was aghast. "What an architect! Supposing you want to speak to the cook, why you'd have to run down four flights for a *tête-à-tête*; then supposing you want coals up four flights—must the maid climb up four flights to find out what you want before doing it? My dear, even an English servant has human legs, and she can't stand it." I was convinced. I spoke to the architect, and he was politely acquiescent, and as all these very necessary suggestions came late they were doubly expensive, and I have come to the conclusion that domestic architecture is the proper field for a woman with ideas—a mere man-architect does not know the meaning of comfort, ingenuity, resource, and economy.

As the house declined to get done, I braved the architect, the contractor, and the workmen, and arrived one day in company with a bed, a table, and a chair (also a husband), and took possession. I did have one treasure at the time—a caretaker. She saved my life, and she protected my innocent self from the British tradesmen, whilst she gently taught me what the British servant will and will not do. She informed me when I was paying twice as much as right to the obsequious tradesman, and she regulated the (to me) perplexing fee. She was very religious, and I think she looked upon me as her mission and she was to rescue me—which she did. Her wages were £1 a week

including her food, and to be just I could not have got such a treasure in America at the price. The most obvious defect we discovered in our house was that it was very cold—a universal English drawback—and the inadequate open fires seem to accentuate the chill. Would that my feeble voice could do justice to the much-calumniated American methods of heating! It does pay to be less prejudiced and more comfortable! Possibly the furnace and steam heat may be a little overdone, but not with moderate care. No one can make me believe that it is healthy to sit shivering all over, or roasting on one side and freezing on the other; neither do I consider a red nose and chilblains very ornamental. I admit that furnaces are not a crying need in England all through the winter, but from December to March it is a pretence to say you are comfortable, for you are not. There is no doubt but New England has bad throat and lung troubles, yet so has Old England, and the hardening process does not save if statistics are right. If I must take cold and die, at least I prefer to do so comfortably.

If I had a furnace I should not need gas-stoves (which are certainly no more poetic than a register or a radiator, besides being distinctly sham), nor would there be a perpetual procession of coal-scuttles going up stairs, unless an open fire is desired for additional warmth and cheerfulness.

This brings me to the relative costs of coal, water, and gas. London coal is greasy, soft, and dear. Where the hard coal is burned in the States it leaves white cinders and ashes. It burns slowly, and is therefore very profitable, and the price averages about 24s. a ton. Must the cheek of English beauty always be adorned with "blacks?"

The water-rates are just double those of Boston, where, O rapture! we had

two bath-rooms, and where the "sidewalk" (American for pavement) was thoroughly washed every morning. In Boston gas was charged for at the rate of 4s. for 1,000 cubic feet; here we pay 3s. 6d. for the same, and yet for infinitely less gas used our bills here are mysteriously larger. Our London electricity is both expensive and poor; consumers are at the mercy of the companies, and a little wholesale competition is very imperative.

The English are reckoned a nation of grumblers, but I find the grumbler ends in grumbling, though in moments of supreme anguish he writes to *The Times*, which permits, with the impartiality of Divine Providence, both the just and the unjust to disport in its columns.

Considering the papering and painting of the house done—the painting done very roughly from our point of view, the kitchen needed a new range and we got the most expensive of its kind—expensive for America even—but the acknowledged solidity of English workmanship (which sometimes becomes clumsiness) is well in place here. The dinner-lift had been constructed for one flight, and was surprisingly dear, while the parquet floor in the drawing-room cost £27 where it would have cost £15 in America.

This brings me to a point on which I wish to lay great stress; the remarkable progress in America in all the applied and domestic arts within the last ten years, which leaves England far behind. Our English house was just old enough to be surprisingly ugly—it belongs to the early Victorian period. Without feeling ourselves justified in spending too much money in its decoration, we did feel that we might put away the funereal mantel-pieces and set up something more aesthetic. Our architect—always obliging and never suggestive—took us to see wooden mantel-pieces, and we found them expen-

sive and clumsy. In this strait my Englishman had a inspiration. "Buy them in New York" (we were just going over), "and you will find them prettier, better, and cheaper even if the freightage has to be added to the price." I would not believe him because I also was still laboring under the delusion that England was cheap and America dear. However, we went to New York and there we bought three wooden mantels—six feet high and six feet wide—of the best quartered oak, of so simple and graceful a design that they are always noticed and admired, and these three were packed, sent, and landed at our front door in London, and the price, all included, was not much more than we should have paid for the only one in London of which I approved. I feel convinced that there is a great market here for American wood-work as well as leather, iron, and glass, for with English excellence of workmanship they combine a taste which adapts the best to its own uses. It would revolutionize the decoration of English houses. The American has the advantage that he is not conservative where that stands between him and progress. That something was good enough for his ancestors is no reason why it should satisfy him. Because they chose to freeze is no reason why he should. Somehow, I always come back to the inadequate heating, for as I write, my face is flaming while a lively icicle penetrates my spine.

My carpets being now down, I sent to the warehouse for the eighty cases, and after a year I again looked at my household gods. They were, I must say, very skilfully unpacked, but (here is the difference between the English and American workman) not one of the men but expected a fee every time he moved a box for me. Every time I went to the warehouse to open a trunk one or two men had to be feed, and at

the end it came to quite a little sum, which, in America, would not have been expected, even for harder work done, and quite rightly, for the men were receiving proper wages, and I was paying the Storage Company liberally.

My American furniture being cosmopolitan it was speedily at home in my English rooms, only these high-studded rooms have such a way of devouring furniture! I thought piteously of the furniture I had rashly flung into the Boston auction-room, and when it came to replacing it, what did I find? That American furniture is much better and much cheaper. My soul yearned even for the big black chest of drawers which I had left behind, and it loathed the brand-new "art furniture," sticky with paste and varnish. I demanded Chippendale and such—but, alas! their day is over, except for millionaires! Praed Street, Brompton Road, Great Portland Street, and Wardour Street should blush for the faked-up antiquities that ogle the passer-by. I have no prejudice against modern furniture if it is good, nor do I love old furniture simply because it is old, but undoubtedly the old taste was artistic and simple, and workmen had plenty of leisure and used their hands; but when it comes to American or English machine-made furniture, I favor the American because it is in better taste, is made of better wood and is cheaper. I paid 24s. apiece for painted pine chests of drawers for the servants. In New York I saw a pretty one, all of oak with brass handles for 13s. That is only a sample. Perhaps it is ungenerous urging the importation of American wares that can, because of English free trade, undersell the English manufacturer, but it remains true that it can be done, and ought to be done, and competition will improve the home produce, and there is room for improvement.

Well, having finally got my dwelling into some kind of order, I and my British and old American household gods proceeded to keep house together.

This brings me to the question of English and American domestic service. It is an article of faith that America being the home of the free (and independent), before long there will be no servants there, only "mississes." It is not quite so bad, by any means. To be sure wages are much higher, but the American servant does twice the work of an English servant. The average American family keeps two servants and a man who comes in twice a day to "tend" the furnace—the central stove which heats the entire house. The cook gets £50 a year, the housemaid £40, and the man who gets neither food nor lodging £18; the total is £108, which includes the baking of all the bread and the doing of the weekly laundry for the entire house, the only additional expenses being for coal and soap.

Now for the wages in an English family of the same standing:—Cook £35, parlor-maid £25, housemaid £20, charboy £8, and £50 to the laundry for work which is quite disgraceful. The sum total is £138, which does not include the feeding of an additional person, and a servant's board is a greater expense than her wages. Distinctly the economy is on the American side.

That the servant business is a trade was impressed on me for the first time by my very intelligent English cook. Each English servant has her trade which she knows, and she declines to meddle with what she does not understand, for which reason the dividing lines are rather strictly laid down. It was something I had to learn so as not to call on one servant to do the duties of another. Our American servants are more liberal, but now I realize that a good English servant is not so much an amateur as an American, and unless

you wish to be unpleasantly enlightened as mistress, you must learn her line of duty well. To keep house one must have servants, and in a strange place the first problem is how to get them. Supposing no friend can recommend you one, you are reduced to either advertising or the registry office. Registry offices, through which the majority of sufferers get their "help," riot in ungodly prosperity. They have managers and clerks like a bank, and, like other corporations, they have no souls. If you are a meek lady they snub you, and if you are undecided they give you bad advice. At any rate they take your fee whether you get a servant or not. It seems to me as if a certain amount of honesty should obtain even in this business, and I protest when I pay five shillings for the mere joy of talking to a stately female who pockets my fee, and is the presiding goddess in the generally ill-ventilated temple, and who, as soon as my fee is safe, takes no further earthly interest in me. In Boston I paid two shillings, but not until I was really suited with a servant. The methods of English registry offices seem to me the brazenest kind of piracy. Why don't English women rebel? Are they not the daughters and wives of grumbliers, and probably the mothers also? However, fate was kind to me, and I got three servants, two of good village families, while the superior cook was the legacy of a brilliant woman, a good deal of whose wisdom I have since got at second-hand.

In the economy of the universe I know that there is a serving class, but we people of New England are not glib in the use of the word "servant." Do we not call them "helps" (in the country) when the expression is base flattery? Here, class distinctions have put the matter on a practical footing—servants are servants and recognize themselves as such, and have that outward and visible sign of the well-

trained domestics which the Irish girl, direct from her paternal pig-sty, scorns in New York. "You must not think," said my intelligent cook, "that we don't have our feelings as much as you." There it was, and she put herself as a matter of course on quite a different plane of human beings; the American servant, on the other hand, would consider herself of the same class, but ill-used by circumstances. I always remember what a clever woman once said to me, "You can't expect all the Christian virtues in the kitchen for five dollars a week!" But we do expect it. Perhaps the most precious gift given to me when I left Boston was this advice: "Don't see too much." Servants are like children; to keep them under control you must impress them. They object to a mistress who is too clever with her hands, but they like her praise. An American servant does not lose respect for a mistress who, if necessary, can "lend a hand," but the English servant sees in such readiness a distinct loss of dignity. Many a time have my American servants seen me on the top of a step-ladder doing something that required more intelligence than strength, and they have respected my power to "do," but here something keeps me from the top of the step-ladder—instinct probably. An American treats her servants more considerably than an Englishwoman. I am conscious that I save my servants too much; often (I confess it with shame) I run down a flight or two to meet them, and I am quite sure that the more I do the more unwilling and ungrateful they become.

My three English servants, a boy, and the weekly laundry doing now the work of two American servants, I proceed. I have mentioned a vital and nearly fatal subject—the laundry. In London it is awful but inevitable, and I do not wonder any more at the stupendous dirt of the lower classes. Are their

things ever washed, and if so, who pays? After much observation I have decided that they make up by a liberal use of starch what they lack in soap and water and "elbow-grease." Language fails an American direct from the land of clear skies, sunshine and soap and water, when he contemplates the harrowing results of steam laundries. Really the most expensive of luxuries in London is to keep clean. When on Sunday afternoons I see in Kensington Gardens a poor infant with a terribly starched dirty cap on its head (in the form of a muffin), enveloped in an equally dirty and starched cape, and carried by a small girl in fearfully starched and dirty petticoats, I recognize maternal pride which rises superior to London dirt. I am the client of a "model" laundry which sends our linen back a delicate pearl-gray. We call it affectionately the "muddle" laundry, and it costs us one pound a week to keep up the pearl-gray standard. I wish we could go back to the days of chain-armor! What remedy? I don't know, except country laundries for the rich and great, and no help for the poor! The only result of soft coal and dire necessity is the excellence and cheapness of the cleansing establishments, without which the long-suffering householder would indeed sit in sack-cloth and ashes!

My one aim in furnishing our little house has been to keep the rooms free from all unnecessary draperies, which are merely traps for dust. It is hard for me to curb my feminine taste, which runs to sofa cushions and Oriental nooks lighted by Venetian lamps, but the exigencies of the London climate make me strictly Colonial (New England Colonial), and I can look into every corner—blessed privilege. The laundry being an accepted evil, one institution I willingly proclaim cheap—the scrub-woman who gets 2s. 6d. a day. Why don't all English scrub-

women emigrate to the States in a body? They would get from six to eight shillings a day, overtime overpay.

Coming to the details of housekeeping. The custom here is that tradesmen call for orders. That also obtains in America, but plenty of ladies there go to the markets and select and order for themselves, which is distinctly more economical. Here, as the result of inadequate storage room, the expense of ice, and the by no means common use of the ice-box, there is not much food kept in the house, and I think the laying in of a good supply once or twice a week, if the mistress understands ordering and goes where she pleases, is undoubtedly cheaper than a daily ordering of dribblets. It is the same with groceries, and these should be kept under lock and key! To an American that is not only an impossibility, it is nearly an insult, and I know of not a single American housekeeper who weighs out the groceries and other articles to be used week by week. It seems to me to start the mutual relationship of mistress and maid on a basis of suspicion. It is useless to give a tabulated list of values where prices fluctuate. I simply compare the differences as I have found them in my own little housekeeping. Meat, with the exception of fillet and sirloin, is dearer here, and so is poultry. Groceries average about the same, but coffee and flour are dearer. So are butter and eggs. Milk is the same, but tea, so dear to the English heart, is so cheap that one can undermine one's nervous system at a very small expense. Vegetables are good and cheap but there is little variety, while fruit is dear. I miss the ordinary cheap, good fruits, the California grapes and the Concords with their clusters of deep blue berries, a five-pound basket of which only cost a shilling. They were first grown in the old New England town that Emerson

made famous. As for apples, pears and peaches, they are among the cheap fruits over the sea, and I maintain their superiority to their English kin. What oranges equal the Floridas? The "Shaddock," the so-called "grape-fruit," is only just making its conquering way into the English shops. If, as it is claimed, it is the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, Eve is nearly justified! Yes, there are many good things in the States and at reasonable prices. I have only to think of the divine "sweet corn" and "squash" and "sweet potatoes," and even the modest white bean from which all New England makes its national dish of "pork and beans." Fish there is in great variety in London, but that I also find dear. How is it possible for me to live in a land where lobsters and oysters are a luxury and not a necessity? Only a housekeeper knows what a refuge in trouble they are—when an unexpected visitor turns up. Is not the "oyster stew" (a soup of milk and oysters) nearly an American national dish? But it could only reach perfection in that blessed land where to eat oysters is not to suck a copper key, and where they exist in regal profusion. I look with scorn at the measly little lobsters for each of which the fishmonger demands three ridiculous shillings instead of 1s. 3d. My heart longs for lobster à la Newburg till I remember that it takes three of these poor creatures to make the dish—nine shillings! So I continue to yearn and keep my nine shillings. I cannot, however, leave the subject without expressing my hearty admiration for the beauty of the English fish shops and butcher shops. To see a fish shop in London is to see a trade haloed over with poetry. If I were a fishmonger I would sit among my stock-in-trade and be inspired. The fishmonger is an artist, he constructs pictures of still-life which would have been revelations to the greatest of Dutch masters, and

the same I can say of the butchers' shops. In America our fish shops are devoid of poetry—the only compensation being to see the mountainous piles of oysters, ready to be opened, and innumerable great red lobsters.

To one item of American economy I wish to return with added stress; that is, the baking of bread in each house. This household bread, if well made, is delicious, substantial, and economical. Usually the cook bakes twice a week, and beside that she is expected to have ready for breakfast either fresh baked "biscuits" (scones), "muffins," or "pop-overs." The yearly allowance of flour for each person is one barrel, and I reckon the expense to be about one-half what bread costs here. The English "double-decker" is a fearful and wonderful production that errs on the side of heaviness, just as the American baker's bread errs on the side of frivolous lightness and nourishes like froth.

Whenever I hear Americans proclaim the cheapness of a visit to London I have without exception discovered that they live here as they would not dream of living at home, where, should they take lodgings in the same economic manner, they could live quite as cheaply. Another inexpensive commodity—which becomes very expensive in the end—is cabs. There is no doubt that they are cheap, and the fatal result is that they are used to an extent which makes them a serious item of expense to a family of moderate means. In America we pay 2s. each for a short drive in that stately vehicle called a "hack," and the price is prohibitive for an average family except on "occasions." So cab fares are not a serious item in domestic expenses.

From experience, I believe the United States has a very unmerited reputation for expense. Live well, even if not ostentatiously, in London, and it costs fully as much as in New York or Bos-

ton—more than it costs in Boston. I do not judge by millionaires or beggars, for both are independent of statistics, but by the middle classes. Houses are here singularly devoid of comforts, and, taking the same income, I should say a middle-class American family could live there as cheaply as here, but with more comfort, and when it comes to schooling for children, an item to which I have not alluded, with infinitely greater advantages.

In writing down these desultory reflections, I have been actuated by the thought that what I have learned may be of use to some puzzled American creature, who, having married an Englishman, proposes, with only American standards to guide her, to live in England. She must not believe, as I was told, that an American income will go one-third farther there. It won't. She must be prepared to accept other methods, even if, secretly, she modifies them a little to suit her American notions, but she must not boast, for her well-meaning efforts will, at best, be regarded with good-natured tolerance.

How I wish I could clap a big, stolid, conservative, frost-bitten English matron into a snug American house, with a furnace, and heaps of closet (cupboard) room, and all sorts of bells and lifts and telephones, and then force her to tell me the absolute, unvarnished truth! What would she say? I know!

In conclusion, I wonder if I, as an exiled American sister, might make a plea to my American brethren? It is this, that when they send me their wedding invitations, as well as others, printed on their swellest "Whiting" paper, they will kindly put on enough postage. Why should I have to pay fivepence on each joyful occasion? On some, bristling with pasteboard, I have even had to pay tenpence,—why add this pang to exile?

Annie E. Lane.

LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE.

THE MILITARY MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS.

"Charles The Great," says Shakespeare's Archbishop Chichely in the course of his somewhat lengthy speech, "established then this law: 'No woman shall bear rule in Salique land'"; "which law," as the Archbishop observes shortly afterwards, "was not"—or ought not to have been—"devised for the realm of France." French-women have taken upon themselves to exact their revenge for this unchivalrous decree, and through all succeeding ages they have contrived to exert an influence over public affairs which is perhaps unequalled in the history of any other nation. If the statutes of the land denied them such a ruler as Queen Elizabeth or as Catherine of Russia, there was no law which could nullify such powers as were wielded by the "Women of the Salons," or, a century or two earlier, by the ladies of the Fronde, or by those of the court of Catherine de Medicis. Anne de Bourbon-Montpensier, "grande Frondeuse," holder of Paris and Orleans against the King, had little or none of the brilliant versatility which gave influence to so many of her countrywomen. Her conversational powers were not remarkable; her literary education certainly ceased at fifteen, if indeed it can be said to have ever begun; she wrote like a princess, in the sense in which Madame Lebrun told Louis XVIII. that he sang like a prince; so much so that, but for the assistance of a secretary, her memoirs would have been scarcely decipherable. Yet, even in the most cultivated *salon*, "*la grande Mademoiselle*"—the title itself is eloquent—was not a person whom it would have been possible to ignore. She carried with her a complete assurance of her position, an unwaver-

ing confidence in the superiority of the House of Bourbon over the rest of the human race, which would have enabled her to hold her own in any assembly. In her naive arrogance, her careless good-nature to her subordinates, her capacity for preserving a reasonable amount of dignity in the most untoward circumstances, she is as typical of the old *régime* as Madame Roland was of the new.

Her memoirs, which extend over the greater part of a life of sixty-five years, are of very unequal interest. But her martial triumphs, brief though they were, stand out as a picturesque episode in a more or less dreary record of court jealousies and intrigues; and it may be worth while to recall them, if only for the reason that they bring before us a type almost unknown to that period—the disinterested partisan.

Mademoiselle, Duchesse de Montpensier, Princesse de Roche-sur-Yon, Princesse de Dombes, Duchesse de Chatelhérault—to mention only a few of her titles—was born in Paris in 1627. She was the daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII., and better known in his time as "Monsieur"; and of Marie de Bourbon, heiress of the House of Bourbon-Montpensier. This lady, dying at her daughter's birth, bequeathed to her lands and revenues enough to make her the richest princess in France, and a string of high-sounding designations, among which her baptismal name of Anne was almost forgotten. As the eldest daughter of "Monsieur," the unequivocal title of "Mademoiselle" was hers by right, and by this title she was generally known; as to herself, she was quite ready to ignore any other

form of address, for, in theory at least, she attached far more importance to her royal blood than to her ducal fortune.

She grew up at court, surrounded by the spirit of faction in its most acute form, herself an active member of a political party—not over scrupulous, perhaps, but marked throughout by a certain frankness of disposition which distinguishes her from most of her contemporaries. At six years old she was brought to see her father's followers publicly disgraced at Fontainebleau. At thirteen she was the leader of a band of young ladies who revolted against the social supremacy of the Princesse de Condé, and wrecked her balls by using means of the most various kinds to prevent the guests from attending. In course of time several marriages were suggested for her, and among her suitors was the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., warmly encouraged by Queen Henrietta Maria, who, after the manner of her kind, was unfeignedly anxious that her impious son should take some step to retrieve his fortunes; but it was decided that a king who was apparently destined to spend his days in exile was no fitting match for an heiress of such importance. Indeed, before the events of the summer of 1652 there were many who considered that Mademoiselle need only play her cards well to be Queen of France. Her portrait is candidly given by a chronicler of the period in his account of the principal persons at court: "hautaine, hardie, d'un courage plus masle que n'est ordinairement celuy d'une femme . . . fière, entreprenante et libre à parler. Il est difficile que son cœur altier se puisse soumettre à la dominion d'un homme. . . . Elle est belle et de grande taille, d'une mine masle, une démarche libre, un port majestueux." It must be admitted that her memoirs do not convey the idea of quite such a

ferocious Amazon; and her manner of describing her feats of arms is essentially feminine.

When the political troubles which culminated in the War of the Fronde first took a serious aspect, Mademoiselle ranged herself, once for all, on the side of Monsieur, her father; that is to say, in steady opposition to the Queen Regent and Cardinal Mazarin. She was immediately signalized as one of the most pronounced *frondeuses*. Monsieur, who was seldom on good terms with his daughter, and had lately quarreled with her over certain negotiations for her marriage, now saw that her high spirit might be turned to account. Condé, on whom the fortunes of the Fronde mostly depended, was in Guienne, and the young Duc de Beaufort—"le roi des Halles"—with other leaders of the popular party was determined upon holding the principal towns south of Paris against the Royal force, thereby assuring to Condé his line of communication. For this purpose everyone was of opinion that Monsieur himself must undertake the defence of the city of Orleans, where, though the authorities were inclined to submit to our King, the poorer townspeople still held to Gaston as their feudal lord. But it was in vain that Beaufort urged the necessity of this step; Monsieur, while outwardly consenting to act on the suggestion, was inwardly resolved to do nothing of the kind. It was not till he had reduced his adherents almost to despair that the idea was started of employing Mademoiselle as a substitute—a proposal which was no sooner mentioned than it was hailed with enthusiasm. She was known to be enterprising and, above all, reliable. "C'est une brave fille," the people said to her; "elle portera une pique aussi bien qu'un éventail." Moreover, she was delighted with the undertaking, though slightly ashamed of her father for letting her

go. She made her preparations with all possible light-heartedness, and set forth undaunted, in a coach, attended by three of her ladies—Mesdames de Bréauté, de Flesque, and de Frontenac. Monsieur stood at the window and saw them start; a truly original party for the attack of a fortified town.

Once outside Paris they were met by an escort of 500 horse, and the princess left her carriage to ride at their head, "which," she records, "gave the soldiers great pleasure when they saw me; and the officers," she naively adds, "were even more pleased than if it had been Monsieur." The words suggest a picturesque little scene. At Arthenay, about twenty miles from her journey's end, she met with the first signs of opposition. A messenger, one De Flamarens, came from Orleans to inform her that she was to be refused admittance; the citizens had shut the gates, and the King's army was advancing from the further side; she was therefore strongly advised to go no further, but to pretend illness, and not attempt to force a way into the town. Mademoiselle's reply was characteristic in the extreme. She dismissed the Duc de Rohan, who had escorted her till then, saying that she would not be responsible for so important a person; "but as for me," she continued, "there is no question; I shall go straight to Orleans. If I can get into the town, my being there will encourage those who are serving his Royal Highness and convert those who are not. For to see persons of my condition exposing themselves in danger is a thing which inspires anyone"—"cela anime terriblement les peuples." If she should be unable to gain an entrance she would retire to join the army under the Duc de Beaufort; and if, at the worst, she should be arrested, in any case she would fall into the hands of people who spoke her own language, and who

would show her the consideration due to her birth.

With these conclusive arguments she resumed her place in the coach, and set off from Arthenay at five in the morning, leaving the greater part of her escort to follow as best they might. Reports met her on the way that the King's troops were already in Orleans; but being, as she admits, "of a rather resolute nature," she disregarded them all, and arrived before Porte Bannièvre, one of the principal gates of the town, before midday. It was, as the messenger had foretold, firmly barricaded, and her demands for admittance met with absolutely no success. She was not even allowed to hold any communication with the authorities, after the first refusal. Mademoiselle continued before the gate for three hours, *m'ennuyant dans mon carrosse*, till she could bear the inaction no longer, and dismounted, to walk along under the walls with the ladies who had accompanied her in the carriage. She could see M. le Marquis d'Alluye, the governor, watching her through the shot-window over the gate; while the townspeople, who lined the ramparts, cried out with joy at sight of her: "Vive le Roi, les princes, et point de Mazarin!" In her excitement, she declares, she "could not help calling back to them to go to the Hôtel de Ville and make the authorities come and open the gates," though her advisers told her she ought not to have done it. At the next entrance they were equally repulsed. But this strange little forlorn hope was not to be discouraged; they still pursued their way, and finally reached the place where the walls of the town were met by the river. Then at last their perseverance was rewarded, for the ferry-men and boatmen no sooner recognized their duke's daughter than they came as one man to offer her their services. There was a gate, they said, not far

off, opening on to one of the quays, which they would undertake to break open if she gave them leave. "Something wonderful will happen to me to-day," said the princess to her ladies; "an astrologer foretold it me. I shall have that gate opened, or take the town by assault." "I accepted the offer gladly," she continues, "and said all the pleasant things to these boatmen that I could think of." The tide was low in the river, and a bridge was improvised, consisting of two ferry-boats and a ladder, by which Mademoiselle was to scale the quay. "One rung of the ladder," she remembered afterwards, "was missing, which made it difficult to get up"—more especially, one would imagine, in the stately costume of the period; "but none of these things seemed to matter when so much advantage to the party was at stake." Madame de Bréauté, "the most chicken-hearted creature in the world," was crying out against the whole proceeding; "and I am not sure," her mistress unfeelingly relates, "that the fright she was in did not even make her swear." Meanwhile the boatmen worked with a will, and without encountering much opposition, as a band of soldiers, who still supported Monsieur's cause, had been gathered together on the inner side of the wall, with M. de Gramont, a *frondeur*, at their head. Mademoiselle stood by, with her little group of attendants, eagerly watching for the signal to advance, and quite as much alive to the humorous side of the occasion as to its real importance. "When I saw," she says, "that they had taken two planks out of the middle of the door, and that there was no other way of opening it, as two great iron bars had been fastened across, Gramont signed to me from inside to come forward. It was so muddy that one of my footmen lifted me to the gate, and pushed me through the hole, and no sooner was my head inside than the

drums struck up; I gave my hand to the captain, and said: 'You will be glad to be able to say that it was you who brought me in.' The shouts of 'Vive le Roi, les Princes, et point de Mazarin!' were redoubled. Two men put me in a wooden chair they had brought, and I was so glad to be where I was that I do not know whether I sat on the seat or on one of the arms; everyone was kissing my hands, and I could do nothing but laugh to think of the position I was in."

In this triumphal state, covered with mud, and in fits of laughter, with the drums beating before her, Mademoiselle was borne through the town to the council-house, where the governor and other officials, not a little embarrassed by the unexpected turn of affairs, could only make the best of it, by receiving her with all due honors. "Persons of my rank," she observes in her favorite phrase, "must be in the habit of giving orders wherever they may find themselves"; therefore, with a dignity not the least impaired by her irregular entrance, the "new Maid of Orleans," as she was nicknamed, unhesitatingly assumed the direction of affairs. When these transactions had been accomplished, it was already late in the evening; but, tired as she was, the victorious commander could not forego the satisfaction of announcing her success with her own hand, and she sat writing dispatches to Monsieur, and to the Duc de Beaufort, till three in the morning. Gaston's reply was one of the few civil letters he ever addressed to her; "My daughter," he wrote, "you have saved Orleans for me and secured Paris; it is the cause of national rejoicings, and everyone declares your conduct was worthy of the granddaughter of Henri IV." At the same time he sent congratulations to Mesdames de Flesque and de Frontenac, inscribed, "A mesdames les comtesses, maréchaux de camp dans

l'armée da ma fille contre le Mazarin."

Mademoiselle remained for about a month in Orleans, which was converted by her presence into one of the most anti-royalist strongholds in France. The citizens adored her, and would open the gates to none but Monsieur's followers, and the town was used as headquarters by Beaufort's army during the greater part of her stay. The various difficulties which she encountered; her embarrassment before her first council of war, when the task of explaining Monsieur's instructions to the assembled officers devolved upon her; and her dismay, tempered by amusement, at the furious quarrel between the two generals, the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, who actually struck each other in her presence, and wept when she succeeded in reconciling them:—these and many other details are given in her memoirs at too great length for quotation. When the time came for her return to Paris, she was received in the different towns along the road with full military honors, and enjoyed them to the utmost. Condé himself, "M. le Prince" as he was called by his contemporaries, came to meet her, with a distinguished company, and escorted her on the last stage of the journey, "and the people in the streets," she wrote after her entry into the capital, "ran after me as if they had never seen me before, so that I was quite ashamed."

In short, she had acquired a reputation for valor and military skill, which was soon to be much more severely tested than in the assault "pour rire" on Orleans. The summer of the same year (1652) found the Queen-mother and the young King at Rueil; Mademoiselle and her father, strong in the support of the masses, lived secure in Paris; and two of the most distinguished of French generals represented the Queen and the Princes in

skirmishes outside the walls. Matters had been fairly quiet within the town for some months when suddenly what had been little more than a pretence of warfare blazed out into stern reality. On the morning of July 2, as early as six o'clock, Mademoiselle, who occupied a suite of apartments at the Tuilleries, was roused by the arrival of a messenger, sent by "M. le Prince" to inform her that he had been attacked, near Montmartre, by a very superior force under Turenne; that the Porte St-Denis had already been closed; and that, unless a retreat could be kept open for him to the city, the army of the Fronde was lost. This appeal for help was addressed in the first place to Monsieur, who, on receiving it, pleaded illness and declined to take any steps whatever; Condé, foreseeing this contingency, had directed that the message should also be delivered to Mademoiselle, and she was now implored to use what influence she could with her father before it was too late. Gaston d'Orléans had often given his daughter cause to blush for him, but her sense of filial duty was never more hardly tried than on this occasion. To her loyal, if ungoverned, nature it was utterly incomprehensible that he should be willing to sacrifice his adherents to his personal jealousy of Condé and to the fear of being implicated in an unsuccessful revolt. She entreated him with tears to make the necessary efforts, if not for the sake of their cause, at least for that of their personal friends, who were with the army; "brave and honest men," she says, "who all in turns seemed to come before my mind;" and, when all she could say on that score proved unavailing, she begged him, for very shame, to keep his room and act the part of an invalid a little more convincingly. "Il n'en fit rien;" neither prayers nor threats would move him, and after an hour's conversation,

during which time, as Mademoiselle observes, "all our friends might have been killed, to say nothing of M. le Prince," MM. de Rohan and de Chavigny, Gaston's principal counsellors, appeared on the scene. They suggested, as before, that there was no one so well fitted as Mademoiselle to take the place which should have been filled by Monsieur; possibly they hinted that she could represent, yet not commit him. In any case their united arguments succeeded in obtaining permission for her to act, together with a written document, referring "les Messieurs de ville" to the princess, his daughter, for their instructions. The traditional gaiety of the Fronde was quite eclipsed, and Mademoiselle, in the greatest anxiety, hastened to the Hôtel de Ville to meet the Governor, Michel de l'Hôpital, and the other municipal authorities. She was not too well received. Her demands were, firstly, that they should call the inhabitants of Paris to arms, and send 2,000 men to Condé's assistance; and secondly, that they should give her a troop of 400 soldiers to post where she liked. The great request she kept to the last, which was that they should let the Prince's army through their gates and keep out the King's. There was no reason to hesitate, she assured them, with more conviction than accuracy. If Condé were defeated, the town would fall into the hands of Mazarin, who knew himself to be hated by the citizens, and would take revenge accordingly; thus the enemies of Monsieur would be found to be the worst enemies of Paris. "That may be," replied the President de l'Hôpital, "but you, Mademoiselle, are aware that, but for the existence of your army, there would have been no question of fighting at all." Madame de Nemours, the sister of Beaufort, was one of the few ladies present and would have disputed the question,

had not Mademoiselle interfered. "Gentlemen," she said, addressing the council, "remember that, while you are discussing this matter, the life of M. le Prince is in danger in your faubourgs. Think of the disgrace that would come upon you if he fell by your fault. If you can send him help, then do it quickly." Still they would give no consent without some further debate, for which purpose they withdrew into another room, while the poor princess, who felt that everything now depended upon her, stood at the window that opened into the Chapel of the St.-Esprit, reciting her prayers. At length, to her unspeakable thankfulness, a message came that all her conditions were agreed to. She was almost at her wits' end, she tells us, and was meditating an appeal to the people of Paris, when the news arrived; needless to add, she lost no time in acting upon it.

The fight had now continued for several hours. Condé, still resisting fiercely—his enemies said "like a demon"—had been driven back into the narrow streets of the faubourg outside the Porte St.-Antoine. It was at this moment that Mademoiselle, by causing the great gate to open and admit his hard-pressed troops, changed the fortune of the day. As she made her way through the city, to assure herself that her directions had been carried out, the whole force came pouring in. "At every step," she describes, "we saw wounded men, some on foot, some riding, some carried on ladders and planks; and dead bodies in litters. In the Rue de la Tixanderie we met the most horrible sight that can be imagined: M. de la Rochefoucauld with a musket shot between his eyes; his son was leading him." Others of her friends and acquaintances she met in still worse case, so that, for all her warlike reputation, she had no rest that night. "J'eus tous

ces pauvres morts dans la tête." But she was still the "granddaughter of Henri IV," and, fired with the idea of a still more audacious measure, she pushed on for the Bastille itself, where, with the artillery of the fortress at her command, she was prepared to use it to ensure the safety of her friends. One of the officials, being informed of her intention, came forward to offer his house in the Rue St.-Antoine, as a half-way lodging, from which she might send her orders either to the Bastille or to the gates. Mademoiselle thankfully accepted, glad to escape, even for a moment, from the horrors outside; though the room where she waited looked nowhere but into the street. As she sat there she relates how Condé, who passed among those who knew him for a monster of heartlessness, came suddenly into the house, straight out of the fight; "dans un état pitoyable," blood-stained, covered with dust, his cuirass "tout criblé de coups," a sword in his hand and the sheath lost. He made some brief apology, dropped into a chair, and burst into tears, saying that all his friends were killed. "Yet they tell you," she adds, "that he cares for nothing and no one." After a few moments he collected himself and went out again, leaving his already staunch ally better disposed towards him than she had ever been before.

The hours which followed were the turning-point in the career of "*la grande Mademoiselle*." She was that day beyond question the most influential person in Paris, and it was her loyalty to her friends which proved her own undoing. When the gates had closed

upon Turenne's advance, her boldest design was put into execution; the cannon of the Bastille were turned upon the King's army, in the King's capital, by the order of the King's own cousin, and Turenne was compelled to retire. By this decisive stroke she indisputably and finally disposed of any prospects she may have had of sharing the French throne. "Mademoiselle has killed her husband," de Retz is reported to have said on hearing the sound of the cannon. And so she had; for though "ma cousine" was afterwards received at Court, Louis never forgave her; his ideas on the subject of the House of Bourbon were too like her own. It was asserted in some quarters that Mademoiselle denied that the order actually proceeded from her. But in her own memoirs the version of the story which all France accepted is confirmed, and even dwelt on with pride. "When I thought that evening, and when I think even now, how that army was saved through me, I own it caused me great pleasure and at the same time great astonishment to reflect that I had made the cannon heard in Paris, and passed in the red banners with St. Andrew's Cross." She lived to see the Fronde dispersed; and her subsequent career came lamentably short of the brilliant future which had been prophesied for her. Yet it is difficult to believe that she ever really regretted her hour of triumph, or repented the help which she so valiantly gave to the soldiers who cried that day, when they heard she was coming to open the gates: "Faisons merveille! Mademoiselle est à la porte."

Eveline C. Godley.

MONTENEGRIN SKETCHES.

I. AN EVENING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The day had been long and tiring. Our ponies hang their heads wearily as we climb a zigzag track through a gloomy beech-forest, and we anathematize our neighbors, the Albanians, whose unruly habits compel us to carry rifle, revolver, and bandoliers in a peaceable country.

The trees are thinning now, and with a sigh of relief we emerge on a great plateau which ends in the mighty Kom, the loftiest peak in Montenegro. Its jagged ridge, like the fangs of wolves, casts fantastic shadows across the deep ravine, and to our right the sun is sinking into a bed of cloud, angry and threatening. The sky above has that wonderful transparent radiance which only comes at eventide, and the lowering clouds are sharply silhouetted with a border of bright gold. All round our high tableland a confusion of mountains reminds me of a storm-tossed ocean. This lofty snow-clad range on our left that towers wall-like into the sky, tinged here and there with patches of crimson sunlight, is Albania's barrier. Only a deep densely wooded ravine separates us from that cruel and murderous people.

That is why the shepherds who are driving flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle to the corrals amongst the cluster of wooden huts carry for the most part rifles. Magazine rifles replace the pastoral staff in Eastern Montenegro. The tinkling of cowbells is wafted pleasantly across the evening stillness, broken by the shrill whistle of the shepherds. From the huts curl little columns of blue smoke, and we can almost smell the stewing lamb which we have ordered for our supper by a forerunner. And there

he is, waving his arm to show us our quarters for the night.

At a rudely constructed hut of rough and uneven planks we draw rein. It is the typical summer abode of the Montenegrin, who then turns shepherd, and whither he migrates with his family and flocks for the hottest months.

"May God protect ye!" says our host, a giant of 6 feet 6 inches, a splendid specimen of manhood in his prime: lean, lithe, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, clad in close-fitting white serge, bordered in curious patterns with black braid; on his head the universal little black-and-red Montenegrin cap, and at his waist, girdled by a many-colored sash, sticks the inevitable 18-inch-long revolver.

"May thy luck be good, O Vasso!" we answer, for such was his name, while willing hands hold our stirrup-leathers and take our rifles as we swing off our sturdy little ponies.

Stooping, for the door of the hut is not high, we enter into the dense atmosphere. A fire is burning on the hard earthen floor, over which hangs a sooty caldron by a hook and chain from the roof. A comely woman is stirring its contents, but she ceases her work and comes forward with a deep curtsy to kiss our hands.

"Art thou well, Gospodja?" we ask.

"God has given me good health, thanks be to God!"

The stinging smoke drives us outside into the keen mountain air, for there is no chimney. It forces an exit through the cracks or crevices of the roof and sides of the hut, of which there are many, as we shall realize if a cold wind is blowing tonight.

As we stroll along the narrow path

trodden through the long luxuriant grass we meet a pretty maiden. She is clad in a short skirt and bodice, and on her forehead is perched a coquettish little cap, tied under her chin by a gay scarf; she is carrying a pail of creamy milk. As we approach she draws to one side and faces to the front with downcast eyes and humble mien. We think we see a roguish twinkle in those dark eyes, but we may not greet her. It is not etiquette to notice such inferior things as girls.

We are barked at by fierce sheep-dogs, luckily securely chained, and saluted by muscular giants, while the children crowd to smoke-reeking door-ways to gaze in undisguised wonder at us strange beings. They, at least, have never seen European clothes, neither indeed have many of the men, who ill conceal their curiosity at our appearance. The Montenegrin, however lowly be his standing, is innately courteous and well bred, to an extent that would shame many a so-called civilized nation.

Later on, after supper, when we unbend round the fire, they will beg leave to handle our clothes, and will ask many questions.

Cap in hand, a boy trots after us. With uncertain voice he tells us that it is an honor to him to bear us the message that our meal is ready and awaiting our pleasure.

We retrace our steps quickly. We have eaten nothing to-day but two eggs at Andrijevica when the morning was still gray, and our mid-day meal was a capful of delicious wild strawberries gathered by our attentive escort.

We half sit, half lie on a pile of rushes over which sheepskins have been spread, and enjoy a feast of stewed lamb and onions, washed down with draughts of still warm milk. It is a long time before our

smarting and watering eyes become accustomed to the penetrating smoke; but it passes, and we recline, contented and happy, at peace with the whole world.

"Stefan, the *raki*," and good Stefan beams as he produces an enormous bottle of native distilled spirits. He has cheerfully carried that extra weight during our long march to-day. We fill our tin mugs to the brim, sip the contents, and pass them to Vasso and his brother.

"Health and long life!" they say to us in turn, and in a gulp the fiery spirit disappears as if it had been water.

Now other men troop in, some standing rifles in the corner, and, gravely saluting us, they squat in a ring round the fire. Coffee is brewed—an honor which we can never escape—and a tobacco-tin is handed to us. We give ours in exchange. Cigarettes are deftly rolled, and one shepherd next us rakes with his fingers a glowing ember from the fire. Handling it as if cold and dead, he lights his cigarette and passes it to us.

We light our cigarettes from his and give it back to him, and we all touch our caps. A light must ever be acknowledged by a half-military salute. The bottle is soon half empty, and we lean back lazily contemplating the firelit scene. What a subject for a painter!

The flickering flames, glinting fitfully here and there on steel revolver-barrel, throw out the massive figures of the squatting mountaineers in strong relief, and intensify the gloom beyond. All harsh lines are softened harmoniously, and the rugged but pleasant features of the men, whose serious eyes seldom leave our faces, seem more brown than ever in the ruddy glow.

We talk of many things. We an

swer questions so childish in their simplicity that we are hard put to explain: they ask us of other lands, of our home where weapons are never carried except by soldiers, of houses larger even and more splendid than the Prince's modest palace in Cetinje.

Mirko, that grizzled veteran in the farther corner, smoking a grimy tchiboque, a habit he has acquired from fighting the Turks when he was but a youth, never tires of telling how he once saw the Crown Prince's palace just after completion. We dare not tell them all the truth, for then they would gaze at us in pained incredulity.

We suggest a song, and a youth with clear-cut classical features rises obediently at his father's command and goes out into the night. Then a wild weird chant of battle with the Mussulman rings out in the still darkness. Through the open door we can see the stars shining brightly in a cloudless heaven. The wailing notes of the war-song re-echo from the mountains, cows low, and an occasional bark proclaims that the dogs are keenly alert for prowling wolf or marauding Albanian alike. The song ceases abruptly, and a crackle of pistol-shots in the distance signifies that other listeners have heard and appreciated the warlike sentiments.

Sleep weighs down our eyelids. One by one the men leave us with a deep-toned melodious commendation to God's keeping, and we are left alone with our host and his family. We draw our coats and sheepskins o'er us, for the night will be bitterly cold, and to the carefully modulated tones of the men we drowse.

The unweaned calf in the corner moans plaintively, and then we hear no more, and sink into the blessed dreamless sleep of fatigue.

II. A BORDER TOWN.

It is midday as our little cavalcade clatters through the main and only street of the mountain village of Andrijevica. To-day its importance as capital of Montenegro's most north-easterly and exposed province is enhanced by the fact that its border is threatened by Albanians.

The great chieftain and persecutor of the Christians, Mullah Zekka, is only four hours away with 20,000 men, eager to be led against their hereditary foes. And the Montenegrins are only too willing to give them every satisfaction in their power.

The street is full of armed men; officers, only distinguishable by swords and the insignia of rank on the rim of their caps, hurry to and fro. One or two batteries of small wicked-looking mountain-guns are drawn up in the open market-place.

All is bustle and hurry, while an animation pervades the scene such as is to be witnessed at an annual school treat in far-away peaceful England. War is indeed a recreation to the Montenegrins, and now, after twenty years of formal peace, they can scarcely believe their luck.

We dismount at the inn: it is lucky that we telegraphed to the Governor, else we might have slept in the open that night. Our host, combining the duties of hotel-keeper and baker, superintends the transference of our slender baggage into our bed-, dining-, and common reception-room combined.

His pretty and refined-looking wife kisses our hands as we enter the room and asks for our orders as to food. There is no choice except as to the mode of preparing the lamb.

Then we stroll through the town, acknowledging salutes right and left. Five high Turkish officers and a ragged-looking escort pass us, threading

their way in single file through the jostling humanity. At the house of Voivoda Lakic they halt and dismount. An angry crowd forms a ring round the house and awaits the reappearance of the Turks.

The order of events is sadly reversed nowadays. Twenty years ago it would have been a delegation of Albanians who would have come to confer with the Montenegrins as to the best means of defying the Turk. Today Turkish regulars are scheming with the Montenegrin generals to prevent an Albanian invasion.

At Mokra 10,000 Turkish soldiers are under arms, ready to attack Mulah Zekka the moment he violates Montenegrin territory. And this troubles the worthy chieftain, who, if it were not for this unexpected difficulty, would now be burning and ravaging in the valley of the Lim.

A grizzled veteran, whose breast is covered with a row of dingy medals, curses the Turk in an impressive and comprehensive manner. Had he known the legend of the "Walrus and the Carpenter" he would quote the words of the outraged moon. It was *not* right of the Turk "to come and spoil the fun."

We pluck his sleeve gently, and he turns on us quickly.

"May God protect thee, Mirko! Dost thou remember us?"

Both his hands fly out and he kisses us. Does he remember us? Of course he does. That night on the slopes outside the little town of Kolasin, had we not feasted on a lamb roasted whole, and drunk *raki*, not wisely but enthusiastically? Ah! and at midnight, when the parting toast was drunk standing, with revolvers in hand. What a racket we made as each man emptied his glass and his revolver, to the intense indignation of the local doctor, who was battling with the convivial natives

of his district and preaching the blessings of total abstinence to an unappreciative audience. As we trooped back to the market-place, had we not found a hundred armed men assembled, under the impression that the Albanians were raiding the farms? What a wigging the Governor gave us next morning, his eyes twinkling with amusement the while!

Of course Mirko remembered us, and he proclaimed our prowess with loud voice to his hoary comrades. At the khan opposite we seat ourselves, and blush at his praise of us, as he, divining the object of our visit, tells how the Englishmen love fighting for fighting's sake.

The medals on his breast show that in '58 he fought the Turks; again in '62, when they had penetrated as far as Rijeka, and their outposts stretched to within rifle-shot of Cetinje. Those were evil days for Montenegro; but again in the campaign of '76-'78 the sons of the Black Mountain carried all before them, for ever shattering the dreams of the Turk and vindicating their independence to the world. That medal of pure gold is the Montenegrin Victoria Cross. We touch it and ask—

"How many heads hast thou brought home, O Mirko?"

He shakes his head. That he will never tell, he says; he is a *junak* (hero) but no boaster. The number was enough, he adds proudly.

"And wilt thou fight again? Art thou not too old?"

We ask this purposely and smile as he springs to his feet.

"I am only sixty-two," he answers, and taking his rifle by the muzzle he holds it at arm's length. "Am I weak? May the good God let me die in battle, for I have four sons to take my place if I fall. My one desire is to die when the rifles speak around me, and with the smell of powder

and of blood in my nostrils. If we fight now, I will send with ye such men as will lose their heads before they forsake ye. Ye shall see how they fight, and it will be good. But I fear it will be peace," he adds, as the Turks emerge and ride away.

We leave him and his comrades piously and fervently praying to the God of battles, and seek the governor.

As we sit in his room a few minutes later, awaiting the ceremonial coffee, we hear the truth. There will be no fighting, says the Voivoda, the Turks will stop it. Even in his official tones we can detect a tinge of disappointment.

"We are ready," he adds; "but nowadays war is too serious to be lightly undertaken."

And so it came to pass. A week later the troops had vanished and Andrijevica resumed its peaceful aspect. But it will not be for long, and then we hope to journey thither again, perhaps with better luck. It will indeed be a battle of giants, fought under past and gone conditions, when the rifle-fire is only the necessary prelude. It is the hand-jar and yataghan that decide the day after rifles are thrown away in that head-long rush, and the battlefield becomes a shambles.

Then will the aged Mullah Zekka look down from Paradise and cheer on his trusty clansmen, for he met his death in Ipek a few months afterwards at the hands of a rival chieftain. Revolver in hand, he died as befitting the most powerful chieftain of his day, and perhaps since the time of the great Scanderbeg. At a word from him 30,000 clansmen assembled to resist the Sultan or attack the Christians, whoever they might be.

Turks and Montenegrins may well congratulate themselves on his time-

ly removal, though the world has yet to witness the revenge which will surely be taken by his fierce adherents.

III. AT CETINJE, IN A CAFÉ.

I raise my fingers towards my cap as I enter the low and dingy coffee-house. The greeting is returned by all present, and finding a vacant chair in a corner by the window I seat myself. No one comes to me for an order; I can sit there quite quietly, for there is not even a moral compulsion to drink anything. If I desire a coffee, a glass of unpleasant wine, or a tot of *raki*, I must loudly state my wish to the young man behind the counter.

The assembly is worth studying. At a table in the far corner sit a group of officers in red-and-black braided waist-coats, over which they wear a short red jacket hussar fashion, with the sleeves hanging empty from their shoulders. One of them I recognize as an adjutant of the Crown Prince, formerly a cavalry officer in the Servian army. There are many such in the service of Montenegro, driven across the border by political discontent. Beside him sits a young giant, only twenty-eight, yet general commanding the artillery. Five years ago his father, whose name is sung to-day by every strolling *guslar* or troubadour, was shot in a blood-feud in broad daylight before the very café where we are now seated.

As a hero he had lived, and as a hero he died; for as he lay in his death-agony he drew his revolver, and with his last breath he fired and killed his assailant fifty yards away.

Near them sit three men in European clothes, but with the Montenegrin cap upon their heads. Two of them are professors at the Gymnasium, the other a teacher of the common

school. He is a fine handsome young fellow, his dark complexion suggesting other blood than Montenegrin. He is dressed entirely in black; even the crown of his cap is of the same sombre hue instead of red. His expressive eyes are sad but determined. It is the face of a man with a purpose, and to whom life has no pleasant prospects. He may well look serious, for on him rests the task of avenging his two brothers and an uncle, who all fell in the vendetta only a few months ago in his home in the valley of Zeta,—shot down without a word of warning in their very houses by an avenging band of Albanians. I remember how the story was told me one evening in pleasant Podgorica, which is only an hour distant from that bloody scene.

And now the last male survivor is sitting in the same coffee-house with me, teaching children the blessings of education and civilization by day, with the grim spectre of Vendetta ever at his elbow. Some day he must don the national garb and, rifle in hand, go forth to the home of his enemies, to kill or die in the attempt to vindicate his family honor.

Strange thoughts of this wonderful people cross my brain as I dreamily sip my coffee, and I can see a man creeping from boulder to boulder in a wild land towards some fields where men, clad in white serge and round whose shaven heads are wound great cloths, are peacefully tilling small oases in the rock-strewn wilderness. He lies behind a stone, cautiously thrusting his rifle before him, and takes long and careful aim. A sharp crack, a little puff of blue smoke, and with a scream one of the husbandmen springs high in the air, tumbling in an inert mass in a furrow. The others seize their rifles, which lie close at hand, with ear-piercing yells, scattering like rabbits.

Again the rifle speaks, and another falls, but answering shouts from the village proclaim that help is coming. The avenger must fly, and fly quickly, if he will save his life. I see him running, bending almost double; but he has been seen, and bullets star the rocks around him. Suddenly he stumbles, recovers himself for a few yards, and then with a deep-drawn sigh he falls forward motionless on his face.

I look at the young school-teacher and shiver.

Four German tourists come in noiselessly. I saw them arrive an hour ago from Cattaro. I heard them order their carriage to be ready again in three hours.

"Quite enough time to look round the place," said one. "It is a dismal hole, but one must look round to say we've been here."

Now they choose picture post-cards and sit down to enrich the Montenegrin post by a few shillings, telling their relations and friends that they have been to Cetinje and don't think much of it.

"Rather a change after the Kaiser Café," says a young man with an aggressive moustache and hard voice, his wonderful green civilian costume proclaiming him to be a Prussian lieutenant.

"Yes," says another, with a contemptuous glance at the barren room. "How absurd to see every man armed when the country is so tranquil!"

"Now that Montenegro is at peace, it were well to spend money on better clothes rather than on senseless pistols carried only for show," remarked a bearded man who looked like a professor. "The poverty and ragged attire of my neighbors is appalling, yet each has an expensive revolver."

I looked at the table next to these intelligent students of human nature.

It was occupied by half-a-dozen weather-beaten men, each well over fifty, clad in ragged attire. On their breasts were rows of dingy medals, whose tawdriness again excited the contempt of the Prussian officer.

Yet those medals represented fierce-fought actions against overwhelming forces of disciplined and fanatical foes, stretching over a period of half a century—battles where each warrior was accounted as nought if he did not display at least half-a-dozen heads as evidence of his prowess when they bivouacked at night on the corpse-strewn battlefield.

Any of those poverty-stricken warriors I should be proud to call a friend, knowing if I did so that wherever I should meet them, and under any circumstances, I could reckon them to share with me their last crust, and in danger they would first yield their lives before harm came to me.

The Germans leave, and I watch them on the street standing for a few minutes in bright sunlight. Though by no means small men, they look puny and insignificant beside those herculean figures which stride with measured tread, taking their after-dinner constitutional. With trailing shawl swinging gracefully from their broad shoulders, picturesque raiment of blue, white, and gold, hand on revolver-butt, and fearless look, they make the sons of civilization and big cities seem contemptible beside them.

I am glad when the tourists remove their disturbing presence from that harmonious picture.

An aged man enters the café: he is greeted with marked respect, especially by the ragged veterans at whose table he seats himself.

"May God protect ye!" says the old man, grasping each by the hand and kissing them twice on the lips. On

his cap he carries the insignia of Voivoda, the highest rank after the Prince. These same men he has led to battle in past days, for he is chief of the piper clan, and the hero of many a deed of reckless bravery. In Montenegrin warfare the chief leads his men to the assault, and on his recklessness hangs often the issue. He sighs deeply, and I know the reason. Yesterday evening I saw a telegram put into his hands telling him that his only son lay mortally wounded in his mountain home. A bullet of the vendetta had treacherously laid his first-born low. As he read it, the man whose contempt of danger is sung by every *guslar* sat down and wept.

As I pay and go I hear the old chief-tain thanking God that there may be hope for his son's life.

IV. "PLAYFULNESS."

We have left Scutari, the capital of Albania, behind, and the good ship Danitza is ploughing her way through the placid waters of the lake towards the Montenegrin shores at the upper end.

It is a perfect day—a little hot, perhaps, in the sun, but the motion of the boat creates a cooling breeze. On our left rises the mighty Rumija, whose jagged peaks divide us from the Adria, and gentle slopes, green and pleasant to the eye, descend by easy gradients to the island-fringed coast along which we are skirting. To the right stretches a broad expanse of sparkling water, and beyond lie the snow-clad Albanian Alps, here and there wreathed with a milky-white cloud towering into the otherwise cloudless sky.

The little steamer—which is very cosmopolitan in itself, for a metal plate proclaims that it was built in England, is owned by a Scottish firm, flies the Montenegrin flag, and is cap-

tained by an Austrian—has a full complement of third-class passengers. They are very noisy too, which is irritating, for I feel sleepy, and would like to doze in the shade of the awning.

There is something very soothing about the swish of water on a hot day; but to-day I can hear nothing but the loud and excited conversation of the Albanians abaft the engines. They are a wild-looking lot, all armed, and of the Christian faith, as the attention they pay to enormous bottles of strong drink proclaims. One of them starts a weird war-chant, and the rest join in the stormy chorus.

"It is too early," I murmur to myself. "If it were ten o'clock at night instead of ten in the morning, I might excuse a little conviviality; but in the broad daylight it is sacrilege."

An hour passes; and I must have dozed, for the steward taps me gently on the shoulder. He informs me in shocking Italian that the mid-day meal is ready.

The Albanians have got much worse, I notice, as I execute an acrobatic feat necessary on entering the tiny cabin. I bump my head, which causes me to swear; bump into the table, which makes me repeat what I said before; and then I bow to the other occupants at the table. There are two besides the captain, who is an old friend: one is the consul of a great Power much interested in the Albanian question, and the other a brown-habited Franciscan monk.

The consul is a small gray-haired and bearded man of insignificant stature, and his restless fingers proclaim him to be of an excitable temperament: probably the noisy Albanians have got on his nerves. The Franciscan contrasts oddly with him in all respects—big, placid, and young. His moustache looks out of place; but I know all Roman Catholic priests

grow moustaches in these regions where a beardless man excites derision. He is as talkative, too, as the other is silent, and we speedily enter into conversation. In broad Syrian dialect he tells me of the excitement in Scutari, and how a few days ago the spiritual shepherd of a fierce clan, inhabiting part of those wild mountains to our right, arrived in Scutari a fugitive from his flock. We discuss the probable revenge which another clan will take for the burning of one of their churches by Turkish soldiery. He remarks on the unnatural calm displayed by the Albanian Christians in Scutari at the present moment.

"It bodes ill for the Mahometans," he says. "I never trust the mountaineers when they are so quiet after an outrage."

A wild burst of yelling almost drowns his deep-toned voice.

"Your children exhibit no such unnatural calm here, father," I remark. "They are a few degrees worse than a crowd returning from a race-meeting in England—and more I cannot say."

The consul moved restlessly on his chair.

"They are all drunk," explains the captain, "and are excited about that church."

"That is obvious," I answer. "It is lucky we aren't Turks."

The monk comments on the abnormal state of affairs in the whole of Northern Albania, which I corroborate, contributing to his ghastly stories of murders and mutilations a few gleaned from other sources.

The consul does not agree with us. "It is like this every spring," he says coldly. "You newspaper-men magnify the troubles into important affairs of international importance."

"I should like to see the reports you send to your Government," I retort. "That the Porte always seeks to mini-

mize a big massacre into a merely local affection we all know."

A shot rings above us—the consul nearly jumps from his chair—then another and another.

"I thought that would come soon. In fact I wonder they haven't begun shooting before," I remark.

"I protest against this!" exclaims the consul excitedly to the captain, who is lighting a cigarette. "It must not be allowed on this steamer!"

"It is nothing," answers the captain, quietly puffing rings of smoke and watching them vanish through the skylight. "The noise eases their feelings."

"I call on you as captain of the boat to stop the firing!" continued the consul angrily, as another volley rings out; "otherwise I shall report you. There is a rule forbidding it," and he points to a printed list of regulations.

The captain sighs, finishes his glass, and calls to the steward to bring him his revolver. Then he climbs up the hatchway to the deck. I follow him, and listen admiringly as he sharply orders the revelers to cease, in a torrent of Turkish, Albanian, and Serb oaths. The monk retires hastily to the cabin again, as he too hears the captain's comprehensive blasphemy.

"Who shall give us orders to stop?" shouts a truculent ruffian, brandishing a huge revolver.

"And who shall make us?" adds another cut-throat with bloodshot eyes, pushing through the group and firing deliberately over the captain's head.

I notice the under lip of the captain tremble, and his face changes expression. It means he is really angry.

"I will," he says simply. "It is against the orders, and you will stop."

Hoarse laughter accompanies him as he turns to go down the companion, and for ten minutes there is no firing. Then a tornado of shots breaks out again, and the captain flies up on deck, revolver in hand. He is too quick for me, but I hear him from below.

"I will shoot the next man who fires, and take the steamer back to Scutari. There I will hand the whole lot over to the authorities—those that are alive," he adds significantly.

I dare not breathe. Such consummate effrontery from the captain, one man against a score of reckless daredevils who care nothing for human life, all inflamed with drink, petrifies me. The impudence of this laughable threat was stupendous.

As I emerge on deck, I see them replace their smoking revolvers in their belts and go off laughing.

I congratulate the captain. He is trembling violently.

"It is all that — consul. Why shouldn't they shoot if it amuses them?" he says. "Steward!" he roars; "bring me up a bottle of wine on deck and two glasses."

He continues cursing till we cast anchor at Plavnica, and an unwieldy barge puts out of the Marshes and removes our lively passengers. They salute us respectfully as they go.

"Fancy making a row with a lot of boisterous children like them!" remarks the captain. "Bah!" he says, and spits expressively towards the cabin.

OPHELIA.

There runs a crisscross pattern of small leaves
Espalier in a fading summer air,
And there Ophelia walks, an azure flow'r,
Whom wind and snowflakes and the sudden rain
Of love's wild skies have purified to heav'n.
There is a beauty past all weeping now
In that sweet crooked mouth, that vacant smile;
Only a lonely gray in those mad eyes
Which never on earth shall learn their loneliness:
And when mid startled birds she sings lament,
Mocking in hope the long voice of the stream,
It seems her heart's lute hath a broken string.
Ivy she hath that to old ruins clings;
And rosemary that sees remembrance fade;
And pansies deeper than the gloom of dreams,
But ah! if utterable, would this earth
Remain the base unreal thing it is?
Better be out of sight of peering eyes;
Out-out of hearing of all-useless words;
And, lest, at last, ev'n earth should learn mad secrets,
Lest that sweet wolf from some dim thicket steal,
Better the glassy horror of the stream!

W. J. de la Mare.

The Monthly Review.

GERMAN DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

The interest excited by the stage and the importance attached to everything connected with it are greater in Germany than in any other part of Europe. . . . The Germans talk of it as of some new organ for refining the hearts and minds of men; a sort of lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one, and perhaps even better fitted to exalt some of our nobler feelings. . . . Literature attracts nearly all the powerful thought that circulates in Germany; and the theatre is the greatest nucleus of German literature.

These words are as applicable to the

conditions of the drama in Germany at the present day as they were when Carlyle wrote them in 1825. The part played by the theatre in modern German life can scarcely be overrated. In every town the playhouse is invariably one of the most imposing buildings. Its director is a man of culture and literary instincts, as often as not the author of serious biographical or critical works, and attached to it is a company of competent players. The newspapers concern themselves largely with the theatre. To quote Carlyle again, they "are bursting with theatricals." The

German dramatic critic is a person of importance. He fears neither the dramatist nor the actor-manager; he has knowledge and experience, he possesses true critical insight, and an independent spirit. He takes himself and his office seriously. After a first-night performance he contents himself with brief observations on the acting and setting of the play, reserving for a day or two detailed criticism of the material of the drama until he has seen it again or has had time to read it, for in nearly every case a new German play is in the booksellers' shops within a day or two of its first performance.¹

But neither the German people nor the great English critic and exponent of their literature dreamed in 1825 of the vast development of topic that was to take place in their drama, or of the apparently unpromising elements of which the best modern German plays were to be compounded. If we confine our survey to plays produced in the last decade, we find that while a few of them, true to the precedent, develop with effect romantic themes of perennial beauty and purity, the majority of them illustrate almost every new and notable phase of current life and thought. Materialism, mysticism, asceticism, democratic socialism, and aristocratic individualism, are all in their most recent manifestations accorded dramatic treatment in the German theatre, and, contrary to what we might reasonably expect, these subjects are handled in strict harmony with the essential principles of dramatic art.

The first aim of most of the modern German dramatists is to produce on the spectator the effect of a piece of contemporary life. He eschews everything that tends to hinder the growth

of such an illusion. The dialogue has to be before all else natural and simple, it has to suggest or recall unmistakably the everyday talk of more or less everyday people. The conversation must fit the action with the utmost closeness. Without appearance of effort it must reveal the character of the speaker. No word should be bestowed on topics not strictly relevant to the portrayal of the action or character in hand. The elaborated epigrams that do duty for dialogue in the contemporary plays of other countries, the theatrical devices of asides, long speeches and monologues, are unknown to the modern German stage. The presentment is thus made startlingly real. We forget we are watching a play, and almost seem to be witnessing an episode in the lives of some or other of our neighbors. The method has its dangers. The strict suppression of explanatory comment or ornamental surplusage of speech strains the auditor's attention, and in the hands of men of lesser talent the conversation and action lead to abruptness, incoherence, or obscurity, which cannot always be neutralized by the most powerful intellectual effort on the part of the spectator who seeks to follow intelligently the development of the drama. That a playwright who is so good a craftsman as Gerhart Hauptmann is conscious of the defects of the modern method of linguistic economy, is proved by the extreme elaborateness of the stage directions and descriptions of scenes and characters with which he intersperses the printed texts of his play. Such paraphernalia often fill two octavo pages of small print at the beginning of an act. In one of his plays ground-plans of the scene are prefixed to two of the acts. The furniture, pictures, the positions of the chairs and

¹ The large demand for these books is significant. At the end of 1900 Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" (produced 1896) was in its forty-fourth edition, his "Weavers" (pro-

duced 1892) in its twenty-sixth. Sudermann's "John the Baptist" (produced 1898) was in its twenty-seventh, and his "Heimat" (produced 1893) in its twenty-sixth.

tables, the sites of the various doors, the places they lead into, the view from each window, are all minutely described. On the first appearance of a character the accompanying stage directions tell us his age, while such details as the colors of his hair, eyes and complexion, his stature and dress are categorically stated. It is the dramatist's object to express the inner man by the outward aspect, and to make external traits harmonize graphically with internal. The result cannot be uniformly satisfactory. Discrepancies are at times inevitable, and produce the unintended effect of caricature.

The founding of the German Empire in 1870 makes a useful starting-point for the literary movement of modern Germany, although it cannot be said that that event in itself had much effect on any branch of literature. Great as was the enthusiasm of the nation, it produced no poet, novelist, or dramatist of the highest rank. The Schiller Prize, instituted by the Prince Regent of Prussia in 1859, a triennial reward for the best play produced during that period, was not awarded at all from 1869 to 1875, and then was divided between three men, of whom only one, Adolf Wilbrandt, is generally known to-day even in his own country.

The active ruler of the German stage in the decade 1870-80 was Paul Lindau. He was the first dramatist to bring modern society on the German stage, or to endeavor to make the talk of his characters reflect with literalness the everyday conversation proceeding at the moment outside the playhouse. But his work was only to a small extent an indigenous growth. He worked after French originals, and his comedies, lacking the ease and wit of his models, have scarcely kept the stage.

But barren as that period was for German art and literature, signs were already apparent of a coming era of fertility. The operas of Wagner were

familiarizing people with unconventional manipulations of the German theatre, and the Meiningen troops of actors produced the poetical and historical plays of Ernst von Wildenbruch. Born in 1845, he early won recognition as a poet and novelist—his stories concerning children are among the best we know in any language; but it was not until 1881 that his first play "Die Karolinger" found representation on the Berlin stage after being performed the same year at Meiningen. It at once established his fame as a dramatist, and proved the advent of a poet far superior in talent to any that had appeared since 1870. But neither the "Karolinger" nor any of its successors are historical dramas in the grand style as their author intended. History is so freely dealt with that the historical atmosphere evaporates. Although he can show us the deeds of heroes, Wildenbruch cannot depict the motives of their actions. Thus while he is perhaps the greatest dramatic poet of contemporary Germany, he is not her greatest dramatist. But his burning patriotism, and his ardent desire to paint the apotheosis of the Hohenzollerns, mark a fresh departure in his art, and gave a new impulse to play-writing in Germany. The tragedy of "Harold," where the Normans and Saxons closely resemble modern French and Germans, "Der Mennonit," and "Vater und Söhne," dealing with Prussia in 1807 and 1813 respectively, gave Wildenbruch a fine opportunity to voice aloud his love of his fatherland; all three belong to the year 1882. In "Das Neue Gebot" (1886) the dramatist first tackles the material centring round King Henry IV. (1050-1106), to which he returned later in "Heinrich und Heinrichs Geschlecht" (1896). With "Quitzows," in 1888, Wildenbruch began a series of dramas (others are "Generalfeldoberst," 1889, and "Der Neue Herr," 1891) dealing with the his-

tory of Brandenburg, which were to be for the German people what Shakespeare's English history plays are for the English. But as Wildenbruch regards history solely from the Hohenzollern standpoint, as, neglecting all sense of justice, he is always on the king's side, always the upholder of the law, order, and imperialism in a degree that shall satisfy the most exacting "Junker" audience, the dramatic motive is naturally weakened. His best work in drama is to be found in "Harold" and "Väter und Söhne."

The next decade (1880-90) may perhaps be characterized as a period of storm and stress, but it differs from the years in the eighteenth century which we are accustomed to describe in those terms, in that while the earlier movement was strictly national, the later was to a large extent international. The Deutsche Theatre of Berlin was founded in 1883 under the directorship of Adolf L'Arronge, himself a dramatist, and in a way, by the kind and quality of his work, a forerunner of Sudermann. For it was L'Arronge who in his "*Hasemann's Töchter*" (1877) first conceived the idea of putting in juxtaposition on the stage the wealthy inhabitants of the *Vorderhaus* and the poor dwellers in the *Hinterhaus*, an idea which Sudermann took up, and crystallized for all time in "*Die Ehre*," eighteen years later. L'Arronge held office until 1889, when he was succeeded by Dr. Otto Brahm, the present director, author of well-known biographies of Schiller and Kleist. He had formerly been president of the "*Freie Bühne*," where Hauptmann's first plays were produced. It was towards the end of the decade 1880-90 that Gerhart Hauptmann and Hermann Sudermann first came into notice.

In his early work Hauptmann was feeling his way, uncertain what to do, and clearly influenced by Ibsen. But even then—and it was to become later

more sharply defined—there was a marked difference in the two dramatists' outlook on human life. Ibsen divides the world into two classes: the soaring idealists who lack clear perception of common human needs and limitations, and the people who are dull, conventional, stupid, and narrow-minded. He is unable to recognize the value of that pure goodness of heart which often outweighs highly developed intellect. Amid the gloom that mostly envelops Hauptmann's subjects and characters, his firm belief in the efficacy of purity and innocence, in the love that is stronger than death, is never absent, and he is free from the cryptic symbolism that in the later plays too frequently obscures Ibsen's meaning.

Between 1889 and the present date Hauptmann has written thirteen plays. They serve well to illustrate some of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern German drama, its remarkable variety of topic, and its desire to deal with everyday occurrences where nothing happens that is out of the ordinary. In many of the plays the characters are in a condition of things out of which they try to get. But as a rule the chains are too strong, and the attempt at salvation brings about the catastrophe. In "*Before Sunrise*" (1889) we have a social drama of the type of Zola's "*L'Assommoir*," and Ibsen's "*Ghosts*," a drama in which heredity and drunkenness are the main themes. In "*The Coming of Peace*," designated by Hauptmann himself as a domestic catastrophe, the dramatist presents the evil consequences to the children born of it, of a loveless, unsympathetic marriage. The drama entitled "*Lonely Lives*" (1891) is placed by the author in the hands of those who live them, and portrays how the loneliness of heart and soul, which is the lot of so many human beings, may in weak natures lead to overwhelming disaster.

The craving for sympathy in our ideals and our work is entirely human and natural, but it is surely a sign of weakness to allow our whole happiness and our conduct to be dependent on finding it. The play is a gentle satire on the clashing of the practical with the ideal, a condition under which so many lives are spent. The dramatist makes here no attempt to present heroic types of character; his personages are the men and women of our everyday acquaintance. In order to enter into the spirit of such a play it must be remembered that Englishmen will make the best of difficulties in domestic life that Germans will not endure.

After 1890 Hauptmann became surer of himself and of his powers, and began to deal with themes of larger interest than the relations between parent and child or husband and wife. In the "Weavers" (1892) we have the people for hero. It is a *Volksdrama* in the grand style, and at the time of its production in Berlin political capital was made out of it. The Emperor forbade officers of the army and all government officials to enter the doors of the Deutsche Theatre on the nights on which the "Weavers" was performed. But Hauptmann denied any political intention, and declared that he wrote the play simply because he had lived among that class of people and knew them. "My grandfather was a weaver; and I learned from my father the story of the misery that stalked through the Silesian mountains in 1844. To teach avaricious employers to deal humanely with their employees never entered my head. Any such interest which attaches to my play is secondary to the dramatic impulse under which I wrote it." There is no plot properly so called; only a series of scenes illustrating poverty and hunger. In "Florian Geyer" (1895), Hauptmann again dealt with the struggle against oppression, this time under the guise of the Peasant

War of 1525. But the play with its sixty-one speaking parts and its lack of clearness was not a success.

In "Hannele" (1893), a most original conception, Hauptmann shows the evil effects of ignorance and superstition and brutality in the lives of the poor. The dramatist has attempted first to idealize a dying child's dream, and then to make it palpable and visible on the stage. A girl of fourteen, ill-used by her father, takes refuge in such religion as has been taught her by sisters of mercy, andmingles with its fairy tales and country superstitions, which linger in every mountain or forest village in Germany. She places her dead mother in a beautiful heaven of her own creation, and to attain herself to so blessed a spot throws herself into the village pond, is dragged out to die in the poorhouse, of a fever brought on by her own act. Hauptmann has plucked the heart out of dreams. The child's literal acceptance of the marvelous, her mingling of the personality of Jesus with her schoolmaster, the only human being whom she loved, will be recognized as perfectly comprehensible and natural by those who have thought about or much experienced dreams. The whole forms a work of art, unconventional indeed, but thoroughly consistent, natural, and original.

The theme of "The Sunken Bell" (1896) is the difficulty of reconciling the highest aspirations of the artist with the common duties of human life. It takes the form of a fairy drama in most melodious verse and shows a fresh development in Hauptmann's genius. It possesses that artistic unity which is a testimony to the dramatist's progress in his art, and proves that the strain of idealism and romantic reverie is still living and vigorous, despite the "realism without fig-leaves" of much of the contemporary German drama. The mountain forest, with the warm, rich animation of nature, forms the

background for a hero to whom in the solitudes of the mountains come great thoughts. His chief desire is to found a new religion—that of the happiest of the world. He suffers death in the attempt to attain his ideal. The play had an enormous success, only to be compared with that of Sudermann's "Ehre," Wildenbruch's "König Heinrich," and Fulda's "Talisman."

"Fuhrmann Henschel" (1898) is in many ways Hauptmann's most finished production, and the fourth act is probably the strongest piece of dramatic writing of the present era. It is a grim episode from real life, the tragedy of a broken promise where the promise-breaker goes to his doom as swiftly and surely as the hero of the old Greek drama. Henschel promises his dying wife not to marry their servant Hanne. But, coarse and brutal as she is, Hanne is not without physical attraction, and when Henschel begins to feel the need of a woman to look after his house, he makes Hanne his wife. She cared nothing at all for him, and accepted him merely to further her own illicit pleasures. She neglects her husband's interests, estranges his friends, and deceives him with the first comer. At last Henschel's eyes are opened. Hanne makes no attempt at concealment or evasion, and surveys the situation with brazen contempt. Henschel imagines himself pursued by his broken promise as by an avenging fury, and finally puts an end to his life.

In "Michael Kramer," Hauptmann again shows himself in a somewhat new light. He is here not only the keen observer of human nature, the skilful prober of the human heart, but he is the proclaimor of the higher truths concerning man's destiny. The material for the drama is poor, and the composition is full of technical faults which caused the Berlin public to give it a doubtful reception, but as lofty imaginative literature, as the heart cry

of the idealist in all ages, in all lands, the play stands far above anything Hauptmann has yet produced. Michael Kramer and his son Arnold are painters. Arnold possesses the spark of genius lacking to his father, but he is unable to overcome certain mental and physical defects, he is without strength of mind or will. This the father knows, and the main interest of the drama is furnished by his struggle against his son's weakness and depravity, a struggle only ended by Arnold's suicide. Death becomes the great mediator and reconciler, who teaches man to understand life, and the fourth act is a magnificent elegy over the dead man and his wasted existence. Some think that the play is to be regarded as a personal confession, others consider it a token of that restlessness of modern life so fatal to art. We cannot undertake to decide.

"Der Rote Hahn" (1900), Hauptmann's latest play, a tragicomedy in four acts, bears a close relation to the "Biberpelz," a thieves' comedy of a most amusing character, written in 1893. Some of the personages of the "Biberpelz" reappear in "Der Rote Hahn." We have von Wehrhahn, the deputy-commissioner (*Amtsversteher*), Glasenapp, his secretary, Frau Wolff, the wicked, hypocritical washerwoman, who in the interval between the two plays has lost her husband, the ship's carpenter, and has married the shoemaker and police spy, Fielitz; and Leontine, her daughter by her first husband. Both plays satirize the official who shuts his eyes to the guilt of any one who is in the pay of the police. The man who in any capacity stands within the sacred gate of "officialdom" can do no wrong. And the hero of "Der Rote Hahn," who sets fire to his own house, not only has that qualification but is also an avowed anti-socialist. The deputy-commissioner, therefore, while making a show of justice,

assists the incendiary to escape the consequences of his crime, and fastens it on a poor wretch unable to defend himself or prove his innocence. The third act, which represents the official inquiry into the causes of the fire, and in which the depravity of all the parties concerned, judges, accusers, and accused, makes the irony of the situation for the spectator, is perhaps the most amusing and dramatic. The interest is, however, too local for the play to find favor beyond Germany, and the prevalence of the Berlin dialect makes it difficult of comprehension for the uninitiated. But it forms a typical description of bureaucratic life in a small Prussian village, and the characterization and dialogue are absolutely true and natural. Both these plays of low life illustrate how widely the German dramatist of to-day spreads his net.

Hauptmann, like all great dramatists, attempts, it will be seen, no solution of the problems he sets before us. He recognizes no poetical justice, events are not nicely rounded off to suit stage or human conventions, but turn out sadly or happily as they might in real life.

Perhaps Hermann Sudermann's chief claims to greatness as a dramatist are his mastery of stage-craft and his rare insight into the characters of women. He is, too, a keen observer and possesses the sympathetic imagination that reveals to him, for instance, exactly how the mind of the small artisan works without the rose-colored spectacles of socialism, and without an undue or unnecessary depreciation of the aristocrat. The same quality is seen in his portrayal of women. The heroines of his dramas are mostly closely related; they are all at war with circumstances, they are all individualists. Lenore in "Die Ehre"² rebels against the false ideas of honor—the substitute for duty—current in

her parents' house and circle. Magda in "Heimat," the best of Sudermann's plays in point of view of dramatic power and movement, breaks through tradition and carves out for herself a great and prosperous career as a singer. Elisabeth in "Glück im Winkel" suffers from the misery of a loveless marriage on her side, escape from which would mean her dishonor; so in response to her husband's nobility of character, that is, as it were, only revealed to her by an accident, she submits to circumstances. "Johannisfeuer" (1900) presents the problem of the eternal conflict between happiness and duty. No solution is offered, but three persons will certainly be miserable; whether neglect of duty would have brought happiness to two of them no one can say. In his latest play, "Es lebe das Leben!" (Long live Life!), produced in February last, a woman is once more the dominating figure. Married to an insignificant personage, though a nobleman in rank, Beate has a lover, a Baron Völkerling, a friend of her husband, and a man of intelligence. When he becomes Conservative candidate for the Reichstag, a Socialist agitator publicly accuses him of his misdeeds, and the Countess, fearing his suicide, confesses her fault of fifteen years ago, at the same time making it her glory that she had only yielded to the dictates of her higher nature. But Völkerling does not share her views and determines on suicide. Beate sees that only her death, apparently from natural causes, can save him, and this she compasses, falling dead at a banquet in the act of drinking to the toast, "Long live Life!" The exposition is rather too long, but the last two acts are as excellent as anything Sudermann has written.

Ludwig Fulda possesses the gift of

² Sudermann's first play, produced in 1889 at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, under the directorship of Dr. Oscar Blumenthal.

melodious verse, he has wit and humor, gentle satire, and the German sense of pure romance. The two plays that illustrate his best manner are "The Talisman" (1892), of which Mr. Tree presented an English version at the Haymarket in 1894, and "The Twin Sisters," produced in Berlin last year. The former, a dramatic fairy tale, based on Andersen's story of the Emperor's new clothes, is a distinct addition to European literature. The latter is the story of a Paduan lady of the time of the Renaissance, who has reason to doubt her husband's fidelity. In order to test him she personates her twin sister, and so teaches the erring husband a salutary lesson. The idea is by no means a novel one, but the play is admirably constructed, the interest grows as the action progresses, the verse is smooth, and the language full of charm.³

It would be easy to mention a dozen dramatists besides whose work calls for notice. But as the space at our command renders it impossible to treat them individually, it will be best to illustrate further from their plays the wide variety of subject that appeals to the German playwright of to-day.

A large portion of contemporary German literature concerns itself with the so-called "woman question." Women authors write pamphlets, or novels and plays, which are at bottom treatises on the relations of the sexes, and on the position of women in modern society, and men writers draw portraits of modern women that are sometimes satirical, sometimes sympathetic. The note of Hartleben's comedies, "Hanna Jagert" and "Erziehung zur Ehe," for instance, is "Despise Women," while Georg Hirschfeld, a disciple of Hauptmann, in his plays "Mütter" and "Agnes Jordan," represents women who are strong and wise in adverse circum-

stances, mothers who are capable of every sacrifice for the sake of their children, and who find happiness in such sacrifice. The type of course is not new, but the setting is. But sometimes the self-reliant, independent woman, who thinks for herself and cultivates her mind, is mercilessly caricatured, or represented as hard, unlovely, even bad. Fulda in "Kameraden" draws an unpleasing picture of such a woman, although it must be confessed that the satire is delicate and fine, and the situations humorous. Hella, in Max Halbe's "Mutter-Erde," is a well-drawn, consistent figure, but though clever and intelligent, she cultivates her reason at the expense of her emotions and her senses, and thus produces an unnatural and disagreeable effect. In "Die Heimatlosen" (1899) Halbe brings out the pathetic side of the life of the woman of mediocre talent who is forced to earn a living, and the evil influence of independence, acquired as it were by force, on weaker natures.

It is not often that women achieve success in what is perhaps the most difficult form of literature—the drama, but that they have done so in Germany is indisputable. The best of the plays produced by Clara Viebig, the novelist, is "Barbara Holzer" (1897), a veritable *Volksstück* in which the characters are all drawn from the people. In plot and dialogue it is enormously powerful work. The central figure, a servant girl, strong of body and of will, passionate for love and hate, who for the sake of her child murders her faithless lover, stands out clear cut and convincing. The heroine of Anna Croissant-Rust's play, "Bua," is a notable figure. She is a childless peasant woman who adopts a boy. The lad turns out ungrateful, and ill-treats and despises his foster-mother. She forgives him in her

³ An English version, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, was lately performed at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, but the translation

scarcely reproduces the literary charm of the original verse.

great mother-love, but is in the end murdered by him. And in dying, to save him, she denies his crime. The heroine of "Der Standhafte Zinnsoldat" is a young poetess who marries a man threatened with permanent blindness. When the worst happens she finds herself unable to keep her promise to go with her husband into everlasting darkness, and leaves him to travel there alone. She had discovered her artistic gift, and the love of life and light is strong within her. Perhaps the most characteristic piece of work in drama done by a woman is Ernst Rosmer's "Dämmerung" (1893). The authoress is best known in this country as the composer of the libretto for her brother's operas "Hansel and Gretel," and "The Children of the King." The play, extraordinarily simple, is something on the lines of Ibsen's work. The scene is the same through all the five acts, and there are only four characters of importance. Of these the most striking and interesting is Sabine, the woman doctor. In her we have so far the only instance on the stage of the educated, trained woman, the successful hard-worker in her profession, represented as a character of ordinary life, for the play is without tendency or purpose. Lisbeth Weigel, the woman doctor, in Max Dreyer's comedy, "In Behandlung," only succeeds in overcoming prejudice and obtaining a practice by forming a platonic marriage with a man doctor; while she stands alone she is persecuted on all sides and fails. But Sabine stands alone and succeeds. Everything she says and does is calculated to heighten her character in the eyes of the spectators. She was at the commencement poor, so poor, that besides bread she had little to eat. When Isolde, her girl patient, asks, "What did you do then? You wept, I suppose," and Sabine answers, "No, I worked," Isolde looks at her as at some wild animal. Although Sabine

is twenty-eight, she shows no perturbation at being still single. Isolde concludes that she must be the victim of an unhappy love affair. But Sabine assures her that such is not the case: "when you have to work as hard as I do, you've no time for unhappy love affairs." Isolde's father, Ritter, a widower, falls in love with Sabine, and wishes to make her his wife. Isolde's jealousy is, however, so great, that the lovers feel there is nothing for it but to part, and they make the great renunciation. The character of Ritter is well drawn and forms the complement to that of Sabine. Constant attendance in his daughter's sick-room has compelled him to put aside his own wishes and desires, just as Sabine's hard work and poverty have compelled her to forget herself and the needs of her own heart.

It is worthy of remark that the woman who makes her own career is practically ignored as material by English dramatists and novelists. We can point to no such figure of any distinction in our novels and plays. In France the novelists at least recognize the capabilities of such characters. The heroine of J. H. Rosny's "L'Indomptée," for instance, is a woman doctor, a fine character, finely drawn. She is represented as a woman of noble aims, using her knowledge for good, preserving her womanliness amid the unpleasant scenes to which duty calls her, her acquaintance with evil helping to keep her from harm. She is strong, but possesses at the same time the hopes and aspirations of every true woman towards love, marriage, and motherhood. It is a most dignified picture of the professional woman, full of enthusiasm for her calling, and the only one we can call to mind in imaginative literature worthy of a place beside Ernst Rosmer's Sabine.

At first sight educational methods and school life scarcely seem likely

subjects on which to base a successful play. But Max Dreyer's "Probekandidat" (1900) proves that it is not the material that is important, but the manner in which it is treated. In modern times intolerance makes itself felt in ways unknown to former ages, and it must be said in ways that are fully as cruel and as destructive of progress as those of a former day. In Dreyer's play Fritz Heitmann, a young and enthusiastic schoolmaster on his probation in a Realschule, is as much a veritable martyr to his belief. In the natural science lessons Heitmann says things that do not correspond with the divinity lessons. This comes to the ears of the principal and the committee, and alarmed for orthodoxy, they call on the young man to recant in the presence of his class, or to resign his post and with it, of course, all chance of promotion in his profession. Urged by his family, who are more or less dependent on him, by his fiancée, a girl absolutely unable to understand him, by his colleagues, who, while they sympathize with his ideas, take the practical view of the situation, he decides for recantation. But at the crucial moment he finds it impossible not to be true to himself.

Wer die Wahrheit kennt und sagt die
nicht,
Der ist fürwahr ein erbärmlicher
Wicht.

The grief of his pupils at losing him brings him perhaps some small consolation, but he has to seek another love, and a land where toleration is a reality and not a fiction.

Likewise, military life finds its dramatic exponents. "Rosenmontag," by Otto Erich Hartleben, is an excellent play of its kind. It is well built up, and the various elements, tender and comic, pathetic and ironical, passionate and witty, are admirably contrasted. Perhaps the officers' comedy—that is

the humorous barrack scenes—give more satisfaction than the officers' tragedy (as the play is described) though the relations between the unfortunate lovers are portrayed with tender pathos. To the horror of his nobly-born comrades Hans Rudorff, a young lieutenant, falls seriously in love with Gertrud Reimann, the daughter of a respectable artisan. By a trick Hans is made to believe that Gertrud is untrue to him; he breaks with her, and after a bad illness becomes engaged to a girl of his own rank. Then his friends reveal the plot, and the tragedy lies in the fact that Hans has given his word of honor to his colonel never again to have anything to do with Gertrud. Knowing her to be pure and true, Hans cannot give her up. According to his code there is nothing left but suicide, a fate Gertrud elects to share with him. We do not claim it as a great play, but it is highly dramatic, brilliant in the details, and very characteristic of German military life.

Notwithstanding the array of native talent, the German theatre offers a warm welcome to foreigners. The latest plays—capitally translated into German—of Ibsen, Björnson, Tolstoy, Rostand, Donnay, Hervieu, Pinero, Heyermans, are found in the repertory of most of the leading playhouses, while on an average nearly three Shakespearean representations a day are given in the German-speaking districts of Europe. Neither are the German classics neglected. The casual visitor, spending a week in Berlin, could if he wished see in that time plays by Schiller, Goethe, Kleist, Grillparzer, Kotzebue, and Freytag.

A recent critic has proclaimed that analysis of motive, not ideal representation of action, is the first principle of contemporary dramatic composition, and for this reason: as civilization progresses and the idea of liberty obtains, a self-consciousness is developed in the

individual which is antagonistic to the universal, that is, to art, the best art being a fusion of the universal and the individual. In accordance with that dictum, we have to admit that there is nothing in the German drama of to-day that reaches the high-water mark of great literature. But there is in all the work we have attempted to describe a very real striving towards the highest. "We are nothing, what we desire to be is everything," wrote Hölderlin. The German playwright does not, it is evident, pander to the taste or the want of taste of an ignorant public who, according to Mr. Bernard Shaw, are "without power of attention, without interests, without sympathy, in short,

without brains or heart." Perhaps the distinguishing feature of contemporary German drama is that welded with its solid realism, and its clever analysis of motive, is a sense of the ideal, of the romantic, that is peculiarly an attribute of the German temperament. Not the hardest and most prosaic facts of every-day life, not all the misery of all the world can crush the romance that lurks in every German heart. It may be that the spirit of lyrical poetry, now said to be dead in Germany, has passed into the newer forms of novel and play, and in so doing justifies the German custom of calling novelists and dramatists, as well as poets, by the common term of *Dichter*.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Elizabeth Lee.

HER BROTHER'S KEEPER.

He could not raise his hand to kill,
God sent her hand, to hold it:
He could not work his maddened will,
Because her will controlled it.
She tamed the tiger, charmed the
snake,
And soothed the savage human;
Then—cried, as if her heart would
break,
A tired little woman.

A small woman in a badly-cut khaki habit rode slowly along a path which, although it was the main thoroughfare between two fairly large villages, was almost overgrown by tufts of tall jungle-grass. She was no longer young, and the bright coloring of hair and skin that was once hers had been dulled by nearly twenty years spent in India. The pitiless climate—kinder to her, however, than to many English-women—had taken toll of her beauty without wrecking her health; for, though the face under the faded hair was very thin and yellow, the slight

figure swaying easily in the saddle was erect and strong. Her Arab chose his own pace and she made no attempt to hasten his slow steps. The dark bungalow where she intended to spend the night was but a mile away, and since her husband had been detained on his inspection tour, no one was waiting for her there.

A note telling her of the unexpected delay had reached her that morning, advising her to postpone her jungle trip until the following day; but Mrs. Addison had made her arrangements for departure, and a great weariness of her own whitewashed house had seized her. Her home letters had been disquieting lately: the boy at Woolwich had developed an unexpected delicacy of the lungs, and her youngest son, with a boy's indifference to the value of time, was playing at athletics instead of working for Sandhurst. There was nothing in the small dull station, nothing in the monotonous evenings

passed so slowly in the dreary precincts of the "Amusement Club," to amuse or distract an anxious mind, and ten days in camp, even with a husband who was habitually overworked and frequently worried, appeared to her as a change that might bring rest and healing.

A familiar figure, running as swiftly as clumsy shoes would allow, emerged at a turn of the road; Guj Raj Singh, one of Mr. Addison's *chaprassies* and messengers, whose name being translated meant "Elephant King Lion."

"Stop, mem sahib," he panted, "there is a mad sahib in the bungalow who is shooting with a gun, and your honor must wait till he is caught."

"A mad sahib? Where has he come from?"

"The bungalow *khansamah* has no news, Huzoor. The sahib arrived yesterday, very angry, without servants and with but three coolies bringing boxes. They told the *khansamah* that they had found the sahib in the jungle alone, and he had beaten them with sticks and obliged them to carry his *asbab*. They saw no tents. Last night the sahib was full of anger for no reason, and to-day he is mad and has a gun."

"It must be some poor fellow with sunstroke," said Mary Addison to herself.

"He will soon be caught, however," said Guj Raj cheerfully, "many men from the village are there with heavy sticks. If the honored one will wait a little—"

"I am going on; follow me," said Mrs. Addison.

Three minutes' quick canter brought her in sight of the bungalow, a one-storeyed building of three rooms, opening upon a narrow verandah. A swelling seething crowd of men armed with metal-bound staves swayed and shifted near, and a little rabble of women and children watched from a safe distance.

As she drew rein, a reed blind that hung before the centre door moved slightly, there was a puff of smoke, the sharp ping of a rifle, and a bullet found a harmless billet in a green turban, two inches above the wearer's head.

"Strike," yelled the crowd. "Seize and strike!" and it seemed to the white woman that race hatred mingled with the fear and anger in their voices. No one had dared to approach the man behind the blind as yet; but when they did, the six-foot brass-bound *latties* were terrible weapons, that could deal the death of a dog.

One of Mrs. Addison's own servants ran to her.

"The sahib is mad," he shouted; "go back!"

"Choop," she answered, and the emphatic word seemed to enforce the silence it commanded. "Send these people away at once. Tell them to go quietly to their houses. The sahib is my brother."

She dismounted and walked to the reed blind as resolutely as though no possibility of death in a hideous form lurked behind it. The man was absolutely unknown to her, but the race feeling was strong in her heart. An Englishman in an alien land needed help, and she, as an Englishwoman, must save him from himself if necessary. She noticed how the smell of gunpowder hung in the air.

The man behind the blind was quite young, and very tall and strongly built; his face was strangely red, almost congested, and his fair hair was very dull and untidy. As she entered he instinctively raised his hand to his bare head as though to take off a hat, and the little gesture relieved her of the worst of her fears.

"How do you do?" she said pleasantly, and he shifted his rifle to take her proffered hand. "I'm Mrs. Addison. Perhaps you have met my husband out in the district; he has been

prevented from meeting me here, but he will come to-morrow, I hope."

"I'll take care of you," he cried in a peculiarly high hard voice. "I'll shoot some of those devils outside. You watch."

She stepped between him and the door, laughing lightly. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she said. "Why, some of my servants are there, and if you frighten them away we shall get no dinner. May I look at your rifle? It seems a great beauty. I wonder if it is as heavy as my husband's. I can shoot rather well with his." She took it from his unresisting hand, and stepping outside fired into the air. "There, I've missed that crow, and I've hurt my shoulder dreadfully," she cried laughing, as she leant the empty rifle against the verandah wall with a quick gesture to Guj Raj, and went back into the room. It needed a good deal of courage to go in the second time, though nothing in her manner betrayed the effort.

"I'm quite tired," she said, "and longing for tea, though I haven't had a long ride—only from Pultonporre. When did you come here?"

He bent over her, after elaborate precautions against being overheard, and whispered, "I have been in hell for ages and ages. This is hell—didn't you know?"

She took his hot dirty hand and laid her fingers on the wrist. "I am afraid you have fever," she said; "sit down here with your back to the light and tell me how you feel—you look as if you had been sleeping badly."

His rifle was still leaning against the wall. Why was Guj Raj so slow?

"I can't remember when I slept last," he said simply.

The rifle was gone now and she spoke more cheerfully. "You must let my husband prescribe for you to-morrow; he is not a doctor, but he is nearly as good as one."

"Is he of good family? I am of very ancient birth and high lineage; we can trace descent in a direct unbroken line from Guy, Earl of Warwick. You have heard, of course, of the Dun Cow, and the Dunmow Flitch?"

Mrs. Addison assented enthusiastically, and he went on:

"I could draw you up a genealogical tree in a moment, if I had pen and paper, that would make the whole matter clear to you."

"Please do. I shall be deeply interested."

The contents of a portmanteau seemed to have been emptied out on the table; he dug like a terrier among the confusion till he found a writing-case.

"This will be a truly beautiful family tree," he said.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Addison, locking his gun-case and pocketing the key. She hummed a waltz tune to cover the sound of her movements as she rummaged for his razors in an open bag. There were seven of them in a neat case. What other weapons was he likely to possess, she wondered, glancing at the absorbed figure. There was bound to be a revolver somewhere; she cautiously moved a rug and pillow that were flung slantwise on the bare bedstead, and found what she sought.

"What are you doing?" he asked suddenly and roughly.

"Only tidying the room a little," she answered, tossing an end of the blanket over the revolver. "You don't like it as untidy as this, I'm sure."

"No, I hate it; but these devils are not to come in and pry about, mind that."

"Of course they sha'n't. I'll do it myself."

"Let me help you," he said, an instinct of politeness coming pathetically to the surface of his seething mind.

"Oh, no; you must go on with the

tree. I sha'n't understand about your family else."

He bent obediently over the table, and hiding the revolver with the razors under the fold of her skirt, she went out quickly to lock up the dangers in her own box. Coming back, she stole away a heavy stick, and now there only remained the large hunting-knife that lay on the table near his hand.

"How is the tree getting on?" she asked, looking over his shoulder at a piece of paper that displayed pitiful scrawlings in red and blue pencil, like the scribblings of a little child.

"It won't come right; my head hurts so all over the top."

She passed a cool hand over his burning brow and eyes, and at the same moment caught up the hunting-knife and hid it behind her.

"Yes, your forehead is dreadfully hot. Aren't you thirsty?"

"No; only in the top of my head."

"I'll tell them to get us some tea," she said.

This was her excuse for hiding the knife, and when she returned her feeling of relief was so great that she was almost light-hearted. She had learnt from the gun-case that his name was Sydney Warwick, and that he belonged to an English regiment, but the problem of his presence there, and the mystery of his madness, were still unsolved by her. Had the insanity been caused by sunstroke, or excesses, or anxiety, or was it a sheer hereditary curse? She had no means of judging.

After tea he talked a great deal, always in a high hard voice, and it was difficult for her to tell in his fluent rambling sentences where sanity ceased and madness began. He was very boastful and argumentative, and a little disposed to be quarrelsome if she did not instantly agree with his wildest statements. It seemed to her that he talked as a fever patient thinks, with no power to fix the mind upon one

subject, and with no possible connection of ideas between the topics. Two or three times he told her stories of the kind that no gentleman should tell to a lady: scum that floated on the whirling torrent of his poor mind, and she, understanding, smiled patiently.

It was useless to question him. She made one very ordinary inquiry as to his recent movements, and he glared angrily at her, growling, "I warn you not to go too far!" A moment later he unearthed a packet of letters from the confused mound on the table and insisted that she should read them. Most of them were from his mother—loving letters full of the details of a narrow life in a far-away cathedral city, and telling her little, save that the red-faced wild-looking man with the suffused eyes, who sat rocking his body restlessly to and fro, was a dearly loved and only son, the child of many prayers.

"Sydney," said Mrs. Addison quietly, purposely using his Christian name, "I think your mother would wish you to see a doctor, if she were here."

The restless rocking ceased for a moment, and the fierce red face grew gentler.

"The poor old mum worries awfully if there's the least thing wrong with me," he said.

"I know she does; so for her sake you ought to write to Dr. Bailey—he's the doctor at Pultenpore, only twelve miles from here—and ask him to ride out and see you to-morrow morning. I'm sure he would if you told him that going out in the sun would be too much for you."

"Very well; I daresay the mum would like it." And taking a red pencil, he began his note on a sheet of foolscap.

"Had I better draw our coat of arms at the top?" he asked.

"No; I shouldn't wait for that. It's getting late, and we ought to send the letter without delay," said Mary Addi-

son, who was writing a note to accompany the foolscap sheet.

"Is this all right?" he asked presently.

It was sadly right, in that it faithfully showed the turmoil in his poor brain; and Mrs. Addison knew that the doctor who was to receive it would set all possible difficulties aside to come to his help—his help and hers. Meanwhile she was sure the madman's great need was sleep.

"I know what will be the best thing for you to do," she said; "after dinner let me give you some sulphonal. I often take it, and it will make you sleep well all night."

"I'm not going to swallow any of your poison!" he shouted.

"Sydney, you forget yourself; that is not the way to speak to me."

"I didn't mean to," he stammered; "but you can see for yourself the danger I am in. I dare not go to sleep; these black brutes will come and kill me if I do."

"When did you first begin to think that of them?"

"I don't know. Of course they are bound to kill me in the end—there are so many of them; but I won't let my life go cheap. Where's my rifle?"

"I took it away to clean it—you shall have it after dinner, if you like. Please sit down, Sydney; it makes me nervous to see you pacing up and down the room."

"I'm a restless sort of chap, I know," he said meekly; "the mum is always telling me so."

"Try and keep still for ten minutes, then," said Mrs. Addison, laughing, as she went into the verandah to give orders for the despatch of the note. The servants were busy preparing dinner, and the crowd had dispersed long ago, in a calm belief that the mem sahib would prevent the mad sahib from doing any harm.

Guj Raj shuffled up to her, a light of

unwonted intelligence on his honest stupid face, and a piece of rope in his hand.

"Since the sahib has neither guns nor knives now," he said eagerly, "four men by entering quickly could tie up his hands and feet without hurt."

"Go away, and try not to be a fool," said Mrs. Addison. "The sahib will eat dinner with me," she went on, turning to her table servant, "and the medicine in this paper, which looks like salt, must be put into the soup that you give to me—to me, you understand. If you forget to do this the sahib will certainly kill me, and then will probably kill some of you; so be careful not to forget. Bring dinner quickly."

The table was laid in the third room of the bungalow, and made pretty with roses brought from Mrs. Addison's own garden in Pultonpore—a detail arranged by the *khitmatghar* as a matter of course.

"Now remember, Sydney," said Mrs. Addison, as she led him in, "you mustn't frighten my servants, they are very good men."

He looked suspiciously at his soup without tasting it.

"This isn't the same as yours," he said.

"Oh, yes, it is," said Mary Addison, making sure with the bowl of a spoon that the sulphonal was completely melted; "but we'll change plates if you like; I do not mind at all."

The transfer was made to his evident relief, and he drank the soup. During the whole dinner, the six courses insisted on by the *khansamah* as essential to the dignity of the ruling race, this exchange of plates was solemnly gone through.

"The poison they have prepared for me is not likely to injure you," he said each time, in a kind of pitiful apology.

After dinner he grew at first noisy and then deeply depressed—the effect of the sulphonal, she supposed, for the

dose she had given him had been a strong one.

"I wish I dared go to sleep," he said.

"Why not? I'll watch and see that no one comes near you. I'm a very good nurse, and think nothing of sitting up all night," she answered, in a very matter of fact voice.

She persuaded him at last, after much argument, to lie down; and, wrapping herself in a fur cloak, sat near him till his babbling voice ceased and his regular breathing told of sleep. The night was cold, with the coldness of northern Indian winter; but she had been afraid to have a fire lighted, lest the sight of it should suggest to his madness a new and horrible form of destruction. A lantern burning in a corner dimly lighted his flushed face, which had a touching air of youth and helplessness. At first he slept uneasily, and she unlaced and took off his heavy boots, and loosened his coat at the throat, with gentle motherly fingers. He looked up, indistinctly murmuring a sentence that ended in a coarse word; but she whispered "Hush! Sydney, don't talk"; and he nestled down on his pillow like a tired child, saying, "I'm so sleepy."

Mrs. Addison did not care to read, and the young face on the pillow, seeming in that dim light far younger than it really was, carried her thoughts back to the days when her sons had been children within the reach of her love: before the inevitable separation of Indian life had done its cruel work. Her babies—her little boys—were now her big sons, and divided from her by more than mere thousands of miles of land and sea. Her face, her ways, her very love for them had grown unfamiliar to them, and they had received her with more criticism than tenderness when she had last "gone home." And yet her heart yearned over all three—Roger, the Woolwich cadet; Ted, at Haileybury; and little Dick, her baby of a few

years ago, who now loved his aunt so dearly and cared for his mother so little. Would they ever seem like her own again, or had her love and pain been wasted, thwarted and set at naught by the dividing power of distance and time?

The sleeping boy—she no longer thought of him as a man—moaned and started, and she smoothed his hair, murmuring, "Hush, dear; hush. It's all right, I'm here. Go to sleep again," in a voice that had power to soothe him, because it was a mother's. Presently his breathing was echoed by a slow snore from the verandah, and she looked out. It was Guj Raj, the unappreciated, who had brought his blanket, unasked, and lay stretched across the doorway. Mary Addison had not thought of taking the precaution of keeping a servant within call, and the unexpected thoughtfulness touched her.

A sudden exaltation of spirit came to her through the night stillness, bracing her tired body for fresh exertions. There was no wrecked or wasted feeling; the might of her love, which could make no manifestation to her own sons, was being utilized to help another woman's son, the unfortunate boy she had found distracted and alone. She had been able to prevent him from committing sheer mad murder, and it might yet be within her power to save the overthrow of a tottering reason. Her plain weary face seemed transfigured by an illuminating purpose as she performed the homely action of lighting a spirit lamp and heating some milk, for she knew that he might wake soon.

He woke presently, with a cry, his eyes full of wild terror, and he struck at her when she tried to reassure him. For weeks after her breast showed the black mark of his blow, and at the moment acute physical pain turned her faint and sick; then the weakness

passed and he was a child again, a big unhappy child, to be coaxed and comforted. Slowly, very slowly, his dark mood changed, he forgot the horror of his dream, was interested in the hot milk given him to drink, and made drowsy by her steady flow of talk in a gentle monotonous voice.

"I like to hear your voice, it keeps dreadful things at bay," he said, and as she sat near him dipping handkerchiefs in water to cool his hot forehead, she found herself singing the hymn that had been her children's lullaby, and repeating again and again what little Dick called "the comfy verse":

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts sup-
ply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest—
No powers of darkness me molest.

How long the dawn was in coming; each time that she looked towards the door she saw the same hopeless darkness. She could have prayed at last for a gleam of the sunrise that should usher in a better day. Surely he was sleeping more peacefully, and his forehead seemed cooler. Was the victory not to be with the powers of darkness after all?

Very slowly a gray light glimmered behind the reed blind, and the crows began to wake. Warwick was still sleeping, and as the light grew stronger she arranged a shawl on a chair to shield his eyes.

Presently there was a sound of arrival outside, and an English voice asking for the mem sahib, and she hurried out to meet the doctor.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Addison? How have you managed?" he asked quickly. "You must have had an awful night. I only got your letter at dawn, and came at once. What have you done with him, where is he? That was the letter of an absolute madman."

"He is asleep still," said Mary Addison, quietly, "he has slept a great part of the night," and she briefly described what had happened. Her face looked very gray and small in the dawn light.

"Have some chota hazeri and then lie down and get a sleep," said the kind little man, whose full title was Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, but who refused to answer to anything longer or more stately than "Doctor." "You've done wonders, and I'll look after him now. I've got a couple of Tommies coming in case he needs a guard, as he hates natives, but I hope they won't be wanted."

"Let me come and tell him who you are—you might startle him."

"Drink your tea and lie down, while I look after my patient," and then she realized for the first time how tired she was.

Three hours later she was arranging the roses on the breakfast table, a little weary eyed, but fresh and alert again, and listening eagerly for voices from the next room.

"Ah, rested? That's right," said Dr. Bailey, entering briskly. "Warwick will be here in a minute, and after breakfast he is coming back with me."

Mary Addison's eyes asked a question that her tongue hesitated to phrase.

"Yes, I think one may hope he will be himself again before long; but he may call it either good luck, or God's mercy, according to his turn of mind, that you came when you did. He's an excitable fellow, and he's got into money troubles, I gather—and I don't mind telling you, his reason was simply hanging in the balance yesterday. He was insane to all intents and purposes, and if it had come to a struggle, if one of these natives had tried to overpower him, he would have gone mad: raging, raving mad."

"Oh, poor boy; will he really recover?"

"I hope so, in time and with care; that sleep he got last night was the best thing possible." He laughed suddenly. "It's funny to look at the size of your hands Mrs. Addison, and think that you have prevented a man from committing two or three murders!"

"He was quite gentle with me."

"Yes, I know that sort of gentleness, and the watching and managing it

needs; and you're a plucky woman, a very plucky woman."

"No I'm not, not a bit," said Mary Addison; "but it might have been one of my own boys ill and in trouble, with no one to look after him. Faney if Roger, or Ted, or my little Dick—"

Her voice broke and she hid her face.

"There's nothing to cry for now," said the doctor.

"That's why I let myself do it," said Mary Addison, through her tears.

Alice Fleming.

Longman's Magazine.

A RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

A star-studded dome of blue or green surmounted by a cross of gleaming gold towering high above a straggling street of squalid cabins—easily mistaken at a distance for natural excrescences in a vast plain steeped in sombre hues—is at once the type of the average Russian village and the symbol of the place occupied by the Church, or rather by religious sentiment, among the forces which mould the great North Slavonic race. Long processions of pious pilgrims, with scrolls and staves, reciting monotonous prayers or uttering fervent ejaculations, cross and recross thousands of miles of this sad sullen country, passing from shrine to shrine, desecrating as they go the finger of God in every gust of wind, in every twinge of pain, admiring awful miracles where others see the operation of natural laws, and communing with angels or confronting devils who move hither and thither as they list, helping or harming the creatures of God. For the masses of the people—meek, melancholy and resigned—are still in the stage of theocracy, and naively translate patriotism, progress and such modern ideas as reach them into their religious equivalents.

The powerful solvent, scepticism, which has undermined or set free so much of good and evil in the societies of Western Europe and even in the upper social strata of Russia itself, will not for generations to come have filtered down into the nether strata of Muscovy. Indeed, for a parallel to the religious Russia of to-day one must look back to the times of the great cathedral builders of England, France and Germany, and in some cases even to the Hebrew community to which the Prophet Amos preached in vain.

Religion is the centre round which everything in Russia revolves. Art, literature, socialism, politics, all feel its attractive force, and even movements which are ostensibly directed against the supernatural itself adopt its methods, borrow its ideals, and cultivate its virtues. The very Nihilists are but religious fanatics with their ideas and sentiments in disarray, and the source whence they draw a degree of selflessness and fortitude which belongs to earlier ages of Christianity is precisely that religious faith in a latent state which they are so eager to stifle in its more active forms. The heroism, which marked their activity, is in truth

no rare phenomenon in contemporary Russia: men there are willing, some indeed eager, to die for their beliefs, and the authorities refusing them a martyr's crown, they often seek and find it, like many over-zealous Christians of bygone times, in self-inflicted suffering and thinly disguised suicide.

No soil could, therefore, be more favorable than this to the growth of the religious reformer, and if the lives of those extraordinary apostles were written who have lived and died for Christ since the days of the Archpriest Avvakoom, a truly interesting chapter would be added to the history of religion and of Russia.

One of the most ideal, influential and sympathetic of these men has just passed away in the person of Colonel Paschkoff, whose name was at one time well known to, and whose work has ever been highly appreciated by, religious circles in this country. A member of the highest aristocracy of the empire, related by blood and marriage to several of the Czar's chief Ministers, himself a colonel of the Imperial Guards, and personally known to Alexander II., he led for years a life of refined pleasure, wherein the aesthetic and intellectual elements largely predominated, as is so often the case in Russian society at its best. From a worldly point of view, perhaps, no kind of life has more serious claims to be regarded as complete than this which consists in whetting and refining one's powers of reception, one's taste for the delicate beauties of poetry, painting, sculpture and music, yet without allowing that inborn sense of happiness to be dulled which feeds upon acts shaped in accordance with our highest moral ideals. For people of that fineness of temper seldom let the influence of the dim future emanating from behind the veil of the present wholly die. In some subtle way religion still ministers to their pleasures, whispering

promises of an everlasting continuance of sublime joys which they paint in colors borrowed from the world they know and love. It was thus in a round of brilliant balls, court functions, military pageants, hunting expeditions, and flying visits to his vast estates scattered over the length and breadth of the empire, that the years of Colonel Paschkoff's life were taking wing, hurrying him on to the point where the rank of General, the post of Member of the Imperial Council and possibly the portfolio of Minister had his aspirations taken that direction, might add zest to his enjoyment or give enlarged scope to his untested powers of administration, when a seemingly uninteresting incident changed his ideals and with them the whole course of his existence.

No one doubted that in due time Colonel Paschkoff, who was one of the most accomplished men in Russian society, and known for the generosity of his character as well as the brilliancy of his parts, would be called upon to occupy a post of trust and responsibility in the government of the empire, if he had not himself resolved to keep free from the cares of office. Certainly the prize lay within his grasp, but his lack of ambition in those swift-winged days of pleasant impressions, and partly, too, his strong sense of responsibility, kept him still in the smooth groove in which he had been moving so long. One day he was invited by a friend to go and listen for an hour to an English lord—an eccentric Briton they called him—who had travelled to St. Petersburg to preach Christ's Gospel to the Russian aristocracy. The preacher was Lord Radstock. What he had to say was as old as Christianity itself, the French in which he delivered his message was lacking in elegance, at times even in grammar, but the earnestness of his manner more than made up for any defects of lan-

guage. Some of his hearers were amused, others transiently interested, a few were deeply touched. Colonel Paschkoff, who spoke English like an Englishman, entered into conversation with the "Lord Apostle," as he was facetiously termed, and the truths of the Gospel flashed upon him with the freshness of a new revelation. He went away asking himself, What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Having once realized the new significance of the teaching of the old Galilean fishermen, Colonel Paschkoff, with whom living and believing were one, re-adjusted his life to the faith he had received. Having already resigned his position in the Guards, he henceforth denied himself every kind of luxury, gave his substance to feed the poor, his right hand seldom knowing what his left was doing, and, throwing open his sumptuous palace on the blue Neva, he invited the classes and the masses to come and hear the Gospel of Jesus. The Russian capital seethed with excitement at the news; students, priests, droschky drivers, beggars, and princes flocked to hear the new preacher. Several members of the highest aristocracy, including Countess Shuvaloff, Princess Gagarin, and the Minister of Ways and Communications, Count Bobrinsky, were won over to primitive Christianity. Meetings were held in palaces and in hovels, tea rooms were open for the needy, refuges for the homeless, and tens of thousands of tracts and New Testaments were printed by Colonel Paschkoff, and distributed by members of the community. In a comparatively short time the movement had spread to the arctic north, the sunny south, to Poland and Lithuania in the west, and to the Persian frontiers and Siberia in the east, working wonders everywhere.

The peasant, listless, lazy, lying, and greedy (as Maxim Gorky has por-

trayed him), became zealous, painstaking, truthful, and unselfish; Poles, Russians, and Germans, Greek Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Lutherans felt drawn together by a bond of brotherhood stronger than that of nature, and all Russia seemed springing up into new life.

No distinction was made between Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Russian, Pole, or German. All were asked to believe, to realize, that Christ was God, and had redeemed mankind by His death on the cross; dogmas, liturgies, services, and discipline being all left to find their own level. No one was required formally to leave his Church. Parallel with this religious revival ran an educational movement which bade fair to awaken the people from the slumber of centuries. Ladies of the aristocracy opened private schools, and taught the peasants to read, that they might themselves extract comfort from the teachings of the New Testament. Colonel Paschkoff travelled through the towns and hamlets of Russia, sleeping in the smoky huts of the peasants, consoling them in their troubles, and relieving their distress. He did not, as others had done, divest himself of his property with a flourish of trumpets, and make it over to his relations, bettering no man by the transaction. But he spent it, most generously, on the poor and suffering, with a secrecy and tact to which I have never seen a parallel. Students who had been starving on black bread and weak tea were enabled to finish their studies; families about to disperse for lack of subsistence were kept together by relief from an unseen source; the sick were cared for by his physicians or sent to the hospitals at his expense; and wherever he appeared his presence was welcomed as that of a savior. In a few years he thus spent a large fortune in works of Christian charity.

His influence over men of the most opposite temperaments and ideas was astounding. Professors, physicians, princes and peasants, some of them come to amuse themselves at his expense, heard him, believed, and threw themselves heartily into the movement. I remember one student in particular who invited me to come and see the "leader of the new fashion." "Dostoeffsky is my prophet," he added, "and I have no intention of setting up an aristocrat in his place. But I should like to see the sort of man Paschkoff is, and the types of people who follow him: they must be a choice lot." He went and returned again, and when I last saw him he had substituted, not indeed Colonel Paschkoff, but the New Testament which the latter had given him, for the ethical teachings of Dostoeffsky. On another occasion a Russian priest was tempted to go to hear him in order to obtain some local color for his diatribes against "the impertinent layman who will neither enter the Church nor behave as a layman." He too came away a changed man. He did not, it is true, identify himself with the revival, but he confided to me that "Paschkoff was doing excellent work, and doing it better than many of ourselves."

To the prisons he was a constant visitor, special facilities being accorded him by the Government, and there are many men and women now leading exemplary lives throughout the empire whom his word and example there reclaimed from a career of vice and misery. One day, I remember, some one told him that a promising young man had been arrested for no reason that could be ascertained, possibly in error, and removed to Siberia. "Surely he was guilty of some crime or offence," objected the Colonel. "No, nothing whatever," was the reply. "Well, if that be true, I will see that justice be done him." "Oh, he is too

far away now," exclaimed the prisoner's friend. "No matter where he is, I will have the matter inquired into, and if it be as you say, he shall be set at liberty." The youth was in truth over 2000 versts distant from the capital, on his way to Siberia, but Colonel Paschkoff had an interview with the Minister of the Interior next day, and fulfilled his promise to the letter.

The impulse thus given by Colonel Paschkoff seemed destined to react upon all society, quickening the peasantry especially into new life, spiritual and intellectual. Writers and journalists gave it as their opinion that the movement which had been set going carried within it the germs of social as well of ethical regeneration, and many prophesied that the awakening of the people would be effected through this channel. Those who deemed it desirable that there should be no awakening as yet, called the Czar's attention to Colonel Paschkoff's activity, and suggested the desirability of putting a stop to it without delay. But Alexander II., well knowing that he had no more loyal subjects than the members of the new community, and eager to see his people better fitted for the reforms which he was minded to grant them, refused to forbid prayers and good works. And the "Paschkovite Sect" increased and multiplied.

The bomb which put an end to the career of the well-intentioned Emperor killed the germs of many a salutary enterprise which might have thriven and borne good fruits. Among the advisers of the new Czar, Alexander III., were some who, holding that the principle of autocracy was indissolubly bound up with the institutions of the Church, urged upon the monarch the necessity of staying the progress of the new "sect." Private interpretations applied to the Gospel were therefore declared to be inconsistent with orthodoxy and prejudicial to the State,

whereupon the so-called "Stundists"—Evangelical Christians, differing scarcely at all from the people converted by Colonel Paschkoff—were arrested, tried, convicted and deported to distant and unhealthy parts of the empire; and soon afterwards Mr. Paschkoff himself was called upon to abandon his apostolic work.

This he absolutely refused to do, for had not his Master said: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

For some time after this he was left in peace, but a sharp eye was kept on all his movements, which were gradually hampered. Priests, too, were sent to argue him back to the fold of the Church, but some of them came away convinced that he was on the right path. Though he could repeat most of the New Testament by heart, he laid little stress on polemics. Indeed, he never confounded controversy with religion, nor did he chill the heart by exercising the head.

Revelation to him was very much more than the conclusion of a syllogism. Conversion by argument is very often no conversion at all. The true religious apostle communicates his faith, his enthusiasm, his charity as fire kindles fire. For religion is catching, although it is only the truly religious man who is a flame. To the supernatural world there is no access by mere reasoning, one can perceive only with the inner sense, if at all, the fine threads which link the petty humdrum life of men with the calm sphere of the eternal. Hence Colonel Paschkoff never took his inspiration from outside; his words flowed from an out-welling reservoir within, and went from heart to heart, drawing people towards him in some subtle way, virtue, as it were, going out of him.

And herein lies the difference between him and Leo Tolstoy, whose re-

ligion is cold, argumentative, rationalistic, appealing solely to the intellect while leaving the heart untouched. Filled with that love of his fellows which springs from the spirit of Christ, Colonel Paschkoff had comfort for every sorrow, balm for every wound, and widespread arms for every aching breast.

The spiritual life upon which he exhorted his hearers to enter was well-tempered to men of all dispositions, to Christians of all theological schools. Hence members of various churches came, heard, and were fired to action by his words. The simplicity of his exhortations and the impressiveness of his manner enabled him to deliver sermons the most effective—in the highest sense of the word—that I have ever heard. Even those who, like myself, were unable to accept the historical propositions which his teaching of necessity implied, went away the better and happier for having heard it; and I have no hesitation in saying that if the admirable fruits of a set of religious tenets could be admitted as a proof of the accuracy of the narrative underlying them, Mr. Paschkoff would have presented the most telling argument in favor of his interpretation of Christianity that has been offered for many centuries.

The detachment of his thoughts from worldly things, in the midst of which he continued to live, was as complete as that of an anchorite or a Trappist. His mind was continuously fixed on the supernatural world with a degree of absorption so entire that his power of passing naturally to tender yet tactful care of the wants of others appeared little short of miraculous. A healthy optimism marked his views of life; indulgence born of charity shaped his judgment of the acts of men—even of the very few who requited his good with evil; and, living in a sphere illumined by vast breadths of calm light,

he never allowed his zeal to degenerate into fanaticism or intolerance.

The Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, M. Pobedonostseff, who carried out the various decrees issued against Mr. Paschkoff, held the "Sectarian" in high esteem, and professed a deep respect for his conscientious firmness, which he himself was putting to the severest tests. One by one the institutions founded by Colonel Paschkoff were closed. At first the biblical texts which hung from the walls of the tea-rooms were removed, then the rooms were closed; many of the religious publications, once sanctioned, were forbidden; public revival meetings were prohibited, and at last many of the brethren forfeited their liberty in order to keep their faith.

While the storm clouds were thus gathering over his head, Mr. Paschkoff paid one of his frequent visits to England, a country he never ceased to love. During his stay here, a rumor circulated that he had been banished from Russia, and that his property had been confiscated by the Government. Both statements were untrue. One morning, however, the post brought the Colonel a letter from an English lady, whom he had never seen, but who was well acquainted with the nature and progress of his lifework, and was desirous of enabling him to continue to carry it on. She stated that she possessed a considerable fortune, and would be grateful for the privilege of being allowed to present him with a large part of it.

The Czar Alexander III. looked askant upon every religious movement which had not its source in the Orthodox Church. The "Paschkovite Sect" provoked his displeasure in an especial manner for he believed that it tended to foster a spirit of criticism which, if allowed to develop, would be applied to political matters as ruthlessly as to ecclesiastical. His feeling was inten-

sified when, on the death of a celebrated Russian magnate, the widow, an ardent apostle of the new "Sect," neglected to have the traditional Church services chanted for the repose of his soul. The Emperor made no secret of his displeasure. The explanation given—that the service was omitted at the request of the dying nobleman—was considered insufficient, and severe measures were put in force against the evangelical Christians.

Colonel Paschkoff himself was called upon to choose between residence in Russia on condition that he would never again preach the gospel of Christ and going into life-long exile. His choice was made unhesitatingly. M. Pobedonostseff, who had a long conversation with him on the subject and who personally treated Mr. Paschkoff, his official adversary, with the utmost consideration, gave him the kiss of peace, and the "Sectarian" left forever the country he so tenderly loved.¹ Since then he had been living in England, Austria, Paris and Rome zealously carrying on the work of his life, but the community which he founded at home, far from dispersing at the blast of the danger-trumpet, has, I am assured, not only held its own, but considerably gained ground.

From the first day of his conversion, when he attuned himself to the new order of things, down to the moment of his death in Paris (February 8, 1902), no false note ever jarred upon the harmony of a career in all respects congruous with a firm religious faith. Cheerfulness was one of the most striking characteristics of the man, one of the chief tests of the power of his belief to buoy him up through a life chequered by difficulties and disappointments. He was wholly free from the sadness which one is wont to asso-

¹ He returned since then on two occasions, but only for a few days, during the serious illness of members of his family.

ciate with a high level of Christian perfection, from the shadows cast by the evil which men of his vocation combat. Even that homesickness for a better world, which imparts a touch of melancholy to those whose sole desire is to be released from this, left no trace upon Mr. Paschkoff.

I have heard eminent preachers of various churches in many lands, but none among them all possessed the same degree of strength—a strength which never turned to bitterness—combined with the marvellous tact and fas-

cinating sweetness that characterized Colonel Paschkoff. Fascinating is in truth the only word which I may use to convey the mysterious nature of the power he wielded over all who came under his spell. His example was powerful for good even with those who on historical grounds could not accept his doctrine, and the secret of his influence lay, I take it, in the inlet which his life afforded into the true spirit of Christ's Christianity. His striving was with loving, his living was in deed.

E. J. Dillon.

The Sunday Magazine.

THE WAY WITH WEEDS.

If you leave matters to your gardener, weeds can be treated with silent contempt. Their hour will arrive when he has taken off his coat, tightened his belt and started to dig. He will not stop digging until he has converted all the flower-beds into neat brown puddings of various shapes. "Weeds?" he says in reply to inquiries, "yes, there was a tidy few. But there ain't none now." And he is approximately correct. Between his upheaving spade and horny, crablike fingers it is a poor weed that has escaped; and even then the odds are that it is buried eight inches deep and root upwards. It will be a poorer weed still when the earthworm has done with it.

But the radical revolution which the gardener effects at fixed periods has its drawbacks. With the weeds have gone all kinds of interesting seedlings and offshoots which you had purposed to cherish; for the gardener's spade has no bowels. Those, therefore, who would like to ascertain by experience what a rank jungle they can have next year, by carefully fostering this year's seedlings, may dispense with the gar-

dener's spade and set about "doing up" the flower beds themselves with a trowel.

Chickweed, for instance, provides a liberal education by itself. Not unpleasing to look upon, as a tangled green mat among your perennial Alpine creeping plants, this innocent-looking weed invites early attention. You pluck a strand or two and they come away readily in the hand. "Birds like chickweed"; so you place them on one side for your bulfinch. In doing so you notice that there are no roots attached. This must be seen to; and you proceed to investigate matters from the point where the strands broke off short. You find the plant obligingly simple in construction. About forty thin stalks, each branching in many directions, radiate from a common centre. They are so tangled up with everything around that you are rather proud of your generalship when you have them all, except two or three, firmly grasped in your hand. A slight pull—it does not require a strong one to break the thin stem of the chickweed—and the whole thing comes off short in your hand leaving

the roots in the ground. From these you know that a new plant will spring in less than no time, so you search carefully for the broken stem. The part left is about a quarter of an inch long, as slippery as an eel and as thin as soda-water wire, and holds to the soil like grim death. It "gives" at last and brings up several small clods of earth with it. You shake these off and place the root triumphantly in the basket.

A flourishing dock plant catches your eye. Four times a day you have passed that flower-bed and you have always had an uneasy idea that something was wrong with your prim battalion of mignonette. There was a dash of rankness about it and a slight discord in the shades of green. Somehow you were always too busy to investigate, but now, when the rain has flung the straggling mignonette, heavy with moisture, to the ground, there is no disguising the fact that the clump has been 30 per cent. dock all the while. Indignation at having been imposed upon lends vice to the grip with which you seize the dock, and a sudden upward jerk leaves you with enough leaves in your hand to feed a rabbit; but the root of the dock is still in the ground. It is the peculiarity of this plant to anchor itself to the Antipodes; though with perseverance you can excavate a good deal of its root in three-inch lengths. The mignonette looked draggled before you commenced your fray with the dock; by the time you have finished it is only fit for the rubbish heap, and—up it comes, too. With a sigh of relief you notice that, although weeds may cling to their ill-gotten territory with all the tenacity of Frenchmen, mignonette, like other garden flowers, yields gently at the first time of asking. This is a beneficent arrangement of Nature to teach man caution and self-restraint in weeding. For man is naturally lazy; and if things were arranged contrariwise he

would cheaply discriminate between weeds and seedlings by giving them a tug all round. Now he has to be careful. If he touches a flower-plant, it comes out of the ground at once; if he passes over a weed, thinking it may be a flower, it strikes roots through several geological strata and spreads abroad like the rumor of a dog-fight.

Quietly aggravating weeds, in the matter of pretending to be flower-plants and refusing to "come up" if the fraud is detected, are the various spurges. The emerald hue of their neatly rounded leaves suggests engaging potentialities of blossom, and it is not until they have shed most of their seed that you realize the deception which has been practised upon you by their subterfuge of bright green flowering bracts instead of flowers. Then you pluck at them, and each breaks off short and leaves a drop of milk-white fluid upon your index finger. This fluid will, says rustic legend, cure warts if you have them or give you warts if you have them not. As you have no burning desire for warts you pause from your labors once more to wipe your fingers. In doing so you leave upon the handkerchief a good deal of garden earth which you may transfer later to your forehead and the side of your nose when you mop your heated brow.

But a man who weeds his own garden must not be afraid of a little earth upon the side of his nose. It is the badge of honest toil; and so is a thorn in his finger. You never realize the true meaning of the recurved thorns on a rose-bush until you have done a little weeding. Botanists, by the way, join issue with the poets and the public generally by asserting that no roses have thorns, but only "prickles," which are "modified setaceous processes of the epidermis." It is good moral training, when you have a few buried in the epidermis of the back of your hand, to try and remember this. And you can

get them into the back of your hand without any trouble whatever. All you have to do is to endeavor resolutely to clear away the bindweed from a rose-bush, and Nature does the rest. In the first place the bindweed has so cork-screwed itself in and out of the main stems of the rose-tree that you are tempted to insinuate your hand into narrow places when there is barely room for it. Then you grab several strands of the bindweed and pull gently and cautiously. The bindweed "gives" just enough to suggest that you can pull it clean away, and you put a little more force into the tug. Then something happens. It may be that the soft white root of the bindweed has parted several inches underground, or that one or more of the twisted strands at one side have loosened their hold. The result is the same. Your even-handed pull is suddenly converted into a sideways jerk, and a number of the modified setaceous processes of the epidermis of the rose-tree are buried to the hilt in the back of your hand. Each leaves an angry blood-black spot which aches, suggesting that the points may have broken off inside, with blood poisoning to follow. One is almost inclined, after a few of such experiences, to finish the work and the rose-bush with a niblick. But the bindweed would laugh at niblicks. Nothing less than the gardener's spade will reach the vital principle in its roots, and then most of the foundations of the rose-bush come up with it. You can, however, discourage the bindweed a good deal by tracing its convolutions downwards to the point where it leaves the ground and with a careful, perpendicular pull you may unearth many inches of white worm-like stalk. If you leave these lying about, they will take root afresh in the ground, and if you decide to clear them away you will find that the twining green stems which grow out of them had straggled off in the

direction of all the neighboring parishes and taken a twist round many chrysanthemums and geraniums *en route*. It will be quite an assortment of things that goes with the bindweed to the rubbish heap; for its cork-screw folds are just loose enough to yield when you pull and yet just tight enough to lasso the best of the leaves and flowers.

There are two kinds of bindweed, the large and the small. If either did not exist, you would say that the other was the greatest possible nuisance in a flower-bed.

The dandelion should, in spite of the botanists, be classed with the dock. Like that hardened sinner, it has roots which go down to the source of all evil, and leaves which flourish exceedingly among your violets. Presently, it betrays its presence by a gaudy yellow flower, that catches your eye one day as you hurry away to catch a train and causes you to make a mental memorandum that you will have it out of that to-morrow. When you come back, the flower has shut up, and you are not reminded of the hateful presence. To-morrow you forget and it seems only the next day or so when the dandelion fluff is wandering with the wind all over the place. This decides you to immediate action, and, grasping the offender by its coronal of spreading greenery you tug at him and he leaves in your hand what looks like an assortment of greengrocer's lettuces, but no roots. These have to be searched out with as much circumspection and care as the roots of dock or Sanskrit.

In the case of weeds, where all must be placed upon your *index expurgatorius*, it may seem waste of time to dilate upon individually objectionable characters; but no reference to the subject could be so cursory, and no experience of miscellaneous gardening so brief as not to include the nettle. This, indeed, is the only weed which compels

the most inobservant to master some of the rudiments of botany. The fool who puts his hand on a thistle deserves to be pricked, as surely as he who sticks his finger in the parrot's cage must expect to be bitten. There is as little disguise about the thistle as the bird. The weed's spines shout at you. So does the parrot. But the solitary nettle, the innocent-looking pioneer of a pestilent colony, might be a flourishing *Salvia* or *Canterbury bell*, and may lead any one into painful mistakes. It is, therefore, part of your duty towards your family to clear your mixed borders of nettles. And not every one who is familiar with the three-foot rankness of the clustered common nettle is also aware that there is a nasty little insect of a nettle, which may be only a few inches high, that stings just as badly. You find this out when, with that easy jerk of the wrist which brings up all the little weeds one after the other, you are just going to add your first specimen of *Urtica urens* to the weed-heap. It is too late to let go them, for it has already stung you; but you will look out for it in the future and not weed so fast. (It may not be out of place here to refer to a characteristically mean action of this weed in connection with myself. My readers may have wondered what an illustration of a nettle was doing in a previous article, which dealt with the flowers of winter. That illustration has been supplied to the Editor as evidence that pictures of weeds were not worth reproduction; but of course the weed smuggled itself among the winter flowers and appeared as such. A better instance of the low cunning of these

despicable vegetables could hardly be quoted.)

Compared with those mentioned, the rest of the weed family may be summarily dealt with. The Shepherd's Purse comes up in multitudes everywhere, looking like seedlings, and when in doubt you leave it for a day or two it seizes the interval to flower and fructify and scatter its seeds. Perhaps that is why its seed pods are called Shepherd's Purses; when you come to them they are always empty. Besides these, there are various kinds of small things like dandelions in miniature with varying degrees of adhesiveness to the soil, and others which would be starworts if they had any flowers; others again which pretend to be mignonette, and straggling little speedwells and pimpernels whose tiny blue or scarlet blossom might look handsome under a magnifying glass. There are also some thistles which break off short, goosefoot which brings up the flower-bed with it, and cleavers which pulls up all the flowers round it. Lastly, there is grass of many kinds; sometimes a single threadlike stalk which finds its way upwards to preposterous altitudes among the fuchsias, and waves its feathery head aloft; sometimes a dense tuft of matted fodder which comes up with a bang, after a hard pull, and leaves a large hole in the flower-bed. Sometimes there is grass so brittle that it comes away at every joint except the root, and sometimes so tough that it cuts the fingers. By the time you have cleared a long flower-bed of grass alone, you have richly earned a backache.

E. Kay Robinson.

Good Words.

THE £4,000 BIBLE—AND OTHERS.

Four thousand pounds for a Bible! Such was the figure paid not so long ago in a London auction room. People talk of Cremona violin collecting as a craze, but the highest price hitherto paid for a Cremona is only a modest £2,000. And after all there is some practical advantage to be gained from the possession of an old violin. A violin improves with age, and a specimen from the hands of Stradivarius will give out a music that no modern instrument can match. But Bibles? Well, Bibles are printed and sold that they may be read; and to the uninitiated it would seem that there can be no inherent or appreciable distinction between a Bible priced at four shillings and one priced at four thousand. But the bibliomaniac knows better. He does not, like Browning's poet, "glance o'er books on stalls with half an eye." He employs both his eyes, and the whole of them too. He knows that rare books are not bought to be read—not primarily at least; they are bought for the pleasure of "collecting" them. Moreover, the bibliomaniac generally buys in a particular line. He is like the man who has been described as purchasing "as many little Elzevirs as he can lay his hands upon," for the sake of collecting them into a library, "where other books are scarce enough." So there is the Bible collector, and his prize is the great edition of the Scriptures for which the enthusiast paid the £4,000, the highest sum ever given for a Bible.

The precious volume which thus engages the interest of the bibliomaniac has come to be known as the Mazarin Bible since the discovery of a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It ought more properly to be

called the Gutenberg Bible, coming as it does from the press of the benefactor who discovered the art of printing from movable metal types. The Mazarin Bible is, in fact, the first book so printed, the slow and expensive process of using engraved blocks being the only resource of the printer prior to its appearance. It is said that Gutenberg issued it to the clergy as a genuine manuscript, and that his townsmen believed him to be in league with the devil. There is no date on the book, and the precise year in which it was printed cannot be fixed; it is generally supposed to have been issued before 1456. It is a folio of 641 leaves, and is printed in black-letter in double columns, without title-page or pagination.

For strength and beauty of the paper (which bears four water-marks throughout), lustre of the ink, and exact uniformity of impression, it has never, says an authority, been equalled by any other work. It "seems marvellous, in looking at the pages of those splendid volumes, that the inventor of printing should, by a single effort, have exhibited the perfection of his art." That he chose the Scriptures for the introduction of that art is a point worth noting. As Hallam, the historian, has put it, we may see in imagination the venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by "dedicating its first-fruits to the service of heaven." No wonder that an enthusiastic "cataloguer" described it once as the most important and distinguished article in the whole annals of typography, "a treasure which would exalt the humblest, and stamp with a due character

of dignity the proudest collection in the world."

Unfortunately, nowadays it is only the owners of the proudest collections who can afford to indulge even the hope of such a possession. A hundred years ago one might have bought a Mazarin Bible for the modern price of a first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," but that time has gone for ever. Mr. Perkins, of Hanworth Park, had two copies, one in vellum, the other on paper. He bought the vellum copy in 1825 for £504, and the paper copy for £199 10s. His library was sold in 1873; the vellum copy then brought £3,400, and the paper copy £2,690. The purchaser of the former was the Earl of Ashburnham, and when his library was sold in 1897 the treasure produced £4,000. This is a splendid instance of rising value, especially when the fact is recalled that ten years before Mr. Perkins made his purchase—that is to say, in 1825—a perfect copy on vellum realized only £175. The Earl of Hopetoun was the fortunate possessor of a Mazarin, though he did not know it until the sale catalogue of his library came to be made up. Mr. Quaritch, the Piccadilly book magnate, bought this copy for £2,000. At Sir John Thordold's sale in 1884 Mr. Quaritch was also the lucky bidder for a copy which appeared there. This time he began at £1,000, and after a spirited contest the volume was knocked down to him at £3,850. Doubtless when a "Mazarin" next comes into the market, it will realize a sum considerably in advance of any figure yet associated with the book.

Many early editions of the Bible are sought after by the collector, with the natural result that they produce a long price when a copy turns up. Thus a copy of the first printed Latin Bible (1462) was knocked down at the Ashburnham sale for £1,500 while Myles Coverdale's English Bible of 1535 ran up to £820. In a good many cases the

bibliomaniac hunts his quarry merely because of some peculiarity of translation. There is, for example, the well-known "Bugge" Bible, which is unsuspectingly connected with a popular misconception. This edition takes its name from a somewhat curious rendering of Psalm xci. 5: "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugges by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." The sentence in the prologue reads as follows: "He that hath the spirit of Christ is now no more a child; he neither learneth or maketh now any longer for pain of the rod, or for fear of bogges, or pleasure of apples." There used to be a great deal of discussion about the precise meaning of the word "bugge" as so applied; for of course the signification is quite different from that now attached to it. But the word means simply evil spirit; it is from the same root that we have the word "bugaboo," and the modern "bogle" dreaded of the children. The "Bugge" Bible is sought for not alone on account of the peculiarity which has brought it its name: the prologues, by Tyndale, gave such offence to the clergy that they caused the edition to be entirely suppressed. This of course means that the work is excessively rare; and for a book to be rare is enough to set all the bibliomaniacs on its track. The edition always produces a good price in the market. One collector's copy sold for £60, and an imperfect specimen brought £45 some years ago in a London auction room.

The so-called "Breeches" Bible of 1560 is not so valuable. It owes its name and distinction to the rendering of Genesis iii. 7: "Then the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked. And they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." The "Rosin" and the "Treacle" Bibles both take their name from translations of the well-known question of Jeremiah now

rendered "Is there no balm in Gilead?" In the one case, for the word "balm" we have "rosin," and in the other case "treacle." The word thus rendered by three different English words often occurs in the Bible; and it is curious to note that, although the Authorized Version has "balm" in the text, it gives "rosin" in the margin as an alternative reading. King James's translators were evidently doubtful as to which word exactly represented the original. With these two editions may be classed the "Vinegar" Bible of 1717. In this case, the name comes from the headline of St. Luke, chapter xx., the word "vinegar" being printed in mistake for "vineyard," thus: "The parable of the vinegar."

About the year 1630 several small Bibles were printed by Robert Barker, the most notable of which was the octavo of 1631. This is known as the "Wicked" Bible, from the omission of the "not" from the Seventh Commandment. The error must have been discovered before the printing of the edition was finished, for in several extant copies the negative is in its place. Nevertheless, the hapless printer was cast in a fine of £300 by Archbishop Laud, the money, we are told, being expended in "a fount of fair Greek type," which was to render almost impossible such enormities as the above. Only four copies of the "Wicked" Bible are known to exist; but curiously enough the same blunder has lately been detected in a German edition. Some collectors run after the "Whig" Bible, so called because the ninth verse of Matthew v. is made to read: "Blessed are the place-makers for they shall be called the children of God." This rare volume, seldom found in a perfect condition, was sent into the world by a Geneva printer in 1562. In 1613 Barker, the London printer, made two issues of the Bible, which are generally distinguished as the "Great He" and the

"Great She" Bibles, from the blunder which substituted "he" for "she" in the last clause of Ruth iii. 15. Copies of either edition usually fetch a good price. Not many years ago an imperfect copy of the "she" issue brought ten guineas at Puttick's sale-room. The "Wife-beater's" Bible—fortunately, perhaps—is seldom noticed. In this edition the husband is exhorted to "endeavor to beat the fear of God into her"—a method certainly calculated to inspire the fear of man!

Published in London in 1572, the "Pagan" Bible is a real curiosity, containing as it does at St. John, 1st Epistle, chapter 1., a woodcut of Mount Olympus and the Gods—Leda and Swan, Daphne and Apollo. This extraordinary Bible also contains other scenes from the "Metamorphoses." It is perfectly inconceivable, says a writer, "how such utterly inappropriate illustrations should have been allowed a place in an edition of the Bible." It is well known, however, that two or three centuries ago the difficulties of reproducing pictures of any kind in books were so great that one block was made to do duty not only in several works of wholly diverse kind, but was even used over and over again in the same book. The first Bible printed in Scotland is another of the rarities sought after by the collector. It was from the press of Thomas Bassandyne, and bears the date 1576. The only perfect copy known is in the possession of the Earl of Morton. Average specimens, if in good condition, usually fetch something like £20. Of merely curious Bibles there are a large number. Thus there is the "Persecuting Printer's" Bible, in which the Psalmist is made to say: "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." The "Ear to Ear" Bible was printed at Oxford in 1810, and takes its name from the rendering of Matthew xiii. 43: "Who hath ears to ear, let him ear." No fewer

than three editions, the latest being of 1823, transform the word "fishers" in Ezekiel xlvi. 10, into "fishes," so that the phrase reads: "fishes shall stand upon it." These editions are accordingly known as the "Standing-fishes" Bible. The "To Remain" Bible obtained its name from a very curious circumstance. In this edition, Galatians iv. 29 reads: "Persecuted him that was born after the Spirit to remain, even so

it is now." While the work of this edition was in preparation the proof-reader was somewhat puzzled about the question of whether a comma should be inserted after the word Spirit, and accordingly asked his superior. When the superior returned the proof-sheet it had the words "To remain" pencilled on the margin, and the printer inserted the two words into the body of the text!

The Gentleman's Magazine.

J. Cuthbert Hadden.

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC.

For the sake of convenience, though no one factor in existing Pacific problems can in truth be separated from those others with which it is entangled, we may best discuss the questions before us by adhering roughly to the sequence of the seven great events which have wrought a complete revolution in the politics of the Pacific. Thus we will give our attention in turn to Japan; to the arrival of the United States in the heart of the Pacific; to China and its future; to Russia's appearance upon the scene and the results which are likely to follow thereon; to the consequences which will probably be the outcome of the creation of the Australian Commonwealth; to the scramble for maritime supremacy which will ensue when the Trans-Isthmian Canal is a *fait accompli*; and, finally, to the position occupied by Great Britain to-day, and that which she is likely to occupy in the future, having regard to the expansion of other nations.

The awakening of Japan, her sudden emergence from comparative obscurity into a prominence which will take no denial, her marvellous political and commercial energy, her easy attainment to a height of civilization which has already caused more than one

white nation to blush for its unsuspected inferiority,—all these things have been so startling, so dramatic, that they have forced themselves upon the notice of the least observant. The broad outline of this extraordinary chapter in Asiatic history is known to every reader, and we need not repeat the story here. What it is important that Europeans should not forget, however, is that a new Power has come into the Pacific, a Power which has its base on the spot,—an advantage which is shared by no other nation concerned,—and which not only can do much towards moulding the future history of this part of the world, but has given evident signs of her full intention of availing herself of her opportunities. Japan stands before the world to-day as the one Asiatic nation which has proved that she is capable of self-government,—of not only conceiving high ideals, but of striving for them resolutely, and of attaining such as may be obtained. Immediately after the war with China reasons were not lacking for the supposition that Japan might cherish the desire of coming forward as the champion of the Asiatic against European encroachment; and this may even yet come to pass when her finance has recovered from the

enormous strains imposed upon it by recent events, and when she has completed and perfected her armament. Already she has tried an interesting experiment in oriental colonization, having annexed Formosa, which she is now governing in no selfish spirit, and upon lines closely copied from those which Great Britain has worked out for the administration of an inferior people. Hitherto conquest in Asia by Asiatics has been synonymous with every kind of excess, and the subjugation of a weaker race has always resulted in ruthless tyranny. But in this, as in all else, Japan has revolutionized the traditions of the East, and to-day we have before us the remarkable spectacle of an Asiatic race ruling over a wild and turbulent brown people with a good sense and an altruism which does not always distinguish the colonial administrations of European nations. The reasons which led Japan to insist upon Formosa being ceded to her by China were principally strategic, since the command of the Formosa Channel is a matter to her of primary importance, which materially adds to her strength in China seas; but having taken up the burden of colonization, she has so far acquitted herself well, and it is probable that the island is regarded by her more far-seeing statesmen in the light of a preparatory school in which Japanese civil servants may gain the experience needed for the handling of an alien race that later may stand them in good stead. At any rate, though of recent years less has been heard than formerly of Japan's desire to pose as the protector of the Asiatic nations whose independence is threatened by the aggression of European Powers, there is little room for doubt but that she continues to cherish such aspirations, and we incline to the belief that this desire on her part will have a great and lasting effect upon the future

history of the Pacific. We need not enlarge upon the subject now, as we shall have occasion to recur to it in a later paragraph when discussing the probable developments in China which will result from the recent conflict with the Powers.

Turning next to the Philippines, we are confronted with a new and quite unexpected development, which chance rather than the premeditated planning of statesmen has wrought in the political world of the Pacific. The presence of the United States in the old Spanish colonies means the elimination of a factor which had long been a *quantité négligeable*, and the substitution therefor of a nation which is possessed by the restless energy, the "pushfulness," and the enterprise which are such marked characteristics of this branch of the Anglo-Saxon family. From such an alteration it is safe to predict that much that was formerly unlikely has now become probable. The United States will have to be taken into account by all the Powers interested in the Pacific to an extent very different to that which limited their dealings with Spain.

The experiment in colonization and in the fashioning of the destinies of an inferior race, to which the United States is now committed, has from the first been watched not only with interest but with sympathy by Englishmen. Many of us hold that, as a people, we have inherited a sort of heaven-sent gift for work of this kind, forgetting how incalculable are the advantages which we owe to a continuity of tradition in the administration of Orientals, to the experience derived from the countless blunders made by us in early times when blunders were neither widely known nor fatal in their consequences, and to our peculiar home conditions, which serve as an inducement to the right class of men to voluntarily under-

take duties in Asia in spite of the life-long banishment which they entail. No other European nation except Holland possesses any of these essential advantages to anything approaching the same degree, and the Dutch, ever slow to advance, have adhered closely to the principles and the methods which governed the first enterprises undertaken by European conquerors in the East. But as we have said, men who have not seen things for themselves on the spot are apt to overlook the primary causes of our success, and to point only to the success itself as a sure token of the innate superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. Therefore, when the United States "took up the white man's burden," many Englishmen jumped to the conclusion that, since our achievements in Asia were attributable in their opinion to certain peculiar qualities proper to the Anglo-Saxon race, the Americans would surely succeed where so many other nations had failed dismally.

Unfortunately this view is one which we have always been unable to accept. Holding, as we do, that the theory of some peculiar aptitude—though aptitude there undoubtedly is—has less to do with our success than have experience, tradition, and circumstances, it seemed to us from the first that the United States was very heavily handicapped in the enterprise which it had been forced to undertake. In his fine poem Mr. Rudyard Kipling besought the Americans to "send forth the best you breed," and if that could be done all might yet be well. It is the principle upon which Great Britain has acted for more than a century, but she has so acted from necessity and not from choice. Hundreds of men belonging to our upper and upper middle classes go out to the East to fill the gaps in the government service, and accept quite cheerfully the prospect of banishment from home. It

is hardly too much to say, however, that not one per cent. of all these hundreds would elect to serve in the East if he were in a position to support himself and those dependent upon him in decency and honor in the country of his birth. He goes because there is no room for him at home; he stays because the knowledge and experience which he acquires in Asia are of a nature that profits him little west of Suez. He may learn to love the East, and to be heart and soul devoted to the land of his adoption, but the fact remains that in the beginning he was propelled by grim necessity.

No such incentive is likely for many years to be called into operation in the United States. There is room and to spare for every American citizen who cares to remain in his own land and who does not wish to exchange his congenial native climate for the moist heat of the Philippines; and in addition to this it must be remembered that the passion for the acquirement of wealth is far more general and is vastly stronger in the heart of the average American than it is among our own people. "The best they breed" are not to be bought body and soul in the United States for the paltry salaries which suffice to induce Englishmen to enter our oriental civil services, and on the other hand, there are a thousand and one reasons why the cultured American of the better class should not consent to bury himself in a place of such restricted opportunities as the Philippines. One or two really able men may be persuaded to accept a few of the very senior appointments, tempted by the chance thus afforded them of making their mark in history; but the rank and file of the American over-seas service can hardly fail to be recruited from the classes which in all lands are least calculated to inspire the confidence or the respect of a sensitive oriental people. Unless the understrappers already installed in

the Philippines are grossly maligned by those who have had dealings with them, bribery and corruption are almost openly practised by many of them, and the present writer remembers hearing a worthy German merchant loudly bewailing the fact that while the Spaniard had been a cheap soul, content with a Mexican *real* or at times with even a few cents, the minor American official was a man of grand ideas, who based his pretensions on the standard of the "gold" dollar. Be this as it may, however, certain it is that the rank and file of the civil service are at present recruited solely from the nominees of Senators and others, without any special regard to fitness; that the best class of American citizen has no desire to compete for such posts; and that in Eastern lands it is the rank and file that really matters, since they are the men who come into intimate personal contact with the natives whose fate is in their hands. Accordingly we regard the outlook of the United States in the Philippines as exceedingly black; nor is our confidence increased by a consideration of the methods which it is proposed should be employed for the development of the natives, with a view to ultimately fitting them for citizenship in the Republic. Education is to be the sovereign panacea. The Filipino is to be educated up to the standard of modern requirements among white races; in the meantime he is given a certain semblance of self-government under strict supervision and limitations—a semblance which he is quite quick enough to detect is an empty sham; republican susceptibilities in the States are to be salved by the promise that the Filipino is, in a word, to be transformed by machinery into a white man, and is to be ultimately admitted as an equal.

There is something absolutely pathetic in the magnificence of this theory, as a theory, and its total imprac-

ticability. If experience teaches us anything, it proves beyond dispute that the brown man is not, and can never become, a white man; that he has certain qualities, certain virtues, and certain claims on our affection; but that he lacks the strength of moral fibre, the continuity of purpose, the self-control, and the altruistic patriotism which are essential to a people who are ever to be entrusted with autonomy. Great Britain has long recognized this truth, and only the most mischievous faddists among us dream of disputing it. No nation is more wedded to liberal institutions than is England, the Mother of Parliaments; but the East has taught us to fit our most cherished theories to the exigencies of practice, and to curb our generous enthusiasms. We have learned that the only course open to us in the name of common-sense is to treat the brown man as a child—a bright, intelligent, often lovable child, but none the less a child who is incapable of managing his own affairs and ordering his life wisely, with a proper consideration of the welfare of himself and his neighbors, without the assistance which only an impartial paternal Power can supply. And this, if they would not willingly abandon the last shred of hope that remains for the success of their administration in the Philippines, is the lesson which the United States must humbly accept at the hands of Britain. Some constitutional difficulties may stand in the way of administration on the lines employed by us in our Crown colonies or in our Protectorates in Malaya, but these must be overcome or failure is sure.

The impossibility of converting the Filipino into a machine-wrought American citizen is rendered all the more patent to those who are familiar with this part of Asia by a recollection of the fact that the natives of the Philippines are for the most part a Malayan

race. The peculiar character of these people is well known, their charm has impressed many Europeans; but their absolute shallowness, indolence, inefficiency, and lack of patriotic or national feeling are notorious. In the Federated Malay States and the Straits Settlements Malays have come into intimate contact with the British, and have been governed by us in large numbers. In Sumatra, Java, and other islands of the archipelago they are under the sway of Holland. In the Philippines a kindred people have been conquered and ruled by Spain. Neither the administration of Great Britain or Holland, nor long intercourse with Englishmen and Dutchmen, has had any effect, in so far as an elevation, improvement, or strengthening of the best qualities innate in the Malay are concerned. On the contrary, it is admitted by all who are entitled to speak with authority on the subject of the Malayan race that the immediate, obvious, and lasting result of contact with men of a higher breed is rapid and incurable degeneration. Moreover, this degeneration is not due in any marked degree to acquired vices, as is the case with so many inferior peoples, nor does it very noticeably affect the physical health of the Malay; but it seems to sap the *morale* of the race, to rob this people of such virtues as are theirs in their natural state, and to replace them by no others. Also there is an undeniable tendency among the portions of the Malayan populations which have come into close intercourse with Europeans and the sturdy Chinese immigrants to die out, not from disease or vice (though it is true that the opium habit claims its full tale of victims), but through a lack of energy and vital force that makes itself manifest in decreased fertility. It is as though the brown man, recognizing his inability to compete with folk of a tougher fibre, were voluntarily retiring from the arena in which he is

conscious that he cannot hold his own. All this applies with double force to the natives of the Philippines now that fate has thrust them into the arms of America, for whereas in the past they have been ruled by a soft and effete Latin people, and have thereby assimilated qualities which serve only to complete the moral inertia which is innate in their race, they are now riper for destruction than are their brethren in other Malayan lands. It must also be borne in mind that in their American rulers they have been brought into contact with a harder, more hasty, and perhaps even more energetic race than the British or the Dutch, and that the friction to which they will be subjected will be proportionately more severe. It is for these reasons that we regard the Filipino race—by which rather lax term we wish to be understood as including all the brown inhabitants of the Philippines—as foredoomed to degeneration, and eventually to virtual absorption or extinction. We are convinced that no nostrums that can be devised by philanthropy can really retard, far less avert, the doom which awaits this feeble people. They will perish, in obedience to the inexorable law of nature which provides only for the survival of the fittest, and it is extremely probable that the well-meant efforts of the Americans to elevate their new subjects will only tend to accelerate that which they are designed to prevent.

Of minor difficulties the Americans will have an abundance, and it behooves them to smother the prejudices of their faddists and to set their faces resolutely against any interference with the religious practices of the natives of the Philippines. For instance, the Muhammadans of the Sulu archipelago are of course polygamists, and their polygamy must be tolerated. They are also holders of slave-debtors (*hamba ber-*utang**, as the Malay term has it), and any scheme of emancipa-

tion must be adopted with the utmost caution. In the Federated Malay States the British have succeeded in gradually abolishing a similar system of debt-slavery; but this has taken time and has only been accomplished by the exercise of the greatest tact, caution, and personal influence, backed by a thorough knowledge of the people with whom the white officials were dealing.

A matter of vaster importance is the question as to whether or no free immigration of Chinese into the Philippines should be permitted by the United States. As is well known, the prejudice against the incoming of the yellow man is very strong in America, and all present indications seem to point uncompromisingly to his exclusion. In his recent book, Mr. Colquhoun says with perfect truth: "A fresh influx of Chinese, such as (unless restricted) would inevitably take place with the new conditions introduced by the United States, would be fatal to the Filipino," and it is on these grounds that the plea for the necessity of excluding the Chinese is based. The fact is, that while the Chinaman is both able and willing to work, and is altogether invaluable to those who have in hand the task of opening up a new country, the brown man neither can nor has any desire to try to emulate him in this respect. According to the Malayan phrase, the highest earthly bliss is summed up in three words, *makan tidor sahaja*—only to eat and sleep! It is the object of every Malay to attain as nearly as may be to that indolent ideal, and it is wonderful with how large a measure of success his efforts in this direction are attended. Exclude the Chinaman, and the Malay will gain nothing; for work which he declines to do cannot profit him at all; admit the Chinaman, and the Malay will not suffer; for the land in which he lives is so generous to her children that she

will give them all that they actually need in return for the tiniest modicum of labor. A precisely similar problem had to be met by the British in the Malay Peninsula, which now contains a Chinese population almost equal in numbers to that of the native community, and the triumphant prosperity of the Malay States and the colony of the Straits Settlements may be said to have been due primarily to the encouragement of Chinese immigration. This immigration has enabled the Government to impose very light burdens of taxation upon the natives, who have therefore directly benefited by it; and it has further made it possible for the administration to adequately develop the resources of the land without incurring the undying hatred of the Malays, which as is exemplified by the sentiments of the natives of the Dutch colonies towards their rulers, must have followed any resolute attempt to bind them to the labor which they abhor and despise. The Americans in the Philippines, led by prejudice, and by well-intentioned but ignorant philanthropists in their own country, will almost certainly exclude or rigorously restrict Chinese immigration. They will hope thereby to save the Filipino peoples, and eventually to elevate them into a kind of white man. Instead, they will only succeed in destroying the prospects of their new possession, in so far as its commercial and financial welfare is concerned, and in stirring up a strong feeling against themselves in the hearts of an indolent people whom they will be obliged to curse with the curse of Adam. Moreover, their best-wrought schemes for the moral and intellectual improvement of the Filipinos will inevitably have results altogether opposite to those which are anticipated by arm-chair philanthropists, who have no personal and practical acquaintance with the race to which the Filipinos belong.

Accordingly, as we have already said, we regard the outlook of the United States in the Philippines as one of extreme gloom, their efforts as likely to be attended by almost complete failure, and it is not probable that so sharp-sighted and critical a people will long labor under any delusions as to the trend of events. Then one of two things will happen: either the whole system of American administration in the Philippines will be revolutionized and placed upon the sounder lines inculcated by past experience, or in their impatience the American people will cast off the burden which chance thrust upon them,—a burden with which many thinking men in the States already see every reason to be dissatisfied. We wish that it were possible reasonably to hope that the former line of action might be adopted; for, as Englishmen, we would still vastly prefer to see the Americans succeed in their enterprise; but, alas! the probabilities are all opposed to such a solution of the difficulty. Instead it is not unlikely that the Philippines will be suffered to pass into the keeping of some other Power hungry for empire beyond the seas; and if the United States is indifferent on the subject of her successor, provided that a sufficient price is forthcoming, it calls for no great penetration to foresee that Germany might be very willing to be that Power.

Turning next to China, we find that in her centre two very important problems of the Pacific world—the one an internal, the other an external, question. The first is her immediate future: the second is the controversy which is waged around the subject of Chinese immigration into foreign lands, upon some aspects of which we have already touched.

As regards the first of these questions the opinions of experts are divid-

ed. Mr. Colquhoun writes as follows: "The prospect of China's integrity being maintained—the wish being father to the thought—is very slender, for a great portion of that country is already parcelled out into so many spheres; spheres that are being consolidated slowly but surely, and always with feelers cast out, as in the case of Germany and the Yangtsze Valley, or pre-emption to provinces, as in the case of Japan."

Mr. Alexander Michie, whose profound knowledge of Chinese affairs entitles him to speak with an authority to which all must pay considerable respect, seems in the article on the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, published in "Maga" for March, 1902, to share this view. On the other hand, without taking into consideration the opinion of Sir Robert Hart, whose predilections seem to blind him to many aspects of the situation, we are forced to admit that the great Chinese Sphynx, upon whose face the mightiest nations of the civilized world have been battering so mercilessly, seems, now that the ordeal is at an end, to be as little the worse for it all as were the good people of Rheims after the archbishop had launched his famous curse. Furthermore, it is evident that the occupation of Peking has at last brought home to those who occupy high place in the Chinese empire conviction that the intelligent imitation of Western methods, which has been so successfully adopted by Japan, is the only future policy that can effect their country's deliverance from worse insults than she has been called upon to endure in the past. If she once realizes her gigantic resources and possibilities,—and there is much reason to believe that at last she has come very nigh to an understanding of them,—she will speedily cease to be the "live ox" from whose body any European Power is free to cut a sirloin. And she has a mentor

very near at hand—one who is past-master in the art which China most urgently requires to learn; for it is obvious that Japan can only regard the partition of the Chinese empire with the greatest disfavor. We have seen Japan trying an experiment in colonization in Formosa: presently she will almost certainly be engaged in the vaster task of teaching China how to develop her powers, acting not as China's conqueror, but as her friend and ally.

This is the form which Japan's long-cherished ambition to champion the Asiatic against the European will most likely take, and China could find no abler teacher, nor any whose interests are less immediately likely to run counter to her own. In the meantime China has other safeguards, for the jealousies of the white nations are all in her favor, and the interests of Great Britain, as well as those of Japan, are entirely opposed to the partition of the Chinese empire. The new alliance will give China the time she needs, and the active wisdom and friendship of Japan may do the rest. We accordingly refuse to accept the prevalent belief that the days of China's independence and integrity are numbered, and are confident that the position which she occupies to-day is far better than that in which the Boxer outbreak found her in 1900. It needed a violent shock to awaken this heavy sleeper, and the action of the Powers has duly administered it. For the rest she needed time, and a friendly and disinterested teacher. She has gained the one, and the other, we firmly believe, will soon put her in the way in which she should go.

The second great question connected with China—a question with which almost every people living in the various portions of the Pacific is concerned—is that of the advisability of permitting or prohibiting Chinese immigration. On

no other question is there so much strong feeling displayed by the various classes of white men who live in the countries lying adjacent to the Pacific, an absolutely fanatical hatred of the ubiquitous yellow man possessing the vast majority of them, while in certain lands the conviction that his presence is nothing short of a necessity is held to be an axiom. In the Western States of North America, and even in British Columbia, where the population is sparse and labor is dear, the Chinese immigrant is an object of detestation; but the feeling entertained for him here is as nothing if its violence be compared with the sentiment prevalent in the majority of the states of the Australian Commonwealth. Already the Federal Parliament has busied itself upon the subject of the Chinaman's exclusion—though incidentally a number of other non-white races are also excluded, among which must be counted the British subjects of India, and our new allies the Japanese. The dislike with which the Chinese immigrant is regarded by the white men of the lower classes is a thing very easy to understand. Not only can the former work for a wage that would mean starvation for the latter, not only is his competition rendered more crushing by the fact that he is docile, extraordinarily hard-working, and easily satisfied no matter how poor the accommodation afforded to him by his employers, but he is also filthy in his surroundings, makes every place which he shares with Europeans more or less uninhabitable to his least fastidious neighbors, and too often is believed to corrupt the morals of the white men's children. The white labore's case against the Chinese immigrant, on moral, economic, and sanitary grounds, is complete and indisputable. The white man is not like the Malay or the Filipino,—a man who is doomed to die out because he lacks the energy to work and live,—

and therefore there can be no admittance for the Chinaman into a white man's country on the argument which applies, as we have seen, to the circumstances of the Federated Malay States or of the Philippines. It cannot be seriously contended that the Chinese are the fittest, who are thereby entitled to survive, except in cases where they alone are at once willing and able to perform toil which is a necessity for the good of the community at large. Accordingly, in our opinion, the action taken by the Federal Parliament of the Commonwealth, which has for its object the protection of the Australian native against the evils of Chinese immigration, is sound and necessary. Unfortunately, however, this policy has its source in a feeling which can only be described as fanatical, and, as is invariably the case when judgment is biassed by popular sentiment, it goes too far and leaves common-sense a long way behind. We admit fully that the Chinese should be excluded from Tasmania, from South Australia, from Victoria, from New South Wales—from every part of the Australian continent, in fact, which is in any legitimate sense a "white man's country"—viz., a country in which men of European stock can perform manual labor without injury to health during an extended period of time, and in which they can propagate their kind and rear their children. Many parts of tropical Queensland, to mention no other areas within the Commonwealth, cannot, however, be said to conform to this definition, and the legislation recently introduced on the subject of alien immigration, if applied to them, can only have the effect of delaying, scotching, if not killing, their prosperity and development. In lands which are not "white men's countries" the European should not attempt to enter the lists as a laborer; he should act as the brain, not as the muscle and sinew, of the community.

The latter must be supplied by oriental laborers, and of these the best, the most thrifty, docile, and amenable, are the Chinese. This is a lesson which the politicians of the Commonwealth would do well to take to heart, for until it be learned a large section of their continent will be doomed to stagnation and failure, which can benefit no man.

To state the case shortly, the following principles should govern the question of Chinese immigration throughout the Pacific littorals. The Chinaman should be rigidly excluded from all countries in which a white population can thrive and perform its own physical toil; but he should be welcomed with open arms into all those other tropical lands in which Europeans cannot form the permanent population, and in which the natives are incapacitated by their character and their limitations from doing the work which is requisite for the welfare of the community as a whole.

But while on this subject we may draw attention to another which is, in a sense, kindred to it. In his able speech, delivered at the Mansion House on 5th December last, the Prince of Wales mentioned that one of the things which had struck him most forcibly during his journey through our colonies was the lack of population. This undoubtedly is one of the most crying needs of Australia, nor can there be any hope that the lack will be supplied in good time by natural increment of the population, for the birthrate in the colonies is by no means encouraging, the high prices which prevail there, and the standard of living, which compares most favorably with that obtaining in the old country, alike combining to keep down the number of children in the families of the most numerous classes. In these circumstances the short-sighted and selfish policy inculcated by the Labor party, who desire to keep up the price of wages by placing every ob-

stacle in the way of immigration, is a subject for the most profound regret. At the present time both parties in the Federal Parliament appear to be almost completely at the mercy of the Labor candidates, and one cannot but regard with grave anxiety the results to the community as a whole which are calculated to follow upon the wholesale adoption of crippling economic measures, dictated by men drawn from the least cultured and most ignorant section of the people.

The matter at which we must next glance briefly is the completion of Russia's trans-continental railway, whereby she has been able to advance her base to the very shores of the Pacific. The extent to which this gigantic work will affect the trade of Central Asia and the Far East generally cannot yet be ascertained, but its first result politically has been to add enormously to Russia's strength in this part of the world. It has also long been evident that Russia has no intention of consenting to remain passive in the north-eastern corner of the continent. If she can bring it about, she means beyond question to have not only Manchuria, but a considerable portion of Northern China, and she must be recognized as the one great force that makes for the disintegration of that ancient empire. Opposed to her are Great Britain and Japan, now bound together by a treaty of alliance, and China herself, who certainly is averse from being devoured piecemeal. Up to the present time Russia has been pleased to act towards China much as did the Walrus towards the oysters:—

"I weep for you," the Walrus said; "I
deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out those
of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief before
his streaming eyes.

Assurances of the "deepest sympathy" have always been forthcoming, as also have assurances pointing to the purest of intentions; but Russia has long ago learned that such assurances cost her nothing, and that she is really free to carry out her policy of expansion without serious check. How far this aspect of affairs may be changed by the new treaty it is not easy to predict; but in this corner of the Pacific we are bound to recognize that big forces are already drawn up in battle-array facing one another. That the result will be Armageddon is always a possibility: the probabilities, however, seem to point to a long period of calm, mainly secured by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, during which China, under Japanese tutelage, will prepare herself for the great struggle in which we doubt whether defeat will necessarily remain with her. After all, Constantinople is still under the sway of the Sultan, though Russia has been casting sheep's eyes at it any time these fifty years past.

We have already had occasion to refer to the new Australian Commonwealth when discussing the question of Chinese and other alien immigration, but a study, even on lines so sketchy as the present, of the problems which centre round the Pacific would be woefully incomplete were we not to draw attention to what, in our opinion, is the most serious aspect of the questions which are likely to be affected by the birth of the new nation. Unity, the proverb teaches us, is strength, and it must be recognized that a combination which includes all the Australian colonies must exercise an influence, must possess a power of initiative, and must be able to exert an amount of pressure upon Great Britain, with a view to enforcing its views, such as have never previously been experienced during all our history in our dealings with our colonial possessions. Until they were

welded into one in 1901, the Australian colonies were divided among themselves not only by internal boundaries and by separate administrations, but by certain conflicting interests, and by differences of opinion which led to a wide divergence of view upon many subjects. Feeling in parts of Australia might run high upon various matters of national policy which affected colonial interests, but there was no real combination between colony and colony, and Great Britain was free to act as she chose without having to be guided very materially by the opinions of her over-seas children. Now, however, that is no longer the case. The Federal Parliament, speaking for all the colonies, uses a voice that must be regarded; but whereas her statesmen are interested almost solely by affairs and combinations in the Pacific, the British, Foreign, and Colonial Secretaries are bound to take a host of other, and no less important matters into careful consideration before making up their minds as to the expediency of decisive action. It is obvious that here there is room for a wilderness of misunderstandings, that may prove a fruitful source of friction, trouble and discontent, all of which may quite conceivably end some day in a serious deadlock.

The splendid patriotism which has been shown by the Australian colonies during the whole course of the South African war has delighted and impressed Englishmen all the world over; but the cautious student of politics should be careful not to suffer himself to be carried off his feet by the wave of enthusiastic recognition which has flooded the press and swept over every class of society. Mr. Colquhoun, who has some true and instructive things to say on this point, speaks of much that has been written and said concerning Australian loyalty to the old country as "sentimental gush," and it must be

confessed that a good deal of it merits that description. We would not, however, be thought to in any way belittle the stanch friendship which the colonies have displayed during the last two years; but it is fatally easy to run into the other extreme, and to greatly overrate its real importance and significance. What Englishmen must be made to realize is, that the Australian native is an Australian first of all, and a subject of the British Empire afterwards. His deepest and most passionate loyalty is lavished upon his own country; what he may have to spare when her just claims are satisfied is quite at the disposal of the mother country. In the event of any circumstances arising, however, in which the interests of Australia and those of Great Britain were found to be in acute conflict, it is certain that colonial opinion will have no scruple in going "solid" against the will of Great Britain, and it is easy to see how serious may be the consequences.

The present writer has had considerable personal experience of Australians of the working classes, and though he recognizes their limitations, he entertains a hearty admiration for many of their qualities. They are above all things independent, with an independence that has in it something that is aggressive, and they are intensely self-respecting. They permit no man to take liberties with them, and if met with ordinary courtesy and consideration, they evince no desire to take liberties on their own account; but they will put up with no airs of superiority, and they only assume such themselves as may be supposed to result inevitably from a consciousness of belonging to the greatest country in the world. For it must be remembered that to the Australian of the working classes there is only one country that really counts—one that is perfect in every way, one that surpasses all others as Saul o'er-

topped his fellows. Accordingly, the political vision of the new Commonwealth is obscured from the very outset by a false sense of perspective and proportion, and since the working classes are the great force, the driving power, at the back of the Federal Parliament, we must be prepared for developments, more especially as regards questions of foreign policy, which will be clearly traceable to the inability of the Australian laboring man to scale things correctly. It is only to be expected that a young democracy, raw and untrained as is Australia in the rough school of experience, conscious of its strength, and arrogantly self-confident because during its short history it has never had occasion to pit that strength against the might of weightier Powers, will show more recklessness, less patience, more impetuosity, and less judgment than are customary in the chancelleries of the older nations. In the ordinary course this might lead to mistakes, and the mistakes might lead in their turn to a bitter lesson, wherefrom would spring a wider knowledge and a calmer judgment. As matters now stand, however, Great Britain cannot allow any other Power to attempt to teach such a lesson to Australia, and she is herself equally powerless to administer correction to her offspring, no matter how urgent hereafter the need therefor may become. It is evident that all this constitutes a very real danger, and only the history of the future, it is probable, will serve to convince the Australian democracy of the soundness of Whewell's aphorism, that we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest.

The lines upon which colonial opinion has already shown a tendency to work, in a direction that might easily involve the mother country in international complications, find their parallel in the "Monroe doctrine," so dear to the citi-

zens of the United States. As early as 1881 Queensland, acting on her own initiative but in the name of Great Britain, annexed all that portion of New Guinea which was not already under the sway of Holland, though this move was not confirmed by Lord Derby, the then Colonial Secretary. Since that time the annexations and the growing influence of Germany in the islands of the Pacific have been watched with jealous eyes by the Australian colonies, and the presence of France in New Caledonia has been a fruitful subject for discontent. Up to the present time, however, the ultimate settlement of all questions so arising has rested solely with the Home Government, and a judicious "give-and-take" policy, which naturally fails to command itself to the Australians, has usually been adopted. But the creation of the Commonwealth will have among other effects the power to greatly control the action of Great Britain in the future, and the colonials, who think that in the past it has all been "give" and very little "take," are quite determined that in the future the balance of advantage shall be reversed. It would be easy to exaggerate the dangers of this situation; it is more fashionable just now to ignore them, or to pretend that they have no existence. We should desire to draw a line between these two extremes. That the danger is there is obvious, and it is our duty to recognize that this is so, but it need not dismay us unduly, since we may cherish the hope that the sterling common-sense, which is one of the most useful characteristics of the Britisher all the empire over, will in the last resort suffice to avert the catastrophe.

The next question which awaits consideration—the struggle for the commerce and the shipping of the Pacific, which will follow the opening of the Central American Canal—is inextrica-

bly blended with that other matter, the last upon which we propose to touch,—the position of Great Britain in this part of the world now, and the extent to which that position is likely to be modified in the future, owing to the expansion of other nations. Some years must still elapse before the canal will be completed, but until the time actually arrives it is impossible to do more than speculate upon the magnitude of the revolutions which it will effect in the trade of the Pacific. So far as can be judged, it will certainly transfer the principal markets and distributing centres for the produce of the Pacific, which includes the exports of Australia and the islands as well as those of China and Japan, from Europe to the ports of the United States on the Atlantic seaboard. It will also tend to impart an enormous stimulus to American shipping, and both these results will probably inflict a certain amount of loss upon Great Britain. A further effect of the canal will probably be a considerable acceleration in the development of Australia, a hitherto unprecedented *rapprochement* between the Commonwealth and the United States, and possibly a proportionate decrease in the colonies' dependence upon the mother country. So far as it is given to us to foresee events by the aid of the indications afforded by what is to be observed in the present, it would seem to be obvious that the earliest results of the canal cannot but be detrimental to the trade and the shipping of Great Britain herself, though the material advantages which will at the same time be conferred upon the numerous lands which have the Pacific for their centre will altogether outweigh any losses that an individual nation may be called upon to bear. In a sense, too, if the construction of the canal causes all the damage to England that seems probable, it will only be accelerating a decline in trade and

shipping which has already become marked of recent years. The small local steamship lines are rapidly passing out of British into foreign hands. Steam communication between the principal British ports and Siam, Borneo, and the Philippines, for example, is now carried on under the German flag, which has replaced the red ensign in many Asiatic waters. Trade, likewise, is slipping from us throughout the Pacific, and in the same direction. The German has not shown himself an able administrator of his colonial possessions; but he has unquestionably proved that if he cannot rule, he can use the colonies governed by others to the best possible advantage. He will not inhabit his own colonies if he can avoid doing so, for the German trader abroad has learned to detest the great idol "Trop d'Administration," which Continental nations set up for worship in their over-seas possessions; but he will open a business in any British colony with all the pleasure in life, and so surely as he does so he speedily becomes the altogether too successful rival of the local British merchants. The German trader and his young men are content to work for longer hours, to receive less pay during the earlier years of their service, and to devote far more attention to detail than are their British competitors. The German merchant is content

To scorn delights and live laborious days.

An occasional evening at his club, with much beer and a mild game of bowls, suffices him. He does not regard golf from 4.30 P.M. to dark as a necessity of his existence, and thus having much more time at his disposal than his English rival, he is able to do a great deal himself which our people are content to depute to middle-men of doubtful honesty. Therefore the German thrives, and the British merchant feels vaguely

wronged, but trusts that things will be better presently, and, soothed by this hope, never dreams of bringing about any of the revolutions in his practice which are needed in order to enable him to make head amidst the new conditions. It is true that trade follows the flag: it is sad to be obliged to confess, however, that in the Pacific to-day it is the trade of foreign nations which most successfully follows the union-jack. In the speech to which reference has already been made the Prince of Wales told the country that the message he brought us from the colonies was that it behooved us to "wake up," and never was advice more sorely needed. From end to end of the Pacific our commerce is losing ground; and as yet there are no indications whatsoever of a general consciousness of the fact among the men concerned, far less are there any signs that much needed remedies will be applied before it is too late.

And now in a few words we may sum up the main position in the Pacific at the present time. Russia in the northwest is moving slowly, as is her wont; but she knows clearly what she wants, and means to get it unless the price which she will be called upon to pay is too high even for her. China, still shaken and dishevelled by her recent encounter with Western civilization, is awake at last to the necessity of defending herself, and seems to have arrived at something like an understanding of how that defence may best be conducted. Japan, too, is desirous of a little breathing-space, which does not in the least imply that she wants to be idle, for she has much work on hand, and the education of China will probably be not the lightest of her tasks. The alliance with Great Britain will tend to secure the time so urgently needed both by China and by Japan, and if it succeed ! this it may prove

to have been more conducive than aught else to the permanent peace of the Far East. Germany is the "hungry dog" of the Pacific. She embarked upon her *Weltpolitik* very late in the day, and has never got over the disappointment of finding that only a few odds and ends of territory of doubtful utility remained to be appropriated in the Pacific. She has had just enough to whet her appetite, and to make her crave for more. The fact that her enterprises have had only a very moderate measure of success does not curb her desires in this direction. She thinks that, given better opportunities, success would be hers. Therefore, as a Government, Germany is hungry for the acquirement of more territory in the Pacific, and she must accordingly be ranged on the side of Russia as one of the forces which make for disturbance. France in Indo-China has also met with disappointment, the colonies in that region having proved a heavy drain upon the finances of the mother country, without making to her any compensatory return. In her discontent she has of recent years fostered hardly veiled designs upon the integrity of Siam, and already the Mekong river has ceased to be the high-water mark of her ambitious acquisitiveness. She believes that the rich provinces which she might wrest from Bangkok would lighten the burden of financial difficulty with which her colonies now have to contend, and she too is therefore to some extent opposed to the maintenance of the *status quo* in Asia. America in the Philippines has as much on her hands as she can manage, without troubling herself about matters which do not directly affect her. When the canal is completed her influence and her trade will both increase enormously in the Pacific, but none the less we incline to the belief that she will fail in her present colonial policy, and may even abandon it as hopeless. Hol-

land in the Dutch East Indies lies, as it were, behind a ring-fence. She is behind the times; her theories of colonial administration are at variance with our own: but she is quite contented with herself and it is not probable that she will allow herself to become involved in any of the complications which are likely to occur in the future in this quarter of the globe. So far as the questions referred to in the present sketch are concerned, Holland in the Pacific might almost as well be non-existent.

Great Britain in the Pacific comprises the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, and the islands for which the Governor of Fiji is High Commissioner, the Crown Colonies of Hong-kong and the Straits Settlements, the British Protectorates of the Federated Malay States, Sarawak and North Borneo, and lastly the Pacific seaboard of the Dominion of Canada. No other Power concerned owns anything like the same extent of seaboard, possesses such widely scattered colonies, or holds her territories under a more bewildering variety of tenures. Canada, the Commonwealth, and New Zealand are self-governing; Fiji, Hongkong, and the Straits Settlements are Crown Colonies administered direct from Downing Street through appointed governors on the spot; Sarawak is a Protectorate whose administration is quite independent of direct Governmental control, though it has surrendered all its foreign affairs into the custody of Great Britain; North Borneo occupies a similar position, but it is exploited by a chartered company which bears as bad a reputation in Asia as the repute of Rajah Brooke's administration is high; and the Federated Malay States are a Protectorate only in name, their government being carried on by a regular civil service, and all their affairs being directed finally from Downing Street. Such are the possessions of the one

Power in the Pacific whose home interest is centred in the maintenance of the *status quo*, and her great weakness lies in the fact that her possessions are so wide-flung, that their wishes and views on important political questions are often at variance, and may all differ from those which a wise foreign policy at home would appear to dictate. The opinions and desires of the minor colonies it may still be safe to ignore; but the Commonwealth, New Zealand and Canada will insist upon sufficient attention being paid to them, and thus Great Britain will in the future be more at the mercy of purely local interests than any other Power. Her advantages, on the other hand, are to be sought for in her naval strength, the number of her bases in time of need, the wealth and prosperity of many of her possessions, and finally in her alliance with Japan—the one Power whose desire to act as a brake on the wheels of the too-rapid history-makers is as keen as Great Britain's own.

Space has rendered it impossible for us in this paper to do more than glance at the bare outlines of some of the more important factors in the numerous and complex problems which together make up the modern polities of the Pacific. We feel much as a pathologist may do who has hurriedly examined a set of slides upon which are exhibited a number of microbes, each one of which, given the circumstances needed for its development, contains tremendous potentialities. Will those circumstances arise, and how, and when, and where, and which of our political microbes will they affect? These are questions of monstrous importance, to which time alone can supply the answer. Never in the past, however, did that gorgeous ocean, at times so calm and radiantly lovely, decked with its delicious isles, at others so wild in its fury, so capricious, rent so mercilessly by its cy-

clones and storms, seem less deserving of the name hastily bestowed upon it by the sea-wanderer of old; for surely in no other quarter of the world are

there gathered together at this moment more elements of dispute, contending interests, misunderstandings, and strife.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THEIR MAJESTIES' COURTS.

It was in the Throne-room of Buckingham Palace nine-and-thirty years ago, in the merry month of May, that our beloved Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, held on behalf of Queen Victoria her first Drawing-Room. For over two months, since the happy day upon which Her Royal Highness had first landed in England, the nation's love of her goodness and admiration of her gracious manner and exquisite beauty had grown and grown. London was intensely excited that spring afternoon. Such an immense assemblage the Palace had rarely seen. Two thousand ladies, not to mention hundreds of men, are said to have paid homage to the Queen on that occasion through her representative, the lovely bride of nineteen winters. Their passage before the throne occupied four whole hours, during which time the Princess, as already the people adoringly called her, unweariedly bowed and smiled. As for the courtiers, they had to bear at least twelve hours' unceasing fatigue that day—hours in their carriages on their slow way to the Palace, hours in the Palace itself, hours later before they at length reached their homes. But for the sake of the supreme second during which they and their future Queen were as friend and friend, face to face, double and treble the exertion would have been endured with pleasure. Every eye sparkled with enthusiasm for the Heir Apparent's wife; every tongue was eloquent in praise of her beauty. Her dress was

a white silk one, draped with Honiton lace, caught up with lilac sprays, so she looked a bride indeed. With her were the Princess Alice and many other royalties.

Each monarch only naturally holds an individual opinion as to the manner in which he shall give his courtiers an opportunity of paying their respects to His Majesty in his own palace, and of presenting those who have never before had the honor accorded them of making his august acquaintance. Hence it comes to pass that Courts and Drawing-Rooms have varied in number, place, and the time of their being held, from reign to reign.

To glance no further back than the year 1760, it is recorded by Lady Susan O'Brien that Drawing-Rooms were then held once a week, that they were "very select company—that is, few without titles or offices or connexions at Court," and that though on some occasions there were crowds, in general a well-regulated and elegant assembly of the best company attended. The same chronicler notes a great change by the year 1820, when she narrates that only three or four times a year were Drawing-Rooms held, "and everybody, man or woman, that assumes the name of gentleman or lady," put in an appearance. "The crowds are so great," she adds, "and so little decorum attended to, that people's clothes are literally torn to pieces"—a comment possibly most applicable to the occasion immediately

after the victory of Waterloo, when there were upwards of one thousand fair courtiers present at the Drawing-Room as well as their masculine attendants, the members of the Corps Diplomatique, lords and ladies in waiting, and the officials in attendance upon the King, Queen, and princes and princesses.

Queen Charlotte, the consort of King George III., and the hostess of that great occasion, held evening Drawing-Rooms. It was upon her that Buckingham House, now Buckingham Palace, was settled, in lieu of Somerset House, by her husband, who had bought it from a subject; and when Her Majesty gave her first Drawing-Room there, in April 1814, the popular name for the residence was Queen's House. In 1825, George IV., who did not at all like the place as it was, decided to rebuild it; and as he had a great predilection for low-ceilinged rooms he caused those in which he intended to dwell to be so arranged, though the state reception apartments were magnificently pitched and very handsomely appointed. In consequence of this fact an erroneous impression has since that time traditionally permeated the mind of the British public, that the interior of Buckingham Palace is all mean and insignificant—an accusation, among many others connected with the same royal abode, which is of course quite undeserved, as any one who has been inside the Palace knows full well. But its builder, King George, neither enjoyed its advantages nor suffered under its drawbacks, for he died before he had an opportunity of testing either. King William IV. had no desire to live there, and did not; but he shared his brother's preference for afternoon Drawing-Rooms, in consequence, it is supposed, of the fashionable heavy dinner, with its long series of courses, making an evening reception, with its very try-

ing obligations, irksome, and with good Queen Adelaide held them by daylight—a practice our late Queen followed. Thus during the past four reigns have the hours of reception varied.

Upon the accession of King Edward VII. it was expected that His Majesty and Queen Alexandra would make changes with regard to many details respecting the Drawing-Rooms, changes that commended themselves to their sympathetic appreciation, as called for by the alteration of fashions and customs, the evolution of which they had watched for many years as Prince and Princess of Wales. Reforms some people styled the changes made—by no means a fair epithet. Daylight functions had been customary to Queen Victoria, and endeared to her from early memories of the days when, as the girl heiress to the throne, she attended her aunt's Drawing-Room, a princess only just in her teens; and as time went on it became more and more necessary that she should avoid the fatigue attendant upon late hours, besides which, after her widowhood, to sleep in London was to Her Majesty an unwelcome necessity. All the same, when at last the new regulations were made public, it was perceived that there were many advantages in them, compared with those that had been observed before.

For a whole year of the King's reign, that of mourning for Victoria the Well-Beloved, it was known that there would be no Drawing-Rooms at all. Hence it was with fluttering hearts that *débutantes* waiting to be presented this season read in the papers, on the morning of December 25th last, a copy of the Lord Chamberlain's notice in the *London Gazette* of the night before, which gave to the Empire a new royal occasion—that of Evening Courts in lieu of Drawing-Rooms—and announced the momentous fact that attendance and presentation at these

Courts would be by invitation only, conveyed through the Lord Chamberlain. "Ladies," ran the explanatory statement, "who have already been presented at Drawing-Rooms, and who are desirous of being invited to these Courts, are requested to send in their names to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, as soon as possible after January 1st next, together with those of the ladies whom they may wish to present. The Lord Chamberlain will be glad if ladies will, at the same time, state when it will be most convenient to them to pay their respects to their Majesties."

Would there be any alteration made in the dress regulations? was a palpitating question. Precedent there was for changes. Plumes and lappets had been introduced by one queen, hoops forbidden by another. Her Majesty Queen Victoria had graciously accorded permission to courtiers of delicate health to wear half-high corsages and elbow sleeves. Would Queen Alexandra institute any differences? The answer was, none whatever; and no deviation was made from the announcement, though before the first Court was held, in March, rumors went about all over London that Her Majesty would not expect the three plumes to be visible from the front-face view of their wearer, as had been the rule in the previous reign; and before the second Court the florists were fluttered by an announcement that arose in aristocratic circles that bouquets were no more to be allowed, because they took up so much room. Queen Alexandra, whom her friends have justly styled Alexandra the Faithful, steadfastly resolving to adhere to our late monarch's preferences, has made no fresh regulations.

The lady courtier must, as before, appear in full evening toilette, the corsage cut low to outline the shoulders, the sleeves extremely short.

She must wear a Court train of three and a half to four yards long, white gloves, a white veil hanging from three plumes, which must be white if she is not in mourning, black if she is in mourning. One lady at the first Court of Their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra erred by wearing colored plumes to match her gown, instead of the regulation white or black ones. She was not summarily committed to the Tower, but will another time no doubt know better and act accordingly in deference to Her Majesty's wishes. What is called, and very appropriately, Court dress must be worn by the men: to wit, a black velvet tailcoat decorated with cut steel buttons, and knee-breeches, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, white gloves, and a cocked hat with a steel buckle in it. The hat is carried flat beneath the arm. The gloves must be completely white—black "points" are inadmissible. A very handsome small sword is also worn.

Great strain was placed upon the Lord Chamberlain's Office, so enormous was the application list that arrived at St. James's Palace by New Year's Day. It was well said by one official that if all who wished to be invited to Court received the coveted card, the walls of Buckingham Palace would crack. As a matter of actual fact, nine hundred and fifty invitations were issued for Friday evening, March 14th. Those for Royalty were delivered by hand by an equerry-in-waiting, who occupied a royal carriage when he went upon his errand; less exalted personages received theirs by post. The cards are like those sent out in the last reign for State balls, and are endorsed with the words that the Lord Chamberlain "has been commanded by their Majesties to invite" the lucky recipient "to a Court to be held at Buckingham Palace on such and such a date." Each member of a family

vited receives a separate card. With the invitations, at any rate for the second Court, were forwarded particular directions as to attire, with special advice as to the nice conduct of a Court train, to this effect: "Ladies who pass the Presence at their Majesties' Court are requested to be kind enough to remember that their trains, which are spread by the Pages on entering the Throne-room, should be kept down until they are picked up and restored to them by the Pages who will be in attendance at the exit door for that purpose."

Delicious, though fraught with such racking anxieties, are the tremors that assail the *débutante* before her presentation. To her imagination the ordeal before her looms large and terrible. It is as if she were called upon to face her Sovereign and his Queen, chief actress in an unrehearsed scene, the whole success of which depends upon herself. Yet she may reasonably and surely divest herself of her nervousness: she may absolutely trust to the exquisite and ceremonious care which will attend her every footstep on the way from the Palace door to their Majesties' presence; and provided she literally obeys every injunction she receives, and keeps close to her chaperon, she cannot possibly err. All is very splendid, very awe-inspiring, very majestic, and there are traditions to be observed that a mere girl could not be expected to comprehend, nor her chaperon either. But even with the discomfiting conviction that there were to be great changes, and that therefore the "tell me what happened when you were presented" species of preliminary coaching was not to be the usual solace before the first evening Court of the reign, there was really nothing to appal the shrinking subject. Every single item of the stately programme was carried out by the officials without a flaw to mar its perfection.

Ten o'clock was the hour mentioned on the cards of invitation; therefore imagine all the fair and highly privileged members of society about to make reverence to their Majesties, free to attend to their toilettes in leisurely fashion by artificial light, instead of, as under the old régime, in the glare of the day's high noon. The beauty specialists were at their posts at the toilet-table all day, it is true, and some courtiers were treated the day before; the coiffeurs, too, were busy from early morn to dewy eve; but the great business of dressing was not entered upon until after a rather early dinner, or just before that function. Society is now utterly opposed to prolonged and heavy feasts, but follows the King's own practice of partaking of a meal of a few courses, served with dispatch. Besides, there was supper in anticipation at the Palace—a fact concerning which dowagers waxed enthusiastic, recalling the days of other Drawing-Rooms when not so much as a refreshing cup of tea was offered within the royal walls. In this circumstance trace a proof of the stupendous difficulty of altering or modifying a precedent. Afternoon tea, though nearly twenty years old a custom now, was an unknown luxury when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and did not in consequence enter into the schemes of those who marshalled her receptions.

Dressed to the finest possible point of delicious daintiness, her gown in coloring the result of carefully considered choice made by the electric light, since now the Palace is thus illuminated, a cloud-like vision of chiffon superbly embroidered by hand with glittering sequins, even her train a film of lace and gauze—for the old heavy handsome effects are not demanded now that the searching rays of daylight do not penetrate the scene of the reception—her jewels ablaze, her

hair dressed in the graceful, careless mode of this year, the English *débutante* of the dawn of the twentieth century is a right lovely sight. So she enters her coach with her chaperon—a state coach, should such be a family possession, in deference to the King's known appreciation for the stately conveyances of other courtly days—and is whirled off at a decorous speed to the monarchical abode.

That now historic night of March was a wild, wet evening. The King and Queen were not then in residence at Buckingham Palace; and when at a quarter past ten, escorted by Life Guards, their Majesties drove thither with their suite from Marlborough House in one of their heavily gilded State coaches, with a coachman clad in picturesque royal livery, scarlet cape and jockey cap, and four footmen hanging on at the back, it was to the splish-splash accompaniment of a cold and persistent downpour of rain. No atmospheric conditions could more forcibly have brought to a full stop a repetition of the gala hours a Drawing-Room of the last reign meant, to the onlooking crowds who assembled in the Mall and about the Palace precincts for a view of the "quality." But even that delight the sweet warm evening hours of a night in May or June can repeat, when beneath the virginal leafery of the Mall the populace may enjoy the half-revealed, half only to be imagined beauties the flash of a diamond tiara will suggest, or the fair face of a courtier, framed in the white of her veil and crowned with nodding plumes. Then, too, that consummately artistic combination, the primrose tints of the evening sky momentarily declining, the darkness that is illumined by stars, latticed by green boughs, and the steady brilliant artificial light of the Palace and its environs, the moving glowworms of the equipage lamps, will surely appeal

with the force of novelty to Londoners whose only opportunity of witnessing such a galaxy of fair women and splendid gems has been in the purlieus of Covent Garden on grand opera nights. One kind of pleasure deposed does but make way for another.

There are several entrances to Buckingham Palace. The Garden Entrance is the one reserved for the Royalties and their equerries. By the Pimlico Entrance, exactly on the opposite side of the house in Buckingham Palace Road, and the State Entrance, approached from the front of the residence through the Quadrangle, the company are admitted. One ingress is apportioned to the Corps Diplomatique and those privileged to possess the *entrée*, and the other to what is known as the general company—that is to say, to those courtiers who occupy no official position. The *entrée* is held by the wives and daughters of the Ambassadors and other distinguished foreigners connected with the Legations, and by those of the high officials of the Court and Government. It is a privilege that not only insures the courtesy of a special entrance, but that of early presentation. Hence a nervous *débutante* is highly fortunate if her chaperon possesses the *entrée*, and after she has passed the Presence has a prolonged opportunity of watching the proceedings and of thoroughly enjoying the magnificence of quite the stateliest and most exquisitely appointed ceremony to be seen the wide world over.

What first of all happens to every lady after she enters the portals of the Palace is the prosaic proceeding common to all full-dress receptions. A maid divests her of her wraps and gives her a numbered ticket for their later identification; and then she is ready to make her slow progress through the corridors and chambers to

the one in which their Majesties hold Court.

An entirely different route is traversed to the Ball-room, in which apartment, instead of in the Throne-room, their Majesties have elected to conduct their Court, by the separate sections of visitors. The Royalties, too, congregate in an apartment reserved for their own use before they enter the Ball-room. The Royal Closet, leading out of the White Drawing-room and immediately communicating with the Throne-room by the romantic expedient of a secret door—to all appearance a mirror and cabinet, which by the initiated finger is easily opened—was the apartment specially set apart for the Queen's occupation and that of her family. It used to contain, and probably still does (for there have been fewer changes made in the placing of furniture and *objets d'art* than of pictures) some very valuable treasures. Now that the King and Queen reside at the Palace, they will only need to walk straight from their private apartments to the Ball-room on Court evenings.

There have been, as has been said, more changes made in the arrangement of the priceless pictures the Palace contains than in any other detail, save that of the lighting, which is all now done by electricity. In the old days, before the Prince Consort's admirable powers of organization were brought to bear upon the domestic economy of the Royal abodes, wax candles were used throughout the State rooms, and after each entertainment they were immediately claimed as perquisites and even scuffled for by the servants of the Palace. Electricity is also responsible for another very great boon to those who attend the present Courts—namely, the telephonic communication by which carriages are so quickly called up for their owners when the time for leaving arrives.

The splendid marble pillars that are a marked feature of the interior decorations; the range of double columns in the hall, standing on an elevated continuous basement, each formed of white veined Carrara marble with gilded bases and capitals; the floor all of variegated marble, the steps of the grand staircase solid masses of the same stone, with balustrades of mosaic and gold; the famous Scagliola pillars, which created so much comment when first the Palace was completed in its renovated form for Queen Victoria,—all are still to be seen by the privileged. As for the pictures, King George IV. made some extensive and happy purchases from Sir Francis Baring, a great collector of Dutch art; and when Queen Victoria became mistress of the Palace the lists comprised seventeen Teniers, nine Cuyps, eight Wouvermans, six Gerard Douws, seven Rembrandts, three Albert Dürers, some Watteaus, Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Death of Dido" and "Cymon and Iphigenia," and many other great treasures. King Edward has had placed in the Ball-room Vandyke's great Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria and the portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert by Winterhalter.

Controlled by gentlemen ushers, who pass the general company out of the corridor into which they have first been conducted, from one ante-chamber to another in groups of about thirty at a time, the courtiers and *débutantes* proceed on their onward way. There are most comfortable settee benches *en route*, little use of which is made as a rule, because every one wants to arrive in the Royal presence unruffled, and besides, there is a very general tendency to press forward as fast as possible. Eager, insistent members of the throng push and struggle to make a way for themselves with unbecoming vigor, and *débutantes* distressful are parted from chaperons indignant, some-

times by an impenetrable wall of handsomely decorated femininity, or, even worse still, by a barrier. But the agitated plaint of the parted is rarely without effect, and that awful contretemps, a chaperon arriving at the last stage of all without her charge, is avoided somehow. Indeed, there seems to be a special atmosphere of good luck in the whole environment of the royal residence, for though agitated girls declare they shall fall fainting at the Sovereign's feet from sheer fright, they never do, and though chaperons vow that something is sure to happen—that something signifying a direful misfortune of the type they deem most virulent—all goes well when the crucial moment actually arrives.

The Ball-Room is a large apartment, with a magnificently ornamented ceiling glistening with gold, crimson hangings, a general impression of much stately whiteness, and an inlaid floor of the most surpassing polish. Few except the equerries, the royal pages, the gold and silver sticks, the Gentlemen-at-arms, the Lord Chamberlain and the other great functionaries of the Court, are ever destined to see one of the most interesting of all the catalogue of interesting sights that appertain to a court—namely, the entrance of their Majesties the King and Queen and the other royal personages to assume their places for the evening. Mr. Hal Hurst, who with His Majesty's express permission was present from the very beginning to the very end of the ceremony, beheld that great sight. He saw the Queen, all in white, as she had been on that memorable day in 1863, a satin gown this time veiled with snowy mouseline, her incomparably beautiful Brussels lace, probably that which was given her on her marriage by the King of the Belgians, and some priceless rose point, her train of *manteau vénitien* she specially approves, her crown, her

necklaces, her corsage gems one coruscation of lambent diamonds, all the actual color she wore borrowed from them and from the blue ribbon of the Garter across her breast prominent beside her other orders. He saw the King, splendid in an admiral's uniform, leading his Consort, her hand on his; the Princess Victoria in purest white, the Princess of Wales also in white satin and jeweled lace, a foam of poppy petals at her feet, her train a beautiful cloud of silver tissue, with the Prince and the other royalties.

Their Majesties halted upon a splendid carpet of velvet pile, a carpet emblematic of the British Empire, with a royal red center, a cream border woven with the English rose, and at the corners devices significant of the various Colonies. The carpet was raised on no dais at all, and there were no thrones. From half-past ten to within a few moments of midnight their Majesties stood, with the other Royalties behind them; and of course when later the peeresses and official ladies or *entrée* guests lined the walls, a gay parterre of beauty, they too stood as in duty bound, in their King's and Queen's presence. The first act of the Royal pair was to receive the Ambassadors, who passed before them in order of precedence—that is to say, according to the date on which they were accredited to the Court of St. James's, and therefore headed by M. de Staal, of the Russian Embassy, who is the *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique in London. With them the King shook hands, bowing to the members of the Legation presented to him by the Ambassadors, and then the Corps Diplomatique ranged itself at one side of the King. Afterwards the possessors of the *entrée* made obeisance, taking up their position in the room; and then the general company arrived.

The general company pass through the Ball-room at the end below the

Minstrels' Gallery, on their way to the corridor where the King's famous tapestries hang—the last stage before the meeting with Royalty. They could see nothing of the royal group at the other end of the apartment through the close line of the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen-at-arms, but there was music now to be heard, provided by the King's band, under the direction of Sir Walter Parrat, Master of the King's Music; and in the quaint uniforms worn by the musicians, as well as those of the Gentlemen-at-arms, who carry axes on their shoulders, there was opportunity for admiration. The musical programme at the first Court included nine numbers:

"Pas du Voile" (Callirhoe)	Chaminade.
"Andalouse and Aubade" (Le Cia)	Massenet.
"Dance of Nymphs and Reap-ers" (Tempest)	Sullivan.
"Vision" (Jeanne d' Arc)	Gounod.
"Wiegenlied"	Schubert.
"Liebesgruss"	Elgar.
Scherzo (Midsummer Night's Dream)	Mendelssohn.
"May Song"	Elgar.
Prelude and Gavotte	Saint-Saens.

The last corridor, that runs parallel to the Ball-room, already described as having been traversed at one end, leads to an open portal. Now the moment of all moments arrives: the presence of Royalty is entered. Each lady has her card in her hand and each gentleman his; she delivers it to the functionary nearest the barrier after it has been passed; and at the moment she is inside the room is conscious that her train is being gently taken from her arm, where she has up to that moment jealously and lovingly borne it, by one of the Gentlemen-at-arms, and cleverly spread by two of them upon the floor. As she glides onwards her card is passed from hand to hand until it is taken by the Lord Chamberlain himself. Lord Clarendon stands at the King's left hand. Deliberately he reads the card, deliberately scans the donor of it over his spectacles, as if to satisfy himself that all is absolutely to

his judgment, ripe and right for the important procedure of announcement, and then in a clear voice he speaks the name, or, should the case be that of a *débutante*, announces her chaperon's first, adding that of the lady she is presenting. When her name is uttered the lady is face to face with her King; she curtseys very, very low to him. The King bows, bestowing upon her that most gracious smile which seems to convey to her a direct message of hospitable welcome. Then a few steps further she moves: she is face to face with her Queen. Again she curtseys very, very low. Her Majesty inclines her head and sweetly smiles. Onwards she goes, her obeisances all made. At the portal on the other side, as if by magic, her train is returned to her arm as she passes out.

But she remains, if possible, a few moments to survey the scene; to note again the central figures, the King and Queen, who have greeted her so graciously, and all the brilliant throng about them. Then she goes onwards to the supper room, and tries to recall whether she really did use her best endeavors to thrust her bouquet or her fan into the hand of the official instead of her card, and how she contrived to keep her feet upon that marvellous floor with its surface like glass. Safe over the trial of her self-possession, she is eager for a repetition of the experience. Like a wedding, says some one, once it is finished one wants to go through the whole thing again—to enjoy it this time.

Notes are compared by dowagers, and opinions aired concerning the new arrangements. The fact is commented upon that at the Drawing-Rooms given by the late Queen seven or eight or even more curtseys had to be dropped, to each separate Royalty on the dais, whereas now reverence is only done to their Majesties. Then again, now there is no backing out of the Presence Cham-

ber, that serious task with a train nearly four yards long to manipulate—a mercy for which every one is grateful.

The general opinion is that the new Courts approach the functions held by the German Emperor and Empress; though at Berlin their Majesties walk past the courtiers, whose names the Chamberlain utters, instead of allowing the courtiers to walk past them, Deep obeisance is made as the Imperial pair advance, and with those whom they delight to honor they hold converse. Such was the custom of the Stuart kings, after Sunday morning church at the Palace of Whitehall and the other royal houses.

Now that the King and Queen reside at the Palace, the kitchens are in practical and constant working order, and the famous secret recipes for mayonnaise, "cup," and other de-

lectables, the most delicately delightful "little" dishes, and superlatively charming cakes and creams figure at the superbly served supper, which is taken standing, and does not include an elaborately arranged *menu*. Their Majesties sup apart, with the royal circle and a few chosen guests. The general company had all departed after the first Court by one o'clock—some to the photographers', who remained open until three in the morning to take flashlight portraits, others to parties given in honor of the occasion—parties that now usurp the proud position of displays formerly held and called peacock or train teas, which functions followed the long obsolete one of a drive in Hyde Park, where the congregated crowds feasted their eyes upon the flower of the nation's beauty and chivalry in all their splendid attire.

Mary Howarth.

Pall Mall Magazine.

APR I WEATHER.

My love is like an April day
So smiling sad, so cold, so bright;
For now she'd have me far away,
Yet pity puts the thought to flight.
And now she would I'd never told,
And now she'd hear my tale again;
Is fond, but half inclined to scold,
Vows she loves not, yet vows in vain.

The fair, fresh Springtide dreads the Sun,
Shrinks from the hazy noon tide heat,
Essays his amorous glance to shun,
In scudding clouds and rain and sleet;
Yet, half for love, and half in fear,
She dares not wholly banish him;
She smiles, and then lets fall a tear,
Is joyous, though her days are dim.

But if no April—then no May:
Predestined are the Summer flowers,

The wayward storms of Spring are gay,
And glad the changing chiding hours;
Sweet are thy soft repelling moods,
Fair Love, and dear thy questioning eyes,
Kind the cold breath that sears the woods,
Precursor of indulgent skies.

My Love is but an April day,
And if no April—then no May.

J.

The Spectator.

ENGLAND AFTER WAR.

With the peace of Pretoria it is a remarkable probability that England has fought her last war of conquest and touched the limit of her expansion. The South African struggle can never be regarded as a detached episode or even as an unavoidable crisis in the long work of bringing the two races nearer to a final adjustment of their relations. It was part of a wider question and formed the necessary climax of British development in the last continent that remained to be thrown open to Colonial enterprise. The whole earth has been staked out so far as it was possible for local conflicts and settlements to decide. In the problems of the Nearer and the Further East, we have history moving back to where it began, and as it is unlikely that they can be solved except by Armageddon or an Areopagus of the world, they may be allowed to wait indefinitely for solution. Even if the partition of China should ever be undertaken, the United States would have to take over our share, and those who advocate that we should place ourselves in permanently irreconcileable contact with Russia by the seizure of Southern Persia will find less and less support from a sane nation. No. Three centuries after Elizabeth, let us say of the expansion of England—it is finished.

Thus far we have been led from point to point by the automatic sequence of events. Either an independent South Africa had to crystallize round the Transvaal, or the Transvaal had to be absorbed into British South Africa. Johannesburg was the growing spot of the situation in one continent, precisely as Pittsburg had been in another. Now at last we have reached something like a clear break in the process which has continually compelled us to go further in order to maintain what we had. What England has now to deal with is the enormous work of keeping a quarter of the globe and a third of its population permanently under the control of the least numerous and prolific of its four principal white peoples, and it may safely be suggested that we have failed as yet to grasp the real magnitude and even the nature of the task to which we are committed. It is quite possible on this point to share almost completely the opinions of Mr. Chamberlain and to be in considerable sympathy with the temperament of Mr. John Morley. Even when we count the colonies as full partners in the business, our dominion is excessive and far too huge and heterogeneous for full efficiency. To deny the disadvantages of empire would be almost more dangerous than to despair of our ability

to surmount them. Nothing could be more repugnant to some kinds of Imperialists than some kinds of Imperialism. The Imperialism which squeaks through the penny trumpets and swaggers in the music halls, is of all the sentiments masquerading in the name of patriotism anywhere in the world, the most vulgar, blatant and inept.

Let us see how far we have been carried by the current of the last quarter of a century. It is seldom realized that our colonial development was never so vast and rapid, not even under Chat-ham, as it has been in the final phase. Since the beginning of the scramble for Africa we have added two and a-half million square miles of territory to the Empire.¹ And this without counting Egypt and its Hinterland, which figure upon the map for another million of square miles. In the same period Russia has increased her territory by rather less than a million square miles, including Manchuria. Yet there has hardly been a moment throughout the whole process in which we have not been found denouncing Russia for her unscrupulous aggrandizement, and explaining our own moderation and righteousness to the world. This is one of the contrasts we ought to find it most profitable to consider, when next we speculate with naive perplexity upon foreign hostility and misunderstanding. One of the chief causes of our tendency to comparative ineffectiveness is that the energies of forty millions of white people in these islands, or fifty millions including the colonies, are immeasurably more dispersed and over-loaded than those of the United States or Germany, with their larger and more rapidly increasing population. We cannot have so much of our best ability employed in India and Egypt, for instance, without losing some of the force which would have contributed to

maintain our eminence at home in government, science, and business. As it is, we have now brought under our power, direct or veiled, more than twelve million square miles of territory, and more than four hundred millions of men. Language is helpless to bring home to the British mind a proper conception of the stupendous disproportion between its moral and mental energies and the political task it has undertaken. If Englishmen were beyond comparison the ablest, freshest, best trained, and most numerous of all ruling races, present or past, the maintenance of empire would tax all their qualities. If the Anglo-American world were united to support the burthen, the strength available would be no more than sufficient. In the meantime, the fact remains that we have added to our responsibilities, since the flag was first hoisted in the Transvaal, territory equal to the whole area of the United States, though we had held more than twice as much before. As an alternative to the loss of South Africa, a disaster which would have shaken the whole of our power to pieces, we never waged a more necessary and opportune struggle than the South African War. But we should accept it as our last war of conquest, and the question is how far it has shown us to be naturally fitted and how far equipped for the business of keeping what we hold, of endeavoring to set the Empire upon a basis of common policy and common interest, and of developing, with the aid of the Colonies, the fresh guarantees we require for the preservation of our sea-power and commercial supremacy.

As the only certain periodical test of the quality of a nation, no substitute for war has been discovered. It is in itself an immense stimulus, and usually raises creative energy to a higher power in a way that does far more than merely repair in a short time the waste of life and wealth it causes. All na-

¹ "Times" Encyclopaedia, vol. i.

tions, after a very prolonged enjoyment of peace, begin to wonder how far they have been corrupted by ease. A decade ago, as the increased self-confidence and vigor derived by America and Germany from two great struggles became more and more perceptible by contrast with our own increasing symptoms of slowing down, it was the opinion of many of us that nothing would be so good for England as a just war which would rouse her to the core. We have had our struggle, very different from any that we had anticipated, and it cannot be said that, to those amongst us who held the opinion just expressed, the retrospect is wholly satisfactory. The conditions have been, of all imaginable conditions, perhaps the least favorable to a good moral effect. It has been a very long and a very expensive contest, and upon a vital issue. But it has not given us the inspiration that we should have derived from a really great war against another first-class Power, with our existence at stake. We have always felt that the Boer was a preposterously little fellow, and that the work of crushing him, though it would have been madness to shrink from it, was not in itself an essentially pleasant or heroic thing to carry through. What has been the upshot? There is no doubt—there can hardly be a doubt, even in the minds of those, like Mr. Morley, who hate all wars and this one most—that England is measurably better for her experience. She is, on the whole, more sober, more earnest, less tolerant of shams, and more anxious for improvement. But she realizes, as she never had done before, the almost hopeless inertia of her present political system, and it remains, unfortunately, very questionable as to whether she has sufficient clearness and persistency of purpose to compel any searching change. The test applied by the war to national character has, therefore, had two broadly-con-

trasted results. It has shown some of our characteristics to be even better than we could have expected, and others to be rather worse than we had feared. In a word, England has indeed found herself, and she has also found herself out.

The "mafficking" orgies meant nothing more nor less than that the ugly sediment which we all knew to exist at the bottom of our social system had come seething to the top. They showed how alarmingly quick will be the thoroughly coarse and vicious elements of our civilization to seize upon any evil example for the future. But this is nothing new. We have always known that the worst part of the London mob would be a disgrace and a danger if it ever got out of hand. "Mafficking" has simply shown with formidable clearness the force of that suggestion. We may be absolutely certain that in times of public excitement, with peril nearer home, the brutal side of this huge rowdyism, if it should once break out, will be as menacing as its levity is uncouth, unwholesome, and repellent. We shall be wise if, remembering how rapidly this sort of thing grows monstrous by what it feeds on, if it is allowed to indulge its appetite, we make far more serious attempts to prevent it for the future. In the meantime, it has been the most instructive object-lesson we have yet had upon the urgency of housing and temperance reform. But nothing could be more absurd and unjust than to represent rowdyism broken loose as a proof of the corruption of national character. If the pro-Boers, who are also advanced Radicals, really believed that to be so, they would have to admit that the era of School Boards has been an era of degeneration among the people. The truth is, of course, as Thomas à Kempis would say, that occasions do not change men, but simply show what they are. The class which holds up the

mirror to the music hall, and whose public accents are the gramophone of the same institution, has behaved in time of war precisely as it was expected to behave by those who studied it in time of peace. With the painful displays which brought all our social sediment to the surface, ninety per cent. of the people had nothing to do.

And for the passive qualities displayed by the nation as a whole hardly any praise could be excessive. It had never shown itself at any moment of its whole history a stronger people than in the weeks following Nicholson's Nek. It was silent, steady, prompt, acting upon the instant with the very instinct of ordered energy in the face of all the disaster and humiliation of a situation almost maddening for a nation which had gone into this war with an absolutely confident expectation that, whatever happened, there would be no more Majuba surprises. In the crisis of the struggle no country could have kept its head better. Since then, the tenacity and restraint with which an infinitely dull and uninspiring struggle was supported, has been a still more convincing proof of national nerve and judgment. Always clement in feeling towards the Boers, and always relentless in its determination to make them British citizens, our democracy has been proof, to an extraordinary extent, against all the influences of sentimentalism and of irritated impatience. Admiring their small and splendid energy more and more, and wishing heartily that fate had never compelled us to extinguish their independence, but perceiving clearly that any solution short of the unification of South Africa under the flag would be ruin, our people showed it to be impossible either to coax them into weakness or to goad them into bitterness. There can be no rational denial that in all these matters the country has come out of the war supremely well. Precisely

the moral spirit which has been shown by the country has been reflected by the army in the field. The Boers have seen in the long run the best of the British temperament. Its good sense, good humor, its unassuming and indomitable manliness have been as complete a revelation to our opponents, as their own extraordinary skill and gallantry have been to us. Boer and Briton have found that they are wonderfully well fitted to like each other. We have a right to think that no other nation could have fought its enemy with so much resolution, and succeeded in closing with him in the end upon such cordial terms. It is true that we have only borne with perfect stanchness in the crisis of the war a weight of taxation relatively less than Frenchmen bear at all times. It is also true, and upon this head there is a genuine discount to be made from our praises, that the enemy had no ships; that so long as the Great Powers refused to take up his cause, his case was hopeless from the beginning, and our home position one of the most absolute impunity. It is with "Hannibal at the Gate" that Roman nerve is really tested, and we have known nothing approaching to that test in this war. But there was something in the demeanor of the nation between Nicholson's Nek and Paardeberg which must have convinced most observers that, even with Hannibal at the Gate, the English people would show themselves to be full of the raw material of greatness.

That it would be other than very raw material the war with all its "lessons" has given no guarantee. Let it be admitted that it has proved in an extraordinary manner how the traits of a race may survive substantially unchanged generations after the conditions of its existence have been transformed. Obstinacy, judgment, order, union—all these things have been displayed as if our street-bred civilization had disap-

peared and the whole nation had reverted to the type of its traditional yeomen. There has been again the instinct for dealing with a definite emergency by taking the surest course and avoiding the risks which make success brilliant or failure fatal. Englishmen under the actual stress of a crisis are still the calmest and most discerning of races. They are far less fertile and ingenious in resources than Frenchmen, but far more likely to do the simply right thing. They are far less educated than Germans, and yet they are more reasonable, far less logical but saner, far less open to ideas but infinitely more impervious to sophistry. We express a right feeling when we say we have not degenerated. But let us face the converse of that proposition, which is that we have not progressed. America is developing every day a thousand fresh forms of energy and inventiveness. Germany in a single generation has developed in spite of militarism and protection a manufacturing activity which is almost as extensive as our own. The nation of metaphysicians and musicians has surpassed us in the technique of industry, and the greatest military people is deeply advanced in the work of creating for itself a wholly fresh form of national power in the shape of a fleet, much more compactly organized and rather more competently managed than our own. In the case both of the German Empire and the United States there has been an immense progress in their position relatively to ours. The experiences of the war ought to have satisfied us that if we have not degenerated absolutely, we have not developed, and, what is far more serious, that we show more alarming symptoms of losing the power to develop than have appeared at any previous period of our history.

No conviction of the necessity of change, no mere effort of argument or

imagination avails with us to overcome lethargy and to secure reform. Nothing but the immediate and overwhelming pressure of facts in the midst of emergency seems able to compel us to move, and crises would have to be chronic to keep us in motion. This old characteristic, the most inveterate fault of our temperament, has been responsible for our failures to make adequate preparation in the past against the most obvious dangers, and by far the most disquieting sequel of the war is the visible tendency to sink back into the slough of inertia and to make no effective alteration in the old method which must lead sooner or later, in the modern world, to worse than the old results. Whether the desire for efficiency was vehement, as at the moment of our reverses, or languid, as it has once more become since our relapse into otiose security, it has remained impotent to bring to bear any drastic influence upon political action. British democracy, the best meaning in the world, combines the virtue of moderation with the defect of the utmost vagueness of mind and the utmost indolence of will in a way that makes the practical effect of its moderation exceedingly vicious for all regular purposes. Infinitely the most serious psychological problem of the empire is the evident fact that democracy, instead of proving violent and unreasonable, seems far more indecisive, procrastinating and less able to force the execution of its real wishes, than the aristocracy or the middle classes ever were in the period when they controlled the State. And though the classes have indisputably shown more discontent than the masses, it is also patent that the aristocracy and the middle classes themselves have largely lost their old habits of political vigor and initiative since their loss of power.

After the first ignominious exposures of the war, when its knowledge of

everything that had occurred behind the scenes was still very imperfect, the country arrived at the definite conclusion that unless some great stirring of heart and intellect came to force large changes in national organization, we should sooner or later suffer the total catastrophe that in South Africa we have had every possible opportunity to escape. Since then, the disclosures as to the management of the army up to the moment when Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener took over the command, have proved far graver than the worst we had expected when the first spasmodic and perfunctory agitation for efficiency was excited. That agitation has since died away, and no real popular force in favor of it is at present acting, either upon the Government or upon the Opposition. We show once more the most ominous signs of returning to a state of tolerable complacency, even with respect to the army. But, again, what are the facts? The men, whenever they have had competent and determined leadership, have proved that they are compact of courageous and determined fighting stuff. They have been subjected to no such bloody tests as in the Peninsula and the Crimea, but they have displayed immense powers of physical and moral endurance, and the hand-to-hand grapple of Wagon Hill was enough to show that the stubborn fibre of the rank and file remains what it has always been. There is no deterioration, and surprisingly little alteration of any sort. In the same way Lord Roberts has appeared as a great leader of men, Lord Kitchener as a great master of method. There is, of course, no real test for generalship but its ability to cope with generalship. Neither of the two chiefs of the army during the South African war have been called upon to meet opponents capable at any time of effective counter-action, and we can make no absolute measure of their military

ability in the absence of the tolerably certain criteria of generalship afforded by the conditions of European war between anything like fairly well-matched opponents. But with such means of judgment as are at our disposal, we are entitled to think that Lord Roberts would be recognized under any circumstances as a born captain in the field, and Lord Kitchener as a born organizer at headquarters. The Empire has not always had two military figures of anything like equal capacity in its previous crises, and the country would have had reason to be proud at any epoch of having produced them. Around them has appeared a body of able lieutenants. But all this must not blind us to the fact that in a struggle against a first-class Power, capable of offensive strategy, we should have had no time to eliminate incompetence and to sift out ability. Any European enemy would have pushed home with fatal effect such successes as were won by the Boers at the outset, and our general breakdown would have led at once to the irreparable catastrophe. This is the vital consideration which nothing that has occurred since General Buller's failures can alter. We have only succeeded in retrieving our reverses by the aid of unlimited time and unlimited numbers.

As Froude learned history by writing it, we have learned the art of war by making it; but under no other circumstances conceivable could we have drawn off from defeat with the same impunity or enjoyed the same leisure for the purpose of creating a wholly new organization. There have never been more ignominious episodes of bad and weak leadership than some which we have experienced in the late war. And, in spite of all the explanations that have been given, the country is convinced that the frequency and, in some cases, the facility with which surrenders have taken place have left

a broad slur upon the records of the campaign. It is, no doubt, sheer lack of imagination rather than any worse feeling which has led, in at least one instance, to an annual dinner in which men who were taken prisoners together commemorate the anniversary of their passing under the Caudine forks. But the number of the surrenders, under circumstances where the effect upon our prestige was known to be of the most unfortunate character, remains a moral blot upon the war. There has been, on the other hand, a strange reluctance to force an issue by shedding blood. Not only did General Buller show this trait in Natal, when he threw away in successive defeats a number of lives which would have secured victory if he had possessed the nerve to sacrifice them in any one action. Lord Roberts showed it at Paardeberg, where the prolongation of the bombardment gave the moral honors, after all, to Cronje, who stiffened the Boers by a desperate example. If Lord Kitchener had been allowed to drive his attack home, even with a heavy cost of life, there can be little doubt that the short, stern way would have considerably contributed to our military prestige and the shortening of the war.

On the whole, the Army has simply not failed where failure would have been indelibly disgraceful. We have done in three years what, with sufficient intelligence and determination, we should have done in three months. A war which ought to have cost twenty millions has taken over two hundred millions more, and the penalty of inefficiency has been the waste of a stupendous sum, half of which would more than double the fighting strength of the fleet, while the other half would have been enough to give us the finest educational endowment in the world.

In the meantime, the report of the

Committee upon Military Education is the damning commentary upon so much feebleness of insight and impulse. These vices, let us grasp it, have shown themselves throughout the struggle, whether in the field or in politics, to be the reverse side of all the moderation and restraint upon which we pride ourselves overmuch. That report might be accepted, except for penal purposes, as a substitute for the promised enquiry into the war. No parliamentary investigation could go nearer to the root of the mischief. In any other European country this exposure of mental sloth and social triviality would be properly regarded as more deeply discreditable than any of the South African humiliations which it explains. What may be said of our passive qualities after the war cannot be said of our active. If we are to measure by the extent of our preoccupation with the things of the mind and the things of the spirit, then the war has shown that in the last half century there has been a great moral retrogression. Physical exercise has become our religion. Disbelief in every sort of earnestness has become our special form of infidelity. There is no fanaticism amongst us, but there is also nothing that deserves the name of faith. Even the cult of empire, sincere and instinctive as it is, is far too diffuse and vague, far too lacking in all the force and definition of thorough purpose, to be worthy of the name of faith. It is a sentiment which tends to resolve itself into one prolonged peroration leading us away from the action of the matter. "We have a world of apprehensions here, but not the form of that we should attend." Infinitely more vigorous and alert was the temper of the nation as a whole in the epoch of the Crimean war. Intellectually we are now the least alive of all the great peoples. When Sir Ian Hamilton remarked before the Committee

on Military Education that "It is not form to show keenness," he laid his finger upon the national complaint with admirable exactness and simplicity. It is our amazing foible to pretend that everything which seizes strongly upon men is presumably false, and that the depreciation of all decisive and strenuous conviction is the preeminent proof of national wisdom. If conviction ventures to show itself not only vehement but original, it is forthwith doubly damned. So far from believing that "provident fear is the mother of safety," we are determined not to be alarmed, and whenever facts show a disagreeable tendency we deny that they mean what they seem to mean until they are consummated by a catastrophe almost beyond the reach of remedy.

The jealousies and supineness of English shipping companies in the last decade have been probably as serious a form of national inefficiency as anything of which we could accuse the War Office. If the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic was carried off by the Germans, it was nothing. Was the Leyland Line Morganeered? Nothing. Was the Shipping Trust formed? We had reprobated all the mischievous rumors of such impossible extremes, but as soon as the deal itself was disclosed, we declared with magnificent consistency that this also was nothing, and that in fact it was very natural and a positive advantage. Before the event, incredulity; after the event, impotence. Under any circumstances "it is not form to show keenness," except in demonstrating that nothing will happen, that nothing has happened, and that all the persons who suggest a provident fear are the victims of hallucination. We cannot separate the question of the education of the army from the loss of intellectual strenuousness, the decline in the spirit of thought and labor in the nation as a

whole. The fundamental cause of all our educational backwardness is its total lack of "keeness" for educational progress. A darling ideal of our educators themselves is to reduce all enthusiasm, to encourage cooling down, to substitute sceptical equipoise for the spirit of action and critical detachment for creative heat. In one word, it is the passion for knowledge that is wanting. It is the light of the mind that we lack. American energy, German vehemence, French fervor upon the one side, and upon the other the nation which thinks it bad form to show keenness and makes a foible of inertia!

There was not one of our humiliations in the war but was traceable to this cause; there is not one of our difficulties in trade or politics but derives from the same origin; and unless we are to think far less of moderation and far more of keenness for the future, we shall fail in peace, we shall fail sooner or later in war, and we shall fail in the attempt to realize the Empire which we have extended by three and a-half million square miles during the very years which, by some obscure moral process, have blunted the edge of all our energy. "Never are moral forces at rest," said Scharnhorst; "they decline as soon as they cease striving to increase." It would be hard to quote a sentence more characteristic of the German national temper or less characteristic at this moment of anything in English public spirit.

It would be futile to suggest any immediate recipe for a problem of temperament at once so serious and so vague. "Strength," said Mr. Meredith long ago to France—

Strength is not won by miracle or
 rapé,
It is the offspring of the modest years,
The gift of sire to son by those firm
 laws

Which we call God's, which are the
righteous cause,
The cause of man and manhood's min-
isters.

Without the effective will in the nation at large to secure improvement, no tinkering of institutions, no shuffling of men, can much avail. How far that will is effective is the issue which the war has left us. Given the vigorous and clear-minded leadership, without which democracy is the most helpless of all systems, there can be little doubt that the wish for change, which now seems as lethargic as it is universal, would respond powerfully and rapidly to the right interpretation. At the present moment the sheer sense of impotence to bring the real desire of the public mind to bear upon the public servants is more answerable than all other causes, for the subsidence of the cry for efficiency. Lord Rosebery has also done much to injure that cause by the inimitably *dilettante* and occasional manner in which he has preached efficiency at large, until the word has come to be associated with the last degree of vagueness and unreality. But the chief reason of the feeling of public paralysis lies in the state of the party system. Constant competition was the genius of that system. The alternation of governments has been the only possible means open to the country of securing the execution of its will. It is useless to wish upon the one hand that the Liberal party should be different from what it is, or upon the other that the Unionist party, despite all that it ought to be in theory, were less profoundly disappointing in practice. We have to take the Ministerialists and the Opposition as they are—the one stale, effortless, perfunctory, tired of their position, and tired of their leaders, with every mark of an exhausted party upon them; the other, an Opposition unable to agree upon a leader or a pro-

gramme, and to a large extent in fundamental antagonism with the purposes for which the country desires a change of Government to be effected.

The war has not only played havoc with military reputations. It has unquestionably left us in politics with a sense of being far poorer in men than we had imagined. Only two politicians have increased their reputations. The one is Mr. Chamberlain. The other is Mr. John Morley, who has been the most unflinching opponent of the war, but who has maintained the most unpopular opinions in a way that has distinctly increased the respect with which he has been regarded by the country.

Apart from the Colonial Secretary the country would see the Government disappear without regret, and, indeed, with a deep sense of relief. When Lord Salisbury has retired, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour will remain as the only two members of the Cabinet with the slightest hold upon national imagination. The country would dispense readily with all their colleagues. This, it may be conceded, is rather usual than singular. A Cabinet often depends upon the influence of one or two of its statesmen, when the nation is indifferent to the rest. But in this case the position is anomalous, since it becomes less and less probable that the first man in the ministry will be allowed, after Lord Salisbury's retirement, to succeed to the first place. Short of this, no shuffling of the pack will be received with enthusiasm. Mr. Balfour is far from having lost his hold upon the country. He is not an unpopular minister, and the circumstances under which he would appear as an unpopular minister can scarcely be conceived. But there is a broad distinction to be drawn. As a critical and reconciling influence, the Leader of the House would be invaluable in any Cabinet, but a Cabinet bearing the impress

of his temper as head of the Government would extinguish the expectation of effective and vigorous rule. Mr. Balfour could not communicate to a Cabinet over which he presided the constructive energy which he does not possess, and no colleague, not even Mr. Chamberlain, could usurp the function. Under Mr. Balfour's leadership of the House, the Unionist majority has been for many sessions a slack and murmuring majority. The Government has never been more unfortunate than in the legislation with which Mr. Balfour has been most completely identified. We agree that there is no national question so important as education. The war lasted three years, but Mr. Balfour's struggle to carry any large measure of educational reform has lasted six, and it would be hard to name any series of legislative enterprises which have ever created a more irritated sense of dissatisfaction and hopelessness in the country. The present Education Bill will be carried because another breakdown would be fatal. But again it excites no enthusiasm in the country. It redeems the pledges given by the Conservative members of the Cabinet to the friends of voluntary schools. It places Elementary Education upon a more logical and solid basis. But Secondary Education, which is the main, pressing and vital issue in the minds of all educational reformers, is the merest side issue in Mr. Balfour's measure. The Bill probably solves the sectarian problem. It does not touch the national problem. When it has been passed Secondary Education will remain in a state of chaos, tempered by a two-penny rate. For all the Imperial purposes of educational reform, in its really grave and urgent sense, another session will be wasted—the seventh since 1896. In a word, this is not the Bill that the country needs, and it is not the Bill that Mr. Chamberlain would have brought in. With all his

delightfully acute and suggestive faculty in debate, and his extraordinary attractiveness and reasonableness of mind, Mr. Balfour is not primarily a constructive minister; he is not a master of men; to the driving power of the nation he does not contribute; and if he is to succeed, as appears certain, to the Premiership, the country will definitely prefer a change of Government at the first opportunity.

If ever a minister not at the head of an administration had established a claim to be placed at the head of his party and of his colleagues, that man is Mr. Chamberlain. The Cabinet owes its continued existence to the Colonial Secretary alone. The vast majority of the Empire throughout the war has regarded him as its representative. Without him the Government would have been overthrown, Lord Milner's position would have been untenable, and the settlement which has been reached would in all probability have been prevented by the disaster of a patched-up peace. When Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener receive recognition, how are Mr. Chamberlain's services to be recognized? The Premiership would be his only fit and, indeed, his only possible reward. It hardly admits of argument that a Chamberlain Cabinet would be the most efficient Cabinet possible, since it would be the only combination in which the real ascendancy would belong to the nominal head. This, it might be imagined, would be considered by Unionists, if not by the Opposition, as the most obvious step towards efficiency at large, since that quality must reside in the Government or will reside nowhere.

Instead of this, the arguments of Mandarindom are used as if the lessons of the war had never been known. Granted that Mr. Chamberlain is incomparably the strongest personality in the Unionist party, and that the Unionist party is one—the Tories, we

are told, would never follow him. They will consent to be kept in power by him. They will consent that another leadership should owe its possibility of existence to Mr. Chamberlain's loyalty. But Mr. Chamberlain's own leadership they will not have. The country at large, and the Tory democracy of the great cities, hardly less emphatically than the Liberal-Unionists of Birmingham, desire that the Colonial Secretary should be Prime Minister. But the majority in the country is as impotent to have that desire carried out in presence of all the *chinoiserie* etiquette and convention of official politics, as if the franchise had never been extended. In presence of a situation of this character, when the premiership itself is upon the point of passing by a process which is little else than that of hereditary succession, and when Mr. Chamberlain is disqualified from being Prime Minister mainly because he is a Liberal-Unionist, we may very well doubt whether the means of obtaining efficiency under our Parliamentary system really exist. Moltke thought not. The cry of "Reconstruction," which was rife during the crisis of the war, has died away since the General Election. Lord Salisbury's changes in his Cabinet were not interesting, and have not been effective. The country still thinks that it desires Reconstruction. What it does desire is a Ministry with Mr. Chamberlain at its head. Short of that stimulating change, it will decline to be exhilarated by the coming shuffling of portfolios, and it will decline to continue the Government in power. If the Colonial Secretary were Premier, upon the other hand, his position in the country would be more like Palmerston's than that of any other statesman, and he would be very likely to remain in office for the greater part of the next decade.

Upon its own merits the Opposition is as little attractive to the country as

in 1895 or in 1900. Lord Rosebery is no longer a statesman in whom the empire rests its expectation. As he repeats with little variation his exposition of general principles, his speeches become less brilliant, and do not become less vague. Since the Chesterfield appearance, he has definitely ceased to attract non-Liberal opinion, and in confining his appeal more and more to his own party, he has not succeeded in removing Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership or in asserting his own. The Opposition has no definite financial policy, no definite educational policy, no definite foreign policy, no definite Irish policy. We now know that they will not again bring in a Home Rule Bill unless they are compelled; but, if they cannot take office except upon sufferance of the Irish vote, they will be free, and probably willing to bring in a Home Rule Bill. In its general attitude towards politics, Radicalism has now definitely declared itself to be the Tory Party of the future. The writer does not mean to say that this attitude is not legitimate. "Resistance to reaction," as Mr. Morley considers it, may very possibly seem from the Liberal point of view to be the most urgent of all functions. But the non-partisan statement of the position is that the principal Radical duty is now defined as resistance to change.

The country has a great discontent with things as they are. It is full of the vague desire for change. It has most certainly lost all clear faith in Free Trade since the industrial development of Germany under Protection. But it is still far from liking the name of Protection or trusting the thing. It is irritated when it is told that Cobdenism is not an arguable issue, and that no sacrilegious hand must be laid upon the Ark of the Covenant. It is very much inclined to try cautious experiments. The force of the objections

against raising the cost of raw material every child can grasp. But it is perfectly possible to construct a tariff leaving raw material free, and a very large part of the popular opinion, probably the majority, would like to see a duty placed upon imports of manufactured articles. To follow this line of thought here would take us too far.

Any proposal for considering the wisdom, from the point of view of commercial strategy, of modifying our fiscal system, is met by the reply that whoever questions Free Trade is an incredible ignoramus. That familiar example of the one subject of controversy in which arrogant impertinence is regarded as a fair substitute for argument, loses more support for mere doctrinaire and dogmatic Cobdenism than it wins. It leaves out of sight the only issue upon which Free Trade is or can be attacked. For all immediate purposes cheap imports *must* favor the consumer more than he could be favored by any protective system. But whether Free Trade is equally favorable to the utmost enterprise, self-confidence and creative energy of the British manufacturer, pitted against protected rivals, is quite another issue; and creative enterprise is a far more powerful factor in eventually cheapening production than even free importation can be. But this is beyond the occasion. The point is that upon what may be the greatest issue of the future —certain to be raised in connection with national finance, if not in the shape of commercial union with the Colonies—Radicalism for the first time means resistance to change, while Mr. Chamberlain appears as the least tied to tradition of all our living statesmen. Whether the Opposition in the negative attitude, no matter how cogent may be its case, can ever recover popular sympathy to the degree enjoyed when it was pursuing its former function of

advocating change may well be doubted.

Neither can the fact be ignored that the intense unpopularity of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and of the anti-war section of his party generally, will survive for some time the war itself. When they are brought to book at the hustings by extracts from their speeches, vituperating the motives and maligning the conduct of the war, they will be in a considerably more uncomfortable predicament than they at present realize. Above all is the fact that in the firm opinion of the country the Irish members, by their conduct upon the war, have made themselves impossible. No party for the future can traffic upon that side with impunity, but the words of Lord Rosebery and his followers may mean anything from Unionism to Gladstonianism, and the country feels that it will mean the latter or the former according to the exigencies of the electoral situation. Add to this the fading of Lord Rosebery's personal prestige with the middle mind of the nation, and it is apparent that the Opposition would have, under ordinary circumstances, little prospect of returning to power upon their own positive merits.

But the circumstances are not at all ordinary. The greatest need of the nation is a healthy revival of party antagonism. No other means of securing efficiency under a representative system has yet been known, and no other can be possible so long as human nature is what it is and Parliamentary Governments are what they are. The Unionist Party suffers from the debility which invariably follows upon seven years of practically undisputed ascendancy. It is not in the nature of things that they can recover the freshness and the zest of power. Their position no longer interests them, and they do not interest the country. Were Mr. Chamberlain to become Prime Min-

ister, the situation would be different. The Government, dominated by the spirit of Highbury instead of that of Hatfield, would be for all practical purposes as completely a new government as if parties had crossed the floor of the House. Such a Ministry would be at least vital and interesting. With the clearest mind, the most signal executive ability in England at its head, and with the Premiership restored to immediate contact with the House of Commons, there would be a considerably greater likelihood of efficiency being exacted and secured than under any other combination. It is no doubt a serious question whether the Unionist Party, under any circumstances or under any leadership, ought to be returned for a third consecutive period of office. But a Chamberlain Cabinet would be so certain to brace up our whole political system, to attempt large tasks, to divide men upon clear-cut issues, and to excite such genuine antagonisms of personality and principle, that men who care nothing for party in itself would be strongly tempted to vote for the Colonial Secretary as Premier.

Under any other circumstances the same men would not support the further existence of the Government. In spite of all the objections that have been mentioned, the best course then for the general purposes of restoring as far as possible the full vigor of the party system, would be to put the Opposition in power. The reasons are clear. The Navy would almost certainly be as well administered under a Radical as under a Unionist Government. For the purposes of overcoming the resistance of social influence to a thorough reform of army education and organization, the Liberals would be more suitable in many ways than their opponents. With regard to Colonial Policy, no Ministry under Lord Rosebery, or even under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, would think it safe or

desirable to make any marked departure from Mr. Chamberlain's tone and methods. It may be urged that the ambiguity of the Irish policy of Lord Rosebery and his friends disqualifies them. If there were less urgent need for a new departure in the spirit of English politics and the temperament of British Governments, that would be a final objection. As matters are, it may well be overruled. For practical purposes it is more an objection in form than in fact. Whatever the transaction the Liberals might attempt with the Nationalists, if unable to obtain a working majority without the support of the Irish votes, it is certain that even if a Home Rule Bill upon anything like Gladstonian lines were introduced, it could not be passed against the resistance of the House of Lords, and a Radical Government would have to choose between a dissolution such as they ought to have risked in 1893, or another ignominious attempt to spend a couple of sessions in ploughing the sands with the eventual repetition of the disaster of 1895. A Cabinet under Lord Rosebery would be far more likely to bring in a Bill certain not to satisfy the Irish members, and to rely on Unionists for the purpose of resisting Mr. Redmond's party.

In a word, if there is still danger that Gladstonian Home Rule may be proposed, there is no longer the slightest danger that it can be carried. Now with the war over, the lines of the settlement accepted, and the position of the Liberal Party upon the Irish Question become stultified and impotent, the fundamental objections which have induced the country to keep the Opposition in the bleak shade during the last seven years no longer apply. We desire two things—an alternative Government and a strong Opposition. As regards the first there is no method of making Liberalism eligible for power one half so likely as putting it in office. In the

position of less freedom and greater responsibility, compelled, above all, to face the difficulties of the financial and the problems of the Imperial situation, the Radicals would supersede a good deal of difference in theory by agreement in practice. The fresh return to the sphere of administration and legislation of men like Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Acland, Mr. Haldane and the rest, working under the suggestive influence of Lord Rosebery, would give the country a Cabinet distinctly abler upon the average than the present Unionist Ministry, or any reconstituted form of it that could follow Lord Salisbury's retirement. Above all, the Unionists, upon quitting office, would become at once, and this is perhaps the main point, an extremely powerful and vigorous Opposition.

No influence is more urgently needed in the State. The Unionists, exchanging sides with a Radical Government, would recover much of the initiative and energy they have lost, and would be far more vigilantly effective upon behalf of efficiency than they have ever been in office. We can imagine, for instance, what would have been the Unionist zeal for army reform if the exposures of the South African Campaign had occurred when they were out of power. As easily can we conceive how much more fertile in invention than the Budget of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would have been the suggestions of Unionist criticism if directed against the War Budgets or the Peace Budgets on the present scale of expenditure of a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nothing would be more interesting to observers of the present state of politics and few things could be more useful to the country than to see the Opposition actually charged with the work of framing a Secondary Education Bill and with the duty of bringing in proposals for meeting what will be the

normal rate of Imperial expenditure in the future without depriving the Income Tax of its character as an emergency tax and without infringing Free Trade principles. In any case, if efficiency and awakening are to be our watchwords, the immediate step for those who are discontented with the present Government must be the attempt to change it. Practically that can only be done in one of two ways. Now that the war is won, it is a perfectly arguable issue whether a healthier action would be best restored to politics by making Mr. Chamberlain Premier, or by making the Opposition a Government. But some of us at least have no sort of doubt that if the former solution should be presently excluded, as seems likely to be the case, the second course should be adopted without the slightest hesitation, and the middle mind in politics should throw its whole weight against the Unionist Party in spite of Lord Rosebery's disappointing inability to induce the wearers of the "flyblown phylacteries" to discard them, or to make his conception of efficiency anything more definite than a new way of spelling Mesopotamia.

This is the immediate issue before England after the war. Among the problems that lie behind, two are of an importance that can only be indicated here. There have been during the South African struggle an outbreak of hatred and a manifestation of love which must profoundly influence the future course of our Imperial policy, whether by their separate influence or by the contrast between them. Naval and military efficiency depend absolutely upon policy. We have never known precisely what contingency we needed an army for, and until we have made up our minds as to where the real danger of conflict is most likely to be in the future, we shall never have thorough preparation. This is the great difficulty of England as compared with

continental countries, which organize for action at definite points against a definite enemy. With the appearance of Germany as a plain danger upon the sea, no longer to be ignored after the memorable revelation of Anglophobia which has been among the most instructive results of the war, the navy is confronted by exactly the same uncertainty as to its real problem. When the German fleet is ready those who direct it will know exactly what they mean to do in case of a breach with this country, and it may be doubted whether Whitehall contemplates that contingency with anything like the clearness with which it has been considered in Berlin. Upon the other hand, if we are to think rather of providing against the possibilities of a struggle with France and Russia, there will be a different problem posed, and the army will be once more tested under conditions as widely removed from its South African experiences as these were from its previous campaigns.

It is essential that we should come to a plainer mind about foreign policy. There is a strong party amongst us which is entirely preoccupied with Russia and knows nothing of German policy. There is no reason to think that Lord Curzon and his school are not still in favor of adding South Persia to the three and a-half million square miles we have annexed in the last quarter of a century. Those who, like the present writer, believe that England's only great danger in foreign policy is upon the side of Germany, think that to ensure a settlement with Russia by relinquishing Persia to her, would enormously facilitate the sure solution of our problems of defence and finance.

But, as Mr. Morley has observed in the wisest of his remarks, "politics is a field where action is one long second-best, and the choice lies constantly between two blunders." There are grave

difficulties upon both sides in the problem of foreign policy. But the nation cannot afford to remain in two minds upon it. We are at present pursuing a course that if long maintained in the present manner would amount to political insanity. We are stimulating the naval preparations of Germany by increasing the hostility between the two peoples, and at the same time we are not trying to come nearer to a settlement with France and Russia. We must choose whether we shall have our ally upon the right hand and our antagonist on the left, or our friend upon the left and our antagonist on the right, unless we really wish to court the eventual danger of being attacked on both sides. Practical politicians who are convinced, like the writer, that it would be infinitely sounder policy to settle with Russia and to have our hands free to deal with Germany as Germany shows future signs of dealing with us, must, nevertheless, repeat that it is less important with which we settle than that we should improve our relations with one or the other. That, after the revival of the party system in full vigor, is the most obvious step towards securing the thorough preparation of both the services in peace for their probable tasks in war. If we cannot draw this moral from the fact that in all the outbursts of Continental hostility German hatred was by far the most virulent, then there is no moral to be drawn.

The converse problem of the relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies is a question that would require much more detailed examination upon another occasion. It is also one that cannot be very profitably discussed before the conference of Colonial premiers has taken place. All that can now be said with complete assurance is that in spite of the magnificent devotion to the flag shown by the Colonies in the present war, the

existence of the Empire for all the purposes of the present generation must depend upon the efforts of the Mother Country. Upon her must remain the burthen. Within her must reside the power. If the slow growth of population continues in the Colonies, it will be many decades before they are able to turn the fortunes of England in the world. It must rather be our task to keep them open for the future of the race against Powers which teem with colonists, but do not possess the Colonies.

With regard to trade, it is no doubt, otherwise, for the Colonies are already a more valuable market for our manufactures than the United States and Germany put together. They are the newest communities in the world; the greatest producers of raw and importers of finished material. The Colonies, and the Colonies alone, are and will remain the natural economic complement of the Mother Country, and upon the mastery of their markets our commercial supremacy must depend

more than upon any other single factor in trade.

In the face, nevertheless, of the wholly new era of national life that has opened with the close of the war, one thing is at least certain. The present Government and the present Parliament have no mandate to deal in any far-reaching fashion with the Colonial issues affecting the foundations of national policy. A dissolution in the autumn, more under the normal conditions of party controversy that were impossible at the last General Election, should mark the beginning of that stirring of mind and spirit in the Mother Country without which all else must be in vain. For, though the Colonies will make increase to all we add unto ourselves, the principle of our success must be created within ourselves alone, and the Empire of a quarter of the earth, as we possess it at the end of the last war of conquest, can be maintained by no aid of the Colonies, if by comparison with other nations we lack youth and vigor at the heart.

The Fortnightly Review.

ESTRANGED

We were friends in the long ago—
Now perchance when we pass or meet,
We hail each other across the street;
And the wonder seems to grow
That either had sought or given more
In those credulous days of yore!

Did you really suffice me then,
Had I power your soul to move,
That we gave each other that silent love
A man will share with men?
Yet were you false, or was I untrue?—
Never was any friend like you!

Had we parted in wrath and scorn,
One might have sought the other's grace,
And meeting suddenly face to face
A nobler love been born:
But vainly shall any seek for fruit
When the tree's dying at its root!

Were you the man I thought of old?
Are you the man I think to-day?
Is there perchance some word to say,
A secret that's not yet told?
Dare I not hope—when this life ends—
Something again will make us friends!

Christian Burke.

Temple Bar.

THE FLIGHT OF A HAILSTONE.

A hailstone, when dissected, is found to be an aggregate of tiny crystals disposed in concentric rings or zones; zones which, if rightly cross-examined, will have much to tell concerning the wonderful journey of the hailstone as it plunged through the atmosphere on its way to the earth. A snowflake makes this same journey through the air in a more leisurely fashion, and it does not arrive at its destination with the noise and rattle that announces the descent on the earth of hailstones; but the two travellers are very nearly related, for they are both the offspring of aqueous vapor. It is part of the work of the meteorologist nowadays to discover, if he can, why the moisture in the air sometimes takes the form of a snowflake, while at others it crystallizes as a hailstone. To merely record the size of a hailstone is insufficient, for these frozen pellets of moisture have more interesting attributes.

At the heart of every hailstone is a tiny atom of dust, which may be considered to be the very foundation of the whole icy structure. These

atoms of dust pervade every part of the atmosphere. Not only are they found in the lower strata of the air, but the winds carry them far above the highest mountains, and no matter whether samples of air obtained by balloonists or by mountain travellers are examined, minute particles of dust are always everywhere to be found. Indeed, it is becoming understood that without an atom of dust upon which the moisture of the air could settle there would be no rain-drops, no snow, no fog, dew, clouds or hail. Without these minute platforms, as they may be called, upon which the moisture as it condenses could alight, rain would be continually pouring down upon the earth, and it is these motes that keep the moisture buoyed up in the atmosphere until such times as circumstances compel them to yield up the aqueous supplies which they so industriously collect. Supposing, then, that a little vapor should happen to condense on a particle of dust floating aimlessly through the air, there is a beginning made of what, under favorable con-

ditions, may ultimately grow to a full-sized hailstone.

It is highly probable that, for a hailstone to have fitting opportunity of growing to maturity, it must take its plunge to the earth from a great height. The clouds which float at the greatest distance from the earth are those known as the cirrus, which are often seen many miles above the tops of the highest mountains. If, then, an incipient hailstone can only dive towards the earth from this dizzy height it will in its headlong flight pass through strata of air differing very much as regards moisture and temperature, and these are the circumstances most favorable to its development.

But before the growing hailstone can launch itself downwards it must by some means or other contrive to get itself carried up to these serene and chilly heights. Briefly, it makes the journey by stepping, as it were, into one of the strong ascensional currents of air which spring upwards from almost every part of the earth's surface.

These currents are revealed by the cumulus clouds which are but the visible tops of columns of air. As these rising currents of air rush upwards they presently arrive at a height where the air is rare and cold, so that the aqueous vapor they carry with them condenses and promptly assumes the form of a cloud; a process that may be likened to a rocket which bursts into a visible cloud of fire at the end of its upward flight. If, then, the dusty atom with its tiny load of moisture that is subsequently to form the nucleus of a hailstone can succeed in entering such a rising stream of air it will ere long find itself at a height that will ultimately prove to be an admirable colgn of advantage. In this position it resembles nothing so much as an oak apple dancing at the top of a jet of water,

for in each case an ascending current keeps the object buoyed up.

But it often happens that yet loftier heights are necessary for the growth of a hailstone. Supposing, then, that a further upward flight is desirable, there is a convenient motive force ready to hand. It is well known that whenever condensation of moisture takes place latent heat is set free, so that when the aqueous vapor is actively engaged, say, in condensing into the form of a cloud, it is probable that great supplies of warmth spring into being. This warmth, of course, raises the temperature of the air, and as the latter becomes warmed it rises and another form of ascending current is thereby produced. Such a current provides the hailstone with a means of conveyance to those exalted regions it is so advantageous to reach. Probably at the end of its long journey the incipient hailstone will be far up in one of the cirrus clouds, surrounded by particles of moisture frozen by the cold rarefied air into ice crystals, so that in its new situation the hailstone would find ample supplies of the material so necessary for its growth.

In such company it is not long before the moisture on the atom of dust also freezes. The form which the frozen moisture will take depends on circumstances, but there are many possibilities before it. Thus it may crystallize as a tiny pellet of snow, or it may take the shape of an ice crystal, or it may commence as a snowflake; while in certain circumstances it will simply take the form of a frozen rain-drop. Any of these shapes will serve as an excellent starting point from which to commence the earthward journey.

During all the time of its upward journey the force of gravitation has been steadily pulling at the rising atom of dust and its load of moisture. Few things floating in the air can

long resist this imperative call to return to the earth.

Falling slowly downwards, the motion being slow at first because the bulk of frozen moisture is small, the hailstone at once commences to attract to itself other particles of frozen moisture. These adhere to it much in the same way that snowflakes will adhere to any one travelling quickly through a snow storm; so that as the hailstone pushes its way downwards it grows in bulk. Moreover, as its weight increases it may happen that its centre of gravity shifts, and it becomes accordingly of an irregular shape. This accident indeed accounts for many of the curious shapes assumed by hailstones and gives them that peg-top shape which is so often observed. It is to be remembered also that a hailstone takes a long time to drop from the clouds to the earth, it being calculated that the journey may often occupy ten minutes. In this interval most of the transformations occur that produce the full-grown hailstone.

Imagining now the journey to be well started it will at once be realized that the travelling hailstone will pass through strata of air that differ very much as regards temperature and moisture. Some of the air will be above the freezing point and other layers will be below it; while it will be no uncommon episode for the dropping hailstone to plunge sheer through a cloud that may be many thousands of feet thick. The hailstone itself, with its heart of ice, is always below the freezing point, so that any moisture that settles on it is promptly frozen and forms a girdle of ice around the central nucleus. An examination indeed of any hailstone shows that these icy girdles are its most characteristic feature. It will also be observed that these girdles or zones are of two kinds, and that they are alternately clear and opaque. It

is these zones that tell the most concerning the incidents of a wonderful journey, for they are produced by the different strata of air through which the hailstone passed, each country, as it were, over which the journey was made impressing its characteristics on the flying traveller.

When the hailstone passed through air that was below the freezing point the moisture that settled upon it was frozen in the form of a clear zone of ice, while, on the other hand, when the air and its contained moisture were above the freezing point the girdle of ice was opaque.

A further important consideration as regards the hailstone is that the moisture may often be reduced in temperature below the freezing point without actually congealing. It is a common experiment thus to treat moisture, but it is always found that the slightest agitation of this cooled liquid at once causes it to crystallize. When, therefore, the hailstones come pelting through the air in this condition it will readily be understood that the commotion produces a plentiful supply of ice crystals, many of which are quickly annexed by the hailstones, which are thereby greatly increased in size.

The foregoing are the most common conditions that favor the growth of a hailstone, and it will be concluded that the essential conditions required are layers of air of different temperatures. Now it frequently happens that hail accompanies a thunder-storm or a tornado; these two phenomena being very nearly related. In both there is an atmospheric whirl, which, in the tornado, produces a strong wind that is commonly of a destructive character. If, then, a hailstone should be going through its evolutions in the neighborhood of one of these storms it stands a good chance of being whirled round and round in the air, a process that may

continue for a considerable time. This violent treatment, however, has the same effect as if the hailstone were falling downwards through the air, and the result is that it may be carried again and again through first a cold stratum of air and then through a warm one. As already seen these are the very conditions that favor the growth of hailstones, and hence it is that hail so commonly accompanies thunderstorms, tornadoes, and such like atmospheric disturbances.

The whirling hailstones through the air cannot, however, continue indefinitely, for presently they grow so heavy that they fall in a rattling stream from the edge of the cloud. Observation shows that hail showers often pass across the country in parallel lines; but it will be gathered that this is owing, as described above, to the fact that the stones are ejected from the sides of the storm cloud and not so much from its centre. Hailstorms, as a rule, are not of very large area, and are much longer than they are wide. The width is regulated by the dimensions of the cloud, the length being governed by the distance to which the internal energy of the storm urges the storm-cloud forward.

Hail occurs more frequently during the day than in the night, and in summer than in winter. It also falls more copiously over the land than over the

sea, where it is rarely observed. Hail, indeed, is a turbulent child, and it does best in those localities and at those seasons when the atmosphere is in a variable mood. At such times the cross currents in the air produce those eddies which are the most favorable for the growth of storm-clouds, out of which leap the tornado and the thunderstorm. Plains also are more often visited by hail than mountain regions, for here again the atmosphere is more likely to be in an unstable condition because such exposed ground often varies greatly in its temperature. Hail, moreover, is rarely met with in the Arctic regions, thunderstorms being equally rare in this locality. It is this circumstance, among others, that has caused some people to give atmospheric electricity a prominent position in relation to hail formation, and more especially so because lightning and hailstones frequently occur together. Caution, however, is always necessary when putting electricity forward as a cause, for to do so is often to explain one mystery by another. From what has been said it will be gathered that there are simpler explanations of the flight of the hailstone, and it is along these more obvious lines that the history of this interesting phenomenon is nowadays being studied.

Arthur H. Bell

Knowledge.

THE PLETHORA OF POETS.

I can never consider the subject of contemporary poetical production in England without a sense of bewilderment. It piques my curiosity more than it rouses my interest, and presents me with a whole series of problems which

I am powerless to solve. On the one hand, I seem to see indications of an extraordinary absorption in verse composition, while there are, at the same time, facts which might point to absolute public indifference. "This is not

a poetical age," it is said; and it is an opinion which one would be disposed to accept without much question. You do not see any particular proof that poetry is widely read. People seldom talk about the subject as they do about novels, the theatre, politics, or sport. One rarely hears verse quoted, at least by anybody under forty. I know two or three old gentlemen, and some elderly ladies, who adorn their conversation with scraps from Tennyson or Byron, from Keats or Wordsworth, or Pope. But the quotations fall irresponsible on the ears of their sons and daughters, their nephews and nieces, who regard these literary allusions and reminiscences as among the harmless foibles of age. If you except the professional literary class—and I am not even quite sure of them—modern educated Englishmen and Englishwomen seem extraordinarily ill-read in the poetry of their own tongue, compared with German or French people of a similar status. But then, was there ever an age when more verse was produced? I cannot answer the question, and perhaps nobody else can, for I suppose that statistics of the metrical output of various literary periods have not as yet been compiled. It may be that, when the comparative method has been as scientifically applied to literary history as it has been to economics, we shall get Tables of Verse Averages, giving us the curve of poetical fertility from decade to decade. We may discover that poetry, like matrimony, bears a close relation to the price of bread, and that the number of lyrics published varies inversely with the increase in the importation of grain. In the absence of these particulars I will only observe that the intelligent student must find it difficult to account for the mere quantity of poetry poured out to a presumably unpoetical generation. I said "poetry," not "verse," of design. That penetrating and consid-

erate critic, the late H. D. Traill, wrote a brilliant essay some years ago on Minor Poetry, with the object, generally speaking, of showing that there were no minor poets. His thesis was that there were some fifty living writers in metre (I think he afterwards raised the number to seventy), each of whom had about as much claim to the title of poet, without any qualifying adjective, as any other. In fact, he maintained that if the class-list system were adopted, it was next to impossible for a conscientious examiner to separate these two score or three score candidates for the bays on the ground of merit. Assuming that the two or three great poets of unchallenged fame were given a place "above the Senior Wrangler," the other half-hundred or so would all have to be bracketed together to fill the remainder of the first division. Judged by any sound standards of poetical excellence—style, thought, feeling, expression—you could not honestly say that any one of these authors was so much below the rest as to be disentitled to any such honors as rightly belonged to his competitors. Mævius was as good as Bavius, if equitably marked on all his papers.

I suppose that Traill, who deeply loved a paradox, exaggerated his case with conscious and purposeful irony. But his mere numerical estimate seems to me unduly moderate. My own Session of the Poets would be more largely attended. Indeed, the moment you come to figures you are appalled, or at least amazed, by their magnitude. I have before me as I write Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation," a substantial volume, tall and stout. It deals with thirty-three writers of verse, most of whom—the list includes Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Kipling, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. H. C. Beeching, Mr. W. B. Yeats—would have every claim to be reckoned in Mr. Traill's first class. But

you might think that 580 pages devoted to criticism of contemporary versifiers would dispose of the whole or nearly the whole, of those worth any notice at all. This is far from the case. I have no doubt that Mr. Archer could fill another volume as large, and yet leave his subject unexhausted. For various reasons, some due to the plan of his work, some, I suppose, to his personal tastes, his collection omits numerous writers who would necessarily be comprehended in any complete review of the poetical literature of the day in Great Britain. No poet born before 1850 is touched by Mr. Archer, who is chiefly interested in *les Jeunes*—that is to say, the youngsters of forty or so for the most part. Hence, many of the established reputations are necessarily withdrawn from the survey. Mr. Archer does not criticize Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Henley, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir Alfred Lyall, the late Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Alfred Austin, Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Mallock, or Mr. Robert Bridges. Here is a group of poets whose names would be added to Mr. Archer's thirty-three if his list were to be taken as the foundation of a Parnassian catalogue. But this is only a small instalment of the additions. Mr. Archer, believing that "the expression and justification of enjoyment" is the highest function of criticism, has, quite properly from his own point of view, concerned himself solely with those bards, even of the "younger generation," whose works give him genuine pleasure. Hence his selection is arbitrary. It does not include another batch of poets, whose verses for the most part give me "genuine pleasure"—not, of course, that this is to the point—and who, in the essential qualities of thought and expression, do not seem to

fall below the majority of Mr. Archer's team. Another compiler might very well have taken all or some of them. On the other hand, no one could complain of their omission, even if there had been any attempt to make the nosegay representative of the flowers in the garden, instead of being chosen merely because they happened to please the eye and nose of the gatherer.

For my own part I could not easily write a volume on the poetry of the hour and omit reference to the author of this:

A SIN.

I met a woman in the street,
The angry wind seemed blowing
through
I halted, for the way she trod
Reminded me of you.

She turned and spoke in tones that
matched
Her soft tear-clouded eyes of blue:
I gave her bread because her voice
Reminded me of you.

But as I went upon my road,
The sin flashed full upon my view—
In that I only gave to God,
In memory of you.

Or this:

Once in the daring days,
Born out of strife,
Gods of my fashioning
Sprang into life—
Gods of high flight that scorn
Death as he plods,
Wonderful, winged, and wild,
Glittering gods!
Yet were they weak as reeds,
Bending for this,
Only a woman's eyes,
Only her kiss.

• • • • •
Gods, shall I yearn to stay,
Stoop and grow sad,
Poor, since no riches buy
Aught that I had?
Never again to speed
Over the lawn,
Over the hills to catch
Sparkles of dawn!

Never again to wait
Down by the brook,
Wait for her coming feet,
Long for her look!

Gods that have fashioned me,
Take me again,
Take me, forgiving me,
Error and stain;
Spare them that love me yet,
Find them a face—
Find them a heart and life
Dear in my place—
And when the swallow's wings
Whispering sweep,
Leave me a little while
Dreaming asleep!

Then for my covering
Grant me, I crave,
Armies of rapid weeds,
Storming my grave!
Regiments with grassy spears
Marching along.
Chanting, for me alone,
Snatches of song!
And let the friends who come,
Seeking me, start
Birds from my resting feet,
Birds from my heart!

These stanzas are by Mr. Norman Gale, who would find a place in my *Corpus Poetarum* if I were endeavoring to fill it with the best metrical work of the last two decades. So, I think, would Professor Dowden, Canon Rawnsley, Sir Rennell Rodd, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Wilfred Blunt (whose "Love Sonnets of Proteus" and other poems, full of passion and vitality, would have made him famous long since if he had been a Frenchman), Miss Mary Robinson (whom foreign scholars and critics, like M. Gaston Paris, have learnt to admire, though her own countrymen seem scarcely to have recognized her genius), "Violet Fane," Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. Conan Doyle, the Earl of Crewe, and if the lighter Muses were admitted (I do not know why they should not be), Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. Charles Graves. Mr. Archer, who was not compiling a *Corpus*, is probably acquainted with the writings of these authors, and

if he does not find space for them in his six hundred pages, it is for those sufficient reasons which have already been mentioned. He had to make a selection, and no one can say that he has not chosen wisely, or bestowed the acuteness of his critical analysis upon a company of poets who, in nearly all cases, are quite worthy of the honor. All I am contending for is that there are others of great merit and interest, perhaps equal to these. Mr. Archer protests against "the general tendency among cultivated people to assume that English poetry has of late entered on a (temporary or permanent) period of decadence." That there is abundant intellectual activity and much real capacity engaged in poetical production, he shows by the specimens of admirable craftsmanship he brings together and examines; and if the net be cast wider more gems could be brought up from the depths. For apart from such writers as those just mentioned, of whom people with a taste for letters would be expected to know something, there are many others who, I am afraid, are known only to a few, a very few, reviewers. Yet the excellence of some of these unrecognized versifiers is quite surprising. Pick up an odd lot of books of verse, such as you can see any day on the tables of a great newspaper office—sent in by the publisher on the chance that they may be "noticed"—and you will presently come upon something that has at least poetical quality.

Peace on thy house, O passer-by!
Say if perchance one hears or knows
Of Nada Ghazal, whose least sigh
Is richer than an attar rose.
She moves, and all the senses err,
Filled with the fragrance' of her
grace.
The lightest leaf will hardly stir,
Lest o'er the marvel of her face
She draws the golden gossamer.
She takes the rulers in her toils,
Their souls are hers to save and slay,

Upon her lap she holds the spoils
Of cities, cast like coins away.
She has no needs, she knows no cares,
Her thoughts are white doves on the
wing;
The woes of all the world she wears,
As lightly as a jewelled ring.

This is by Mr. Hamilton Piffard, a poet of whom I know nothing, except his name, and a single thin volume of verse, from which I take this extract. Or I turn to "Klartan the Icelander," a drama by Mr. Newman Howard, written in blank verse of this quality:

No laggard life! Would ye deserve a
bride,
A head of Iceland gold, an elder
breast,—
Like sunlight over snow-fell,—would
ye win
A ripple of laughter, a steadfast tide
of love
Setting toward the haven of Gimli's
Hall,—
A bride, a Gudrun—(nay, by Thor, her
like
Is not to win)—then up, and sail the
sea!
No laggard life, I say; but breed ye
sons
To make old Iceland's name ring down
the world.
Yea: as for me,—by the hammer of
Thor I swear
To win a sword, a King's gift like my
father's,
And for my bride a token ere we
wed,—
Some splendors from the coffers of a
King,—
To make her proudest of the brides of
Iceland:
That, by the ring of Odlin,—that I
swear,—
That is the rede for me!

Olaf. Son,
We hoped your thoughts had wandered
far from her.
Kiartan. Shall Iceland be forgotten
of Olaf's son?
Olaf. Not Iceland, Klartan.
Kiartan. And is not Iceland Gudrun?
The flowers are made of her, the sky,
the sea,
The blue hills, and the blush upon the
snows;

The mown hay breathes of Gudrun,
and the gulls
Call to the wild sea-nesses of Gudrun's
name.
No, I have not forgotten Gudrun,
father!

Nb discriminating reader, I think, can fail to recognize in "Klartan the Icelander" a dramatic poem of admirable quality and, in many respects, exceptional power. Its story is drawn from the Laxdale Saga, from which the late William Morris derived the materials for his "Lovers of Gudrun." I do not think that Mr. Howard's treatment of this tragedy of passion and treachery, of betrayal and self-sacrifice, will in any way suffer by comparison with the work of the author of the "Earthly Paradise." Basing his piece upon the legendary history of an ancient and primitive people, Mr. Howard has reproduced the strong simplicity of the sagas with remarkable success. His characters are intense and vital, and the clash of motive, the dramatic conflict of personality, are brought out, with genuine skill, against the background of Icelandic scenery and the traditions and usages of the early Scandinavian settlers. The theme is the love of the young hero Klartan for Gudrun and the perfidy of his foster-brother Bolli, who wins the girl by a trick, during Klartan's absence. The fierce old Norse tale of blood and lust and cruelty and heroic devotion is modified by being interwoven with the story of the conversion of Iceland to Christianity; so that, behind and beyond the life and loves of Gudrun and her rival suitors, the sway of a great world-movement is felt.

As Klartan falls, a victim to his refusal to win safety by killing his false friend, the Paganism of the white, mist-haunted North seems to fall with him, and its epitaph is sung in the verses of the blind bard Liot, which closes the play:-

But as for him—these eyes have seen
of old
Stars flocking in the sky by some Great
Hand
Shepherded to their wattles in the
west;
But now upon my noonday darkness
beam
Lights more divine, and mightier maj-
esties:
Nor till the stars are blown out in the
night,
Shall any breath extinguish such a
soul.
But you whose eyes still gaze upon our
isle,
Lonely amid the foam of far-off seas,
Behold his fame afame upon the
clouds,
His pyre aglow upon the eternal hills!
The aurora is his watchtower in the
sky;
Iceland shall be God's acre for his
bones;
And, for his dirge and monument, be-
hold
Her wild sea-nesses and her windy
walls,
And hollow caverns washed with thun-
dering waves.

All this is surely the true stuff of tragedy, the work, one cannot doubt, of a genuine poet. If I pause to dwell upon it for a moment it is to support my thesis as to the fine quality of so much of the verse which falls, I fear, stillborn and unnoticed on the world. Some good critics have appreciated Mr. Howard's genius, but the public does not recognize him, and it would not surprise me to learn that even so diligent an explorer of contemporary merit as Mr. Archer has not as yet made his acquaintance. It is, indeed, the fate of some of our "makers" in these days to live and die almost unknown. I turn again to my shelves and take down the "Last Poems of Susan K. Phillips" (the imprint is only of the year 1898, but Susan Phillips will sing no more to mortal ears), and I light upon such polished and delicate lines as these:

NIGHTINGALES AT GRANADA.
Do you forget the starry light,
The glory of the southern night;

The wooing of the scented breeze,
That rustled all the shadowy trees;
The tinkling of the falling streams,
That mingled with our waking dreams;
And, echoing from the wooded vales,
The nightingales, the nightingales?

Do you forget how passing fair
The Moorish palace nestled there,
With arch and roof and coign and
niche,
In carven beauty rare and rich;
With court and hall and corridor,
Where we two lingered, o'er and o'er,
While blent with old romantic tales
The music of the nightingales?

Or these:

THE FISHERMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

The land-locked air is warm and sweet,
The land-locked breeze is soft to meet,
The land-locked path lies smooth and
green,
Where golden sunlights fleck between
The foliage of the elm and ash;
And bright the land-locked waters flash
Past ferny bank and mossy grot,
All blue with the forget-me-not.

But I, amid the daisied leas,
And the cool shade of spreading trees,
While in sweet chorus finch and thrush
Make music in the scented bush—
I want the wild wind, fresh and free,
That sweeps across the Northern Sea—
The keen, strong wind that blows to
give
The room to breathe, the strength to
live.

I might go on with my dredgings from the deep, my samples of the submerged; but this paper is not an anthology. Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate how large is the output in the present "unpoetical" age, not of mere verse, but even of verse which bears some at least of the essential characteristics of poetry.

If, however, we lower the standard somewhat, and turn our attention to writers in rhyme and metre generally, without much regard to the quality of their achievement, the results are still more unexpected. I have before me

two other collections of contemporary verse besides Mr. Archer's. One is Professor William Knight's "Pro Patria et Regina" (Glasgow, James MacLetho Son, 1901); the other a volume, from which I have derived both edification and entertainment, entitled "Gems of Poesy by Present-Day Authors," edited by Chas. F. Forshaw, LL. D., Member of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature (London: George Kenning, 1901). Professor Knight's book owes its title to the fact that it originated in a movement to assist the Queen's Fund for soldiers and sailors; but its contents are not exclusively, or specially, patriotic or loyal. It presents extracts from various writers, arranged in alphabetical order. Mr. Knight's bards, who are not limited to the "younger generation," but include the Poet Laureate, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Aubrey de Vere, are fifty-five in all, besides certain representatives of the famous family of "Anon." Of the fifty-five names, four (those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, and Mr. Henry Newbolt) are also in Mr. Archer's collection. Mr. Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D., dispenses fame with a liberal hand. His poets and poetesses are in number no less than 153, of whom two only

¹ I am in these pages referring only to poets of British birth and nationality, or at any rate those who may be said to be "in actual practice" in the United Kingdom. The United States, as usual, has a larger production of verse as of other manufactured articles. In Mr. E. C. Stedman's "Anthology of American Poetry" there are 580 names, most of them those of living writers. But it is difficult to form any fair estimate of the productions of the minor poets of the United States, since there is very little export trade in their wares. I am not able to say whether "Washington or the Revolution, a Drama (in blank verse) founded upon the historic events of the War for American Independence, by Ethan Allen, in Two Parts, each Part Five Acts," is a fairly representative work. The writer has "got up" the American War of Independence industriously, and his footnotes embody a mass of information. All the important personages of

(Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson and Mr. Kipling) have engaged the attention of Mr. Archer, while five (Mr. Austin, the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Garnett, Sir Lewis Morris, and of course Mr. Kipling) are common to Forshaw and Knight. Taking the three anthologies together, we have over 230 separate authors living, or very recently deceased, all of whom, in the opinion of editors of more or less competence, deserve to be placed among the contemporary producers of what Mr. Forshaw, LL.D., calls "Gems of Poesy."¹ I am afraid that the certificate of proficiency is not quite the same in all cases. The compiler of the "Gems" is not a severe critic, and he is moved easily to admire. Some of the pieces which he prints and praises (he is polite enough to find good words to say about all his contributors) are of an amazing badness. Even patriotism cannot excuse these stanzas on Jackson's Raid, which out-distance a more celebrated exercise on the same theme:—

Wild spirited raiders rushed over the
land,
Invasive the regions of Eastern
Transvaal:
A fiery, determined, and terrible band—
No visions of danger their spirits appal;

he time are introduced, including King George III., Louis XVI., Lord North, Lafayette, and Franklin. It is written in a style which has given me new views of the capabilities of blank verse:

Franklin. We have passed three years
Of great anxiety, and come forth the victors.
In peace or war This People find
Equal favour.

Mifflin. Strong men have opposed our
labors.

Adams. And being narrow minded
And short of vision, have been floored—as was
The proper thing. In eighty-five the King
Of England received me as the Minister
Of a nation tied with a rotten string.
Now—should I return to him again—he
Would receive me, as an agent of a
Power, firm bound in iron.

To rescue Outlanders imploring their aid,
By whom they were shamefully, basely betrayed.

Enfeebled, exhausted with hunger and toil,
Fired down by the ambushed guerrilla-trained Boers,
All vanquished they fell upon Krugers-dorp soil;
Such valorous rashness their country deplores.
The proud Dutch Republic her prowess may boast,
As if she had vanquished a mightier host.

The Kaiser might welcome a British reverse,
And frown on Britannia with jealous disdain;
A German disaster to him may prove worse,
Imperial follies imperil his reign.
Our swift flying squadrons on oceans set free,
Would sink hostile armaments under the sea.

The author of a piece called "Absence" is, it appears, a clergyman and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and the holder of a Yorkshire living, who varies his parochial labors with verses after this manner:—

While you are roaming wilds unknown,
Let not your love of home decay,
We think of you and gladly own
That we shall meet some future day.

That day our hearts do yearn to see,
Make not continuous delay,
For some who are, may then not be,
When we shall meet that future day.

The really astonishing thing is that any man of education can write in this fashion at the present day. Not very many of Mr. Forshaw's poets descend to this level, but a large number of his extracts differ from these specimens in degree rather than in kind. That is to say, many of these schoolmasters, country clergymen, gentlemen in the Civil Service, literary ladies, journal-

ists, majors of Volunteer corps, and others (Mr Forshaw's favorites are most variously occupied in their non-poetic hours) are writing with a blank disregard, a supreme unconsciousness, of the literary movement of the past forty years.

Have I not striven in vain to forget thee,
Tried to believe that I loved thee no more,
Lied when I said I had ceased to regret thee?—
Thee whom I never can cease to adore.

Come to me, sweet; it were treason to doubt thee,
Come to my heart that is brimming with love.
Come, for the world is a desert without thee;
Make me the envy of angels above.

So might the author of "Lines to an Expiring Frog" have written in Mrs. Leo Hunter's Album, or my Lord Southdown in the "Book of Beauty." But the literary critic, with ear attuned to the subtler harmonies, the more pregnant expression, of our time, would be disposed to aver that it has been simply impossible to write in this fashion any time during the past quarter of a century. One might write perhaps worse, but not with that particular kind of mediocrity, which he would suppose—quite wrongly—is as obsolete as chain-armor or highway robbery. It only shows how poorly the critic really sounds that multitudinous sea, the reading public. There are gulfs and bays—nay, whole oceans—of printed and published matter, whose waves never lap within sight or hearing of the literary class, the people who think and talk books all their time, and are more interested in writers and readers than in anything else. I wonder are the experts, the leading practitioners, in other avocations as ignorant of all that is doing outside their own corner?

Would a West-end tailor not even know the names, or recognize the wares, of the firms who clothe Stepney and the provinces? Could not that eminent consulting physician, Sir Harley Wimpole, M.D., turn from his fashionable patients, if he pleased, to give a shrewd guess at the kind of business done by the back-street doctor, who doses housemaids and shopboys for shillings behind a brown-glazed window? I fancy that in the other trades there is more mutual knowledge if not a closer independence. But in the craft of authorship there is a gulf fixed between the various workshops and studios—a gulf so deep and wide that scarcely a whisper floats across it from one to the other. Take the zealous editor of the "Gems of Poesy" himself. The writer of these observations has been concerned with literary and journalistic matters for a good many years. It has been his business to keep "in the movement" of the printed page, he reads the literary newspapers, he has reviewed books of all kinds by the hundred, and books of verse by the score. Yet I confess that I never heard of Mr. Forshaw till the other day, when I was presented with a copy of the "Gems of Poetry" by a talented lady who has enriched its pages. I admit the fact of my ignorance with a certain sense of humiliation, such as I conceive might embarrass a professor of geology, if he learnt that there were beds and ranges of fossiliferous rocks in Great Britain of which he knew nothing. For, after all, the literary journalist, I suppose, ought to have heard of Mr. Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and of the Royal Historical Society, who has published—so I learn from his title-pages—no fewer than three and thirty separate works. The learned gentleman is a versatile author. His treatise on "Tobacco, and its Ef-

fects on the Teeth" has gone through five editions; "Alcohol, and its Influence on the Body" is more popular by one edition; and I trust Mr. Forshaw did well with "Stammering, Its Causes and Cure," with "Memories of Manxland," with "Poetical Tributes to Mr. Gladstone," and particularly with the volume which bears the alluring title of "Naughty but Nice." Mr. Forshaw himself writes verse. His "Original Poems" (pp. 320) and his "Legend of St. Bees, and other Poems" (pp. 256), may in time perhaps rival in popularity the works on tobacco and alcohol, which so far seem to have proved more attractive to the public. I have said enough to show that the student need not regret making the literary acquaintance of Mr. Forshaw and his hundred and fifty singers. Even if he does not always appreciate the poetry, he will enjoy the biographical notes. Without Mr. Forshaw I for one should never have known how many people there are who write verses, and how diverse are their pursuits.

Nevertheless, this conscientious editor still leaves me with my enigmas unsolved. He adds a paradox the more, a fresh puzzle to those with which I despairingly survey contemporary verse. How account for the astonishing differences in quality which have been noticed—the differences between Mr. Archer's bards and some of Mr. Forshaw's, or even between the best and worst of those who appear between Mr. Forshaw's own covers? How is it possible that a generation, which reads compositions so finished and subtle, can also read others that are so crude, so antiquated, so artless? Is the answer that neither the one class nor the other is read? But that only brings me to another problem. *Why* are they not read? Or, if not read, why do people go on writing them? Considering the extraordinary interest taken in almost every other literary form, the

public indifference to verse is curious. There is a young poet, whose name has been mentioned in the foregoing pages, and who has been deservedly praised by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. Courthope and other good judges. He tells me that to the public he has sold exactly *five* copies. There are, I believe, some few living poets—I suppose not more than three or four at the outside—whose works do command a sale which would not be held to signify absolute failure in the case of a second-rate novelist. But their experience is quite exceptional.

Taking the whole body, we may assume that they write not only without reward—poets have often done that—but even without recognition. So that going back to our “first class,” we must conclude that there are scores of the most finished, most accomplished, writers of the age—men and women often of rare gifts and attainments, whose delicate literary art contrasts significantly with the slipshod workmanship so frequent in contemporary fiction and drama—with so few readers that their works can scarcely pay for the cost of paper and printing. We come back to the proposition with which I started. We live in an unpoetical age. But it is not unpoetical in the sense that people do not *write* verse, for, on the contrary, we have seen that they do, and plenty of it, and often of very high quality. The lack of poetry is in the reading public, which has apparently lost its taste for the oldest and most characteristic art-form of the Anglo-Celtic race. Why this should be so is, as I began by saying, a riddle which I do not profess to be able to read. If I might venture on a tentative and partial solution it is this, which may perhaps be thrown into the form of a question. Has the music of the written word been drowned by the deeper music of tones and numbers? Has the

more persuasive, more intellectual, Muse paled before the passionate charms of her younger sister? The art of Beethoven and Bach is not nobler or more perfect than that of Virgil and Dante, of Milton, and Shelley. But it may be that it strikes more easily to the heart of our generation. Does poetry share with sculpture the disability that waits on plastic art in an age which has lost the sense of form, the delight in symmetry? Our hurrying emotions, our tense and quivering nerves, cannot pause to dwell on line and curve and balance, or to taste the cold perfection of ordered rhythms, of exquisite description, of subtle allusion, of carved and pinnacled and fretted language. The poet, like the sculptor, makes his appeal to the senses and the passions through the mind, the imagination and the memory. But the composer goes straight to the fevered modern soul, nor does he demand from it that kind of tranquil and intelligent co-operation, without which verse is like the tinkling of a cracked cymbal, the beat of an untuned drum.

The East bowed low before the blast,
With patient deep disdain,
She heard the legions thunder past
And plunged in thought again.

She heard the legions thunder past!
To some of us, it may be, those half-dozen words in that flowing stanza are supreme in their grandeur. Not all the complex harmonies of the orchestra, not the ear-filling crash of brass and wood, the solemn moan of the basses, the cooing of the clarionets, the plaintive wail of the violins, and the defiant call of horns and trumpets, can stir us more. But this, I know, is a somewhat unusual and, on the whole, an unenviable experience. To the modern senses, music means more than verse ever can. Words seem tame and limited beside the “larger utterance” of the great tone-poets:—

Miserere Domine!

The words are uttered and they flee,
They have declared the spirit's sore,
Sore load and words can do no more.
Beethoven takes them then—those two
Poor bounded words—and makes them
new.

Infinite makes them, makes them
young;
Transplants them to another tongue,
Where they can now, without con-
straint,
Pour all the soul of their complaint;
And roll adown a channel large,
The wealth divine they have in charge.
Page after page of music turn,
And still they live, and still they burn,

The Cornhill Magazine.

Eternal, passion-fraught and free;
Miserere Domine.

Our songs are *Lieder ohne Worte*. To a generation trained on Brahms and Chopin, on Schubert and Grieg and Wagner, the poets pipe to ears not deaf, indeed, but tingling with the voices of the starry spheres. Is this the solution of the enigma above mentioned? I give it for what it is worth. It is at least more flattering than some others that might conceivably be suggested.

Sidney Low.

LONDON'S MYSTERY OF CHANGE.

The body of a man renews all its particles once in seven years; London does not accomplish as much in seven centuries, and to the end of his life the Londoner finds something elusive and mysterious in the changing face of the city. The changes leave so much sameness, the sameness hides so much change. Where indeed, and what, is the civic entity which he syllables as London? Great tracts of it he has never seen: he has never crossed over Shooter's Hill, never walked through Spitalfields, or never explored that backyard of civilization, the York Road, N.; he knows not Shadwell nor De Beauvoir Town, and as for the Golden Square it may be that he has sought it diligently all the days of his life and has not found it. Again, he has known several Londons. There was the London of his youth into which he came with gleaming eye and burning feet. There was the London of his middle age in which he kept to certain streets, and caught certain trains. And there is the London on which his memory has time to play. Yet the three are

one; he cannot calculate the long change.

This helplessness besets even a young man who would indicate the change which has come over London between, say, his twentieth and thirty-fifth year. Its detail and subtlety defy capture. He begins to enumerate little differences, but they seem trivial and inexpressive. He feels the difference, but cannot total it. Fifteen years ago, he will tell you, the 'bus-conductor clutched the milliner's skirt to assist her decorous ascent of an iron ladder. It was a characteristic and daily action in the streets. Fifteen years ago touts at the entrance of Doctor's Commons invited you to buy the right to marry. Fifteen years ago there were trespass boards and hay-cocks on Parliament Hill; Hampstead Heath was unkemptly beautiful, and the gipsy woman, rising like a flame from the gorse, lent her wildness to the miles beyond. In those far times the Foot Guards wore their bearskins in the streets on Sunday, and it was a sight for the gods to see a six-foot private, thus crested, walking to

the Park with a diminutive Jill from a Pont Street kitchen. In the dusk the wide path from the Serpentine to the Marble Arch was one long sinuous blackness, above which the bearskins swayed against the clear green sky; and it looked like a crowd and it looked like a forest, and it looked like nothing in the world but a young man's London.

In the late eighties there was a vestige of credit in walking through Seven Dials alone; and Saffron Hill was a habitation of dragons. Half Bloomsbury was closed to cabs by wooden bars tended by watchmen in gold-laced hats, and scraps of village green still kept Islington merry. There was no Charing Cross Road to chill St. Giles's and no railway to dissect St. John's Wood. In Holborn you might stray through the square carriage-way of Furnival's Inn, past Dickens's old lodgings, into the quiet square with its fountain and rhododendrons. Hard by was Ridler's—hospitable Ridler's, where, as you passed the door, you saw pewter candlesticks on the hall table, if, indeed, you were imbecile enough not to step straight into the eighteenth century and call for a port negus, which presently was brought to you by a waiter who, in lineaments and dignity, was the double of Mr. Speaker Peel. When Ridler's came down, they talked of rebuilding it and keeping the candlesticks; but it was soon seen that the play was ended. Shall we recall the "Bull and Mouth" tavern, opposite the old Post Office, and the little red 'buses that trundled you up to the "Angel"? Shall we register the thrill with which, in some quiet street, aware only of stranger millions, one met William Ewart Gladstone?

Now, it has always been thus. A few years have always brought such changes to Londoners, and their annals are full of their pasts within pasts. You may go back to John Stow, and

you will find him recalling the London of his boyhood in the same strain as Sir Walter Besant recalls it in his autobiography. Writing about Goodman's Fields, that now populous and Hebraic district of Whitechapel, just outside the City boundary, he remarks: "Near adjoining to this abbey [the Minories], on the south side thereof, was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery; at the which farm I myself in my youth have fetched many a half-penny worth of milk, and never had less than three ale pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a halfpenny in the winter, always hot from the kine as the same was milked and strained."

Another curious circumstance is that there has never been a time in the last four hundred years when the size of London did not warn and alarm the Londoner's imagination; it has always seemed to have reached the limits of conceivable growth. Indeed, this sense of the vastness of London seems to have been stronger one and two hundred years ago. When the area of the London streets was small enough to tempt as well as defeat the powers of the mind, it may well have produced effects which are lost now. To-day, for the individual Londoner vast areas do not count, and the sense of distance is annihilated by the blank walls of tubes and tunnels. A hundred years ago London was small and rural compared with its present state; and yet early in the last century a West countryman, a man of property, entering London by coach for the first time in his life, was so appalled by the endless vistas of lamps and the labyrinths of streets that he lost his reason. Slipping out of his inn in Lad Lane, he disappeared. Six weeks later he was found wandering about at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. A brief cure was effected before he died, and he related that he had been obsessed by the idea

that he would never be extricated from the network of streets, and this had turned his brain. It is impossible to think that London seemed smaller to Londoners then than the London of to-day seems to ourselves. And yet the difference between their and our London cannot be estimated. You came into London by country roads and turnpikes. As late as 1818, David Cox sat down in St. George's Fields to paint London and St. Paul's with the gable ends of the Waterloo Road advancing into a foreground of pastures and grazing cattle.

Nothing seems so dim and untraceable as these over-laid Londons which in their day filled the imaginations and wore out the strength of our grandfathers. You may vision a piece here and a piece there in books and prints, but the aspect of any large and typical portion can rarely be recovered. Yet one exception, at least, exists: in one document the London of a bygone day has been captured in dogged detail and left to us in such a form that it is possible to walk in spirit along two miles of a great London highway of one hundred years ago, counting the lamp-posts, reading the numbers on house-doors, stepping over gutters and gratings, noting the patterns of front gardens, distinguishing granite and macadam, gazing into shop windows, drinking at pumps, pausing at the doors of barracks and great houses and churches—in a word, walking the streets of the London of Byron, Rogers, and Pitt and Castlereagh and Wellington. We refer to the London Topographical Society's recently issued reproduction of the plan of the road from Hyde Park Corner to Addison Road made in 1811 by Joseph Salway, surveyor to the Kensington Turnpike Trustees.

Intended primarily as a record of drains, these plans go much further, and give us not only a minute ground-

plan of the road, but the elevations of all the houses, walls, and other way-side objects along the whole length of the road, on its north side, between the points we have named. These beautiful drawings have long reposed in the MS. Department of the British Museum, and it is to the enterprise of the London Topographical Society and of its secretary, Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, that we owe their reproduction in colored facsimile. The scale is one inch to twenty feet, and the sheets placed end to end measure something like thirty yards. The effect is unique, indeed the combined interest of bygone and surviving London in the drawings can be appreciated only by the eye.

Every name has the note of sober actuality. For example, a great house is marked simply with the words "William Wilberforce, Esquire." Twenty-five years later this house would have been marked "Lady Blessington," for it is the Gore House of many memories. Wilberforce found this house more salubrious, and perhaps a little livelier, than his house at Clapham. He writes: "We are just one mile from the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, having about three acres of pleasure-ground around our house or rather behind it, and several old trees, walnut and mulberry, of thick foliage. I can sit and read under their shade with as much admiration of the beauties of nature as if I were two hundred miles from the great city." Here the Abolitionists met to free the slave and to ameliorate human life. They were followed by Lady Blessington and all her tribe of butterflies, a circumstance which inspired James Smith's epigram:—

Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once own'd this hallowed spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fetter'd Negro's lot;

Yet here still slavery attacks
When Blessington invites;

The chains from which he freed the
Blacks
She rivets on the Whites.

Nothing would be easier, nothing more pleasant, than to stroll and gossip along this fine old road of 1811, from Hyde Park Turnpike down to the cobbler's stall on the pavement at the corner of Sloane Street, and the terrace which Charles Reade afterwards dubbed Naboth's Vineyard when fighting a public body for his lease; thence past the Watch House at Knightsbridge Green, past the old Horse Barracks to the Half Way House with its straggling stables and pig-styes (affronting gentility); past great residences like Kingston and Stratheden Houses, and inns like the "Fox and

The Academy.

Bull," with its sign painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and its pewters drained by George Morland, and so on to Kensington Street, with its inns and stable-yards. Beyond old Kensington Church there are banks, hedges, and ditches on both sides of the road, which runs through open country as far as Stanford Brook. The plans end at Counter's Bridge with Lee and Kennedy's Nursery. At this point the responsibilities of the Kensington Turnpike Trustees ceased.

Ours must cease too. We will only add that to the close student of London these plans are a document of the greatest value. Alike in what they show and in what they suggest they are a clue to London's mystery of change.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

XIV.

I am having an unusually pleasant Lent. There is a perceptible mitigation in that fury of church-going which in former years has seized Selina at this season. We no longer have High Tea on Wednesday and Friday, and I am not dragged off in a rickety four-wheeler to abnormal devotions at St. Alban's or St. Barnabas'. Selina, who thinks increasingly of her health, declares that for her own part she believes that to keep well is the first duty of a Christian, and that to have one's dinner in peace is really a much more religious act than to ruin one's digestion and catch endless colds by "trampolining" away to churches a hundred miles off. In the substance, if not in the form, of this sentiment I seem to recognize an echo from my former self; but Selina has worked her-

self into believing that I and not she was responsible for those Lenten irregularities.

Meanwhile the excellent Soulsby is putting forth unusual exertions. On Ash Wednesday he announced to his congregation that, rightly considered, Lent was not so much a Fast as a Feast—yes, a Feast of Fat Things—oh, yes! a Banquet of Spiritual delights. These delicacies are this year mainly provided by his own skill. He finds (as he tells us, with a modest pride which is peculiarly winning) that strangers, though incomparably greater men than he—deeper theologians, more arousing orators—yet cannot feel the pulse of the St. Ursula's congregation quite as accurately as one who has lived and loved and labored in our midst for more than two long decades. Accordingly he is taking all the Lent sermons himself, with only very occasional aid

from his old friend Jem Jawkins, whose chief delight is to escape from Loamshire and wag his head in a metropolitan pulpit. On Sunday mornings Soulsby is giving us a course of sermons on the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy. Last Sunday he enforced the duty of feeding the hungry with almost exaggerated earnestness. This emphasis rather nettled Selina, who remarked as we were walking home that if having Mr. Bumpstead to supper Sunday after Sunday wasn't "feeding the hungry" she didn't know what was, and that it would be more to the point if Mr. Soulsby would preach on the Seven Deadly Sins, and give his Curate a hint about gluttony. I confess I thought this outburst a little unfair on Bumpstead, who certainly works hard for his victuals, and is fully justified in "doing himself honorably" (the phrase is his own) when the faithful entertain him. Nor do I think that Selina would have expressed herself with quite so much vivacity if Bertha had been with us; but the dear girl had just popped in to see Mrs. Soulsby, who is recovering from a domestic crisis. Well may poor Soulsby say, with picturesque emotion, "The blessings of the man who hath his quiver full of them are mine in rich abundance."

So marked is the abatement of Selina's zeal for the Church, its ministers and its ministrations, that, did I not know her principles to be firmly grounded, I might begin to feel a little uneasiness. Long experience has taught me to avoid unnecessary questions, but I maintain my lifelong habit of observation and form my own conclusions. In the small "third room" on the drawing-room floor which she uses as a boudoir—a snug apartment consisting of two windows, a door, and a fireplace—I occasionally cast my eye on the current literature which my womankind affect. There I find the

"Queen," the "World," "Classy Cuttings" and the "St. Ursula's Parish Magazine," which are my Selina's oracles; and the "Table-Tennis and Pastimes Pioneer," which Bertha takes in. This journal announces as its aim "to advance the best interests of a popular game, and to secure for it its rightful place among those international sports which have so great a bearing upon the building up of Great Empires." There I learn that at the Second Ping-Pong Tournament at Queen's Hall "long rallies in a spirited encounter between Miss Florence Lacy and Mrs. Alfred drew loud applause yesterday afternoon, while much enthusiasm was also evoked by Miss Violet Farr's cruel smashes, Miss Lily Weisberg's demon deliveries, and Miss Helena Maude Smith's back-hand returns." Such is the literature, "lambent yet innocuous," which delights my wife and her sister; but great was my consternation when the other day I found added to the collection a pamphlet entitled "The Wonders of Thought-Force." The title startled me. Since she was vaccinated, Selina has lost all fear of small-pox, declares that she was a goose for giving way to Dr. Snuffin's nonsense, and affirms her belief that, if people would only set to work the right way, they could be perfectly healthy without any doctors' abominations. True it is that Grapenuts have proved a failure, and the Salisbury Treatment has palled; but I am not free from apprehension that she is turning her mind in directions even less compatible with orthodoxy. This I trace to the influence of young Lady Farringford (*née* Sally Van Oof), who, I feel certain, has given her the pamphlet on "Thought-Force," setting forth the miraculous cures of physical and mental ailments effected by Helen Wilmans Post, Sea Breeze, Florida, U. S. A.

From that pamphlet I cull two or

three quotations—"racy," as Pennianus would say, of the Great Republic—and of that "high faith" which Mr. Lowell commended.

John M. White, North Wales, Pa., S.S.—Mrs. Wilmans Post,—I most cheerfully give you my testimonial of the great good you have done me by your absent treatment. Five years ago I was a physical wreck beyond the reach of the best medical doctors, as five years of experience proved. I went to the best doctors to be found here and in Philadelphia, and as a last resort I went before a clinic of doctors and the late Professor Pepper, at the University of Pennsylvania, and they all pronounced my case incurable, as they said the stomach *was gone*; therefore nothing to build on; then I gave up in despair until I found one of your circulars, and, like a drowning man, grasped it, and I bless the event ever since, for you built me up beyond my hopes—yes, saved my life. To-day my stomach can digest almost any kind of food, and I am in high hope of being a stronger man than ever I was. As you know, my case was a desperate one, and I had lost all interest in life.

Ermine J. King, 318 York Ave., Chicago, Ill., S.S.—To whom it may concern,—I have for the last five months been receiving absent treatments from Helen Wilmans Post, for ailments which the medical profession could not reach, and I have received great benefit from the same, and I believe that Mrs. Wilmans Post is doing a great good through the power of her kindly, uplifting thought. She is a true healer in every sense of the word, and the treatments are well worth the modest sum which she accepts for them.

Mary C. Wiley, Columbia, S.C., S.S.—Mrs. Wilmans Post,—I am so glad that I can say I am better of my nervousness and weakness. I think your treatment the most wonderful thing! I study daily to learn more about it. I don't think another dose of medicine will ever pass my lips. All your reasoning is so natural and good. The

truth proves as I never saw it before. How can any one doubt when you prove everything? I assure you I watch you with a jealous eye—have seen nothing but your wonderful truth and love.

Mrs. B. C. Copeland, Evansville, Ind., S.S.—I can truly say that I have been successfully treated and *cured* by you of diseases that the old-school doctors have failed to cure, and even went so far as to say that I could *not* be cured. I am now almost 72 years of age and am feeling well, and can stand more work than the generality of younger people, and people who do not know me take me to be about fifty years of age. And in truth I must give the power of your mind the honor and credit of all my good health and youthful appearance. Ten years ago I was a perfect wreck—could not walk any distance without stopping for breath and strength. I now can walk miles with comparative ease.

Mrs. Jane Walker, Petrolia, Cal.—Many disorders: Weak lungs, diseased bronchial tubes. Has been benefited beyond any power of medical aid. Is still improving. Thinks Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post stands first in the ranks of the magnanimous, and ahead in the world of advanced thought.

On the attractions of this system it were superfluous to enlarge. To have one's stomach restored to one after it was "gone;" to be able to digest "almost any kind of food;" never to need another dose of medicine; and to look fifty when one is really seventy-two, these are boons not lightly to be esteemed. But what most attracted the pensive taxpayer over whom an impending War-Budget begins to cast its shadow is Helen Wilmans Post's treatise on "The Conquest of Poverty." Of this its gifted authoress boasts, and probably with justice, that it is "the most popular book in the range of mental science literature. It brings freedom to the mind, and through the mind to the body." With a steadily

decreasing income, and an expenditure pitched high enough to satisfy the social demands of Stuccovia, that is, indeed, a freedom devoutly to be wished, but not, I fear, to be attained.

As far as I can judge, none of these erroneous and strange doctrines has produced the slightest effect on Bertha. Indeed, that excellent girl has no inconsiderable share of the high and spirited perverseness which characterizes the whole house of Topham-Sawyer. As Selina's zeal for Lenten church-going diminishes, Bertha's increases. As Selina hankers more and more after new and heterodox teachings, Bertha develops her bump of orthodoxy, and, encouraged by Bumpstead, wages remorseless war against heresy and schism. The local papers have lately reported a sermon preached at the "Presbyterian Church of England" in Stucco Road by Mr. Ramshorn—the raw-boned young minister who supported me at Cashington's meeting last month. This youth, who was reared at North Berwick, thus effectively drew upon the memories of his youth: "I am sure if you have ever paid any attention to the game you will be struck by the way in which the game of golf seems to reproduce the common scenes of life. Those of you who don't play may know that the great object is to put the little white ball into the little hole. And so long as you are short of that, if you don't do it—well, the other man does it before you. He has won the hole. And in doing this, when you come to what is called the 'putting green,' and you take your putt—it may be a beautiful putt, it may run straight for the hole, but if it stops short you will say to yourself, and your partner will say to you, 'Never up; never in. It is a beauty, but it wants legs.' And that is just exactly the situation here—not far from the Kingdom." You may be 'lying dead' as we say. The next shot

is sure to do it. 'Never up; never in.'

Bertha, herself no mean proficient with the club, stigmatized this illustration from one of her favorite games as absolutely profane; and sarcastically supposed that Mr. Ramshorn would soon be trying to get a spiritual meaning out of Ping-Pong. Bumpstead chimed in, saying that that kind of thing was well enough for the old Vicar, because he's a' mystic and a thinker, and all that sort of game; but when that red-headed rotter from the Presbyterian shop went in for it, it was getting a bit too thick, and next time they met he'd give young Rams-horn a bit of his mind. The mention of the Presbyterian Church in Stucco Road reminds me of Miss Scrimgeour, the Scotch lady who a few months ago was distributing rhymed leaflets against "The Coming of the Monks." She has been on her rounds again quite lately, and created not a little emotion at the vicarage by dropping into the letter-box the following statement, which, being inscribed to "H. H. H.," "in grateful recognition of his brotherly advances," would seem to indicate some further development of anti-Sacerdotalism in our beloved Establishment.

WHY I AM NOT A CHURCHMAN!

Because the Triple Ecclesiastical Apostasy, made up of the Roman, Greek and Anglican hierarchies, though claiming to be the true church, is nothing better than the manufacture of a man-made and self-styled priesthood, whose object is by patronizing the masses, and flattering the classes, to obtain political power, personal advantage, social prestige, public money, and control of the human conscience.

They, however, clearly prove the fraud and fallacy of their pretensions, by reversing the order and use of the Old and New Testaments, assuming by gorgeous ceremonial displays, in semi-pagan imitation of Jewish worship, to

set forth the glorious gospel. Thus do they endeavor to entangle us in a yoke of bondage.

*What would be thought of a man who, investigating the beauties of some priceless gem, persisted in using a brick, or a frying-pan, for an eyeglass?*¹ Surely he would display the folly of a fool! yet are the wise of this world, who judge by the light of their own eyes, more foolish than he; when they attempt to read the Word of God, through the deceptive and obscuring optics of a formula of traditional canons, creeds and catechisms, which have their origin in the corruptions of the dark ages of mediævalism, when—

Monks and Friars (rogues and liars)
· Martyred faithful men,
And had they power, they'd light the
fires,
And do the same again.

While my womankind are thus absorbed in the high things of Science and Theology I have been taking a turn at Politics, which Bacon pronounced to be "of all pursuits the most immersed in matter." And if by "matter" Bacon meant that particular form of matter which we call money, my experience quite tallies with his. The Primrose League, once a flourishing feature in the life of Stuccovia, has been voted a nuisance on account of the exactions which it levies. Poor Bounderley can no longer send indiscriminate cheques to all who apply, but has to pick and choose, and thereby has made enemies and lost his popularity. A temporary difficulty in getting their little accounts settled by the Tory M.P. has kindled a flame of Liberalism among the local tradesmen to whom Mr. Lloyd-George's most inflammatory rhetoric would have appealed in vain. Cashington for the moment carries all before him by dint of his brougham and his billiard-room, his wife's sables and son's chargers. "There's money in the thing," says the Liberal agent to

his friend the Solicitor's clerk; "only work it properly, and we're on velvet. Start a branch of the Liberal League. Make Rosebery President. Get Asquith down to blackguard Home Rule, and Grey to show up Free Trade, and the trick's done. Out goes Bounderley; enter Cashington; and, if I know my man, he means winning the seat, and keeping it—and that means spending money, my boy, or you and I don't know our business."

I had written so far when an event occurred which knocked me, as the phrase is, all of a heap. I could not honestly affirm that it was wholly unexpected, and yet, as people say when their friends die of lingering illnesses, it was "sudden at the last."

Those who have the happiness to dwell in London will recollect that the evening of Thursday, March 6, was signalized by a fog which would have been thick for midwinter.

Thursday is the evening when a social entertainment is always given at the Parochial Club. This entertainment is not intermitted in Lent, for Soulsby says that he would not impose on the youth of his flock a yoke which he at their age would have found grievous. "Nay, my spiritual children shall not say in the dim hereafter that St. Ursula was a hard task-mistress, or their religion a thing of austerity and gloom." So on Thursday evening the Club always provides a Variety Entertainment. Soulsby recites, Bumpstead boxes, Bertha sings, and Mrs. Soulsby (when she is strong enough) plays the concertina. Cashington, who has suddenly developed a keen interest in our parochial life, has given us two lectures on "Imperial Expansion" and "A Protest against Gladstonianism;" and Bounderley, not to be outdone by his rival, has promised a Comic Sketch of the House of Commons, with Imitations of Lord Percy and Lord Hugh

¹ The italics are ours.—ED.

Cecil obstructing the Deceased Wife's Sister.

On the evening of March 6, Bertha was engaged to sing "Drink, Puppy, drink," and "The Lost Chord." She arrived under Selina's wing just before the boxing was over; and though, as a rule, "Blazer" Bumpstead can take uncommonly good care of himself in a physical encounter, he was at that instant levelled to the earth by a converted coal-heaver, whose recent adhesion to the Club had been regarded as a beautiful result of Soulsby's Lenten eloquence. At the unexpected sight, Bertha grasped her sister's arm, and exclaimed in a voice made tremulous by emotion, "Oh, Selina! dear Mr. Bumpstead will be killed!" It is true that when, a few minutes afterwards, that hero came up grinning and expressed himself as gratified by the epithet, Bertha altered the punctuation of her sympathy, and declared that she

had said, "Oh, Selina dear! Mr. Bumpstead will be killed!" But that good young man had heard the original version, and governed himself accordingly. On emerging from the Club at the conclusion of the entertainment, we found Stuccovia wrapped in a thick blanket of yellow fog. Selina hung on to me Bertha disappeared together into the surrounding gloom. They emerged like grim death, and Bumpstead and from it engaged. Our labors for our sister have not been in vain. Stuccovia has been fruitful while Loamshire was barren. Dear old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer will go down to her grave happy in the knowledge that her youngest daughter will some day reign at The Foxholes. Though Bertha is not marrying into *the* County, at least she is marrying into *a* County. Selina is unexpectedly enthusiastic, and Bumpstead keeps on murmuring, in a kind of rapturous chuckle, "Good Old Fog."

The Cornhill Magazine.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Mary Johnston is at work on a fourth novel.

"Linesman," author of the brilliant sketches of the Boer war, some of which have been printed in this magazine, is Captain Maurice Grant.

Colonel T. W. Higginson's memoir of Longfellow is on its way through the press, and he has engaged to prepare a sketch of Whittier for a series proposed by the Macmillans.

The title of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's forthcoming volume is "A Sea Turn and Other Matters." Mr. Aldrich publishes so sparingly of late

years that the book is certain of an especially cordial welcome.

A London publisher is to issue immediately a new edition of Mr. Ruskin's Letters to Miss Beever "Hortus Inclusus," with much new material and a facsimile of the last letter written by Mr. Ruskin.

Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday. The poem which gave him his reputation was written before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and his title to the rank of the oldest living English poet is beyond dispute.

According to the London "Publishers' Circular" the "series" or "library" plan of publishing copyright books, novels in particular, is working disastrously. Nowadays a novel published on its own account fares better than one which bears the uniform of a "series."

Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, who a few years ago edited and published "Hawthorne's First Diary, with an Account of Its Discovery and Loss," has lately become convinced that he was mistaken in accepting the diary as a genuine bit of Hawthorne's juvenile work, and has withdrawn the book from circulation.

About forty German poets, prose writers and philosophers, with their families, have undertaken to live in a single large house near Berlin, on a community plan not unlike that of Brook Farm. It is safe to predict that the experiment will not be long protracted. Forty families of the literary class cannot get on peaceably under one roof in Germany or elsewhere.

Lord Salisbury inherited his literary talents from his father. The elder Marquis, according to Abraham Hayward, used to "secrete a good deal of poetical matter." Being somewhat eccentric, he adopted a queer way of getting a circulation for his writings by slipping printed copies of his verses into the great-coat pockets of the visitors at Hatfield, and by himself throwing them into all the market carts.

Two marked departures from the practice of anonymity in long-established publications are to be noticed. The July number of the "Quarterly" contains a signed article on Charles Dickens by Mr. Swinburne, which is the first signed article published in that review since the issue of the first

number in February, 1809. Also, the last half-yearly volume of "Punch" groups the contributions under the names of their authors in the Index.

Lord Acton, whose death was recently recorded, was one of the most widely-read scholars in England, but he was too much engaged in absorbing and assimilating learning to give much time to literary production. Mr. Gladstone's "Ask Acton: he's sure to know," has often been quoted as evidence of his erudition. His library, said to be the finest private library in England, contained sixty thousand volumes.

Matthew Arnold's first literary venture was "Alaric at Rome," a prize poem written in his nineteenth year, and recited at Rugby in June, 1840. It was printed at Rugby on pink paper in the same year, and until recently only one copy, in possession of Mr. Edmund Gosse, was known to be in existence. A second copy lately discovered sold the other day for \$250 in London, which, "The Academy" estimates, was about fifteen times its weight in sovereigns.

The report that M. Jules Verne was threatened with total blindness was, it appears, exaggerated. He has been troubled for some time with a cataract growth but is able to keep at work and says cheerfully that he does not mean to stop until he has written one hundred novels. Thus far he has published but eighty-two, the latest entitled "Jean Marie Cabidoulin," but he has seventeen more written and ready for publication and now, in his seventy-fourth year, is working upon the other volume necessary to round out the one hundred.

Among the Americana in the Leferts collection recently sold at auction in London was a fine copy of

Eliot's famous translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue. Eliot's translation is remembered as the first complete version of the Bible printed in New England (1663), and remains the noblest monument of his life. Twenty copies of the Bible were sent to England for presentation purposes, and the Lefferts copy is one of these, most of them being in public collections. The Lefferts copy was at one time in the Bodleian Library, but was sold as a duplicate, and went to the United States about the year 1863.

Lovers of Ruskin will learn with some perturbation that the new definitive edition of his writings is to include some passages which the author chose to omit. The "Seven Lamps of Architecture" for example, will contain about eight thousand words which Ruskin excluded but which have been replaced from the original draft. Ruskin had such exquisite taste as to the form in which he cast his thoughts that it might have been well to allow his rejection of these passages to be decisive.

Slighter than its rivals of the "Penelope" series, many readers will find Kate Douglas Wiggin's new volume, "The Diary of a Goose-Girl," most attractive of all. With absolutely no admixture of information and only the slightest tincture of romance, it is pure fun and satire from beginning to end, doing for the poultry yard what Charles Dudley Warner did, a generation ago, for the garden. There are illustrations, in admirable keeping, on nearly every page. Claude A. Shепerson is the artist. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Now that more than half of the Oxford English Dictionary has been published, a statement has been issued of what is intended to be the form and

size of the book when complete. The ultimate distribution of the contents of the five remaining volumes will be—Vol. VI—L-N, (by Mr. Bradley); Vol. VII—O-P, (by Dr. Murray); Vol. VIII—Q-S, (by Mr. Craigie); Vol. IX—S-T; Vol. X—U-Z (with certain addenda).

Among other literary "revivals" there is reported a revived interest in Carlyle. A new "Edinburgh" edition of his works in fourteen volumes is to be published and there are rumors of other issues. Carlyle is by no means wholly out of vogue as is shown by the fact that the English publishers of his writings have sold on an average thirty thousand copies of his works a year for the last three years. But "The Academy" suspects that Carlyle is among the "presentation" authors who occupy a good deal of shelf room rather than among the authors who are read.

Apropos of the cost of producing books nowadays, a leading publisher remarks that an important factor bearing upon the cost is the much shorter "selling life" of the modern book. Even books that have been very well received, he adds, and are supposed to have made a permanent place for themselves are quickly pushed aside by the flood of newcomers, and it is a physical impossibility for the public to keep up with the earlier ones and digest even a small proportion of the new ones. A publisher cannot depend upon a moderate, steady continued sale of any book during a series of years, and the bookseller is faced by an increasing number of books that are practically dead stock. This may be described as the reverse side of the modern "boom" system. It re-enforces the suggestion of another publisher that it would be a good thing for all concerned if there could be an absolute suspension of all publication of new books for at least six months.

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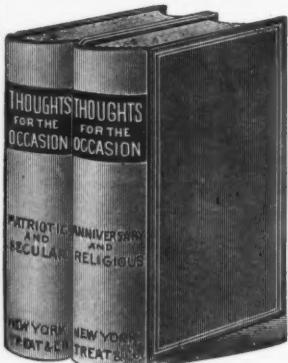
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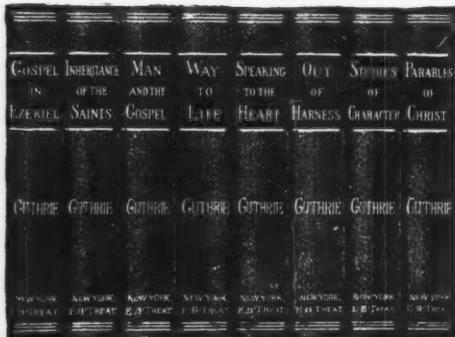
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